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PILOT KNOB

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The Thermopylae of the West

BY

CYRUS A. PETERSON

AND

JOSEPH MILLS HANSON

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NEW YORK
THE NEALE PUBLISHING COMPANY
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DEDICATED

TO THE MEMORY OF

THE GALLANT VOLUNTEER SOLDIERS

OF THE UNION

AND

THE LOYAL CITIZENS

WHO FELL IN DEFENSE OF HOME AND COUNTRY

AT PILOT KNOB AND DURING THE

SUBSEQUENT RETREAT

TO LEASBURG

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PREFACE

In the following pages,—descriptive of the battle of Pilot Knob, Missouri, September 27, 1864, and of the operations immediately preceding and following it,—a rather novel arrangement of material has been made. It is, however, an arrangement which in the judgment of the authors utilizes to the best advantage possible within the limits of a single volume the cream of the great mass of original data relating to this remarkable conflict,—data that has been collected with much care and effort by Doctor Peterson in the course of the past fifteen years. This material, consisting of more than one hundred personal narratives of survivors of the battle on the Union side, several accounts from men who served in the Confederate army, and a great quantity of correspondence, notes and memoranda bearing upon various details of the campaign, would, if used in their entirety, fill several large volumes. But a work of such magnitude, however valuable it might prove to the historical student, would obviously be too voluminous for the general reader, who is certain to find more of interest in the many picturesque and stirring features of the struggle and in the

records of heroism, self-sacrifice, and suffering of the men who participated in it, than in a mere array of minute historical details.

Therefore, after a preliminary chapter in which the battle of Pilot Knob is brought into correct perspective relation with the other events of the Missouri Raid of General Price, in 1864, extracts from the above-mentioned written narratives of survivors,—so arranged as to overlap one another as little as possible,—have been utilized almost exclusively in building up the history of the battle itself and the subsequent retreat from Pilot Knob to Leasburg. If it be objected that such a method of compiling history must result in a low or, at best, an uneven literary style,—inasmuch as the writers of many of these personal narratives and reminiscences have been men totally unused to writing for publication,—it may be answered that after a lapse of nearly a half-century the recollections of such men, whose manhood was fused in the white-hot fires of the Nation's struggle for existence, have acquired for their countrymen of a later generation an interest and a significance far too great to be minimized by any mere blemishes upon their manner of narration. In these days of peace and ease and plenty it is well for us to contemplate now and then,—not through the eyes of the trained historian who winnows and balances all the data of the subject before him, but through the sweat-dimmed and

smoke-blinded eyes of actual participants,—the exertions and heroisms and sufferings of some of the men who made possible our present age of material prosperity.

Sometimes discrepancies or contradictions in detail may appear in the various stories; but it must be remembered that in the uproar and confusion of battle no soldier in the ranks nor any company officer can see everything that is going on even in his immediate vicinity, or, seeing, can always comprehend it completely. Rumors and misapprehensions are always peculiarly rife at such times, and due allowance must be made for them. But these men all know, with a vividness of recollection which time cannot dim, what they themselves passed through; and in these personal experiences lie the lessons and the examples which are of paramount value today.

On December 15, 1905, a tract of land about twenty acres in extent,—embracing the ruins of old Fort Davidson, the rifle-pits extending north and south from it, and the graves of most of those, especially Confederates, who fell in the battle,—was purchased by the Pilot Knob Memorial Association, and a battlefield park was established. It is the only Civil War battlefield west of the Mississippi River thus preserved from desecration at the present time. Its purchase, almost wholly by subscriptions from survivors of the battle and from

patriotic citizens of St. Louis, Mo., indicates the veneration in which the field is held by the men who fought upon it and by those people of St. Louis who remember the disaster from which their beautiful city was saved by the heroic stand made there by a handful of Union soldiers and loyal citizens on that September day in 1864.

The following works have been freely consulted and utilized in the preparation of the present volume:

The "Official Records of the War of the Rebellion," especially Volume XLI, Series I; "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War" (The Century Company, New York); "Shelby and His Men," by John N. Edwards (Hudson-Kimberly Pub. Co., Kansas City, Mo., 1897); "The Civil War in the United States," by Benson J. Lossing; "Kansas Historical Collections," Vol. IX; "Regimental Losses in the American Civil War," by William F. Fox, Lt.-Col. U. S. V. (Joseph McDonough, Albany, New York, 1898); "Annual Reports of the Pilot Knob Memorial Association," and "The Reynolds Manuscript and Correspondence," now in possession of the Missouri Historical Society.

Acknowledgment is due and is most gratefully tendered to the writers of all the personal narratives gathered together by Doctor Peterson and especially to the following persons from whose stories extensive quotations have been made,—quo-

tations that collectively form by far the greater part of the material of the present volume:

Col. David Murphy, late adjutant, Forty-seventh Missouri Volunteer Infantry; M. Lynch, late engineer of the Iron Mountain Railroad; Peter Shrum, late private, Co. I, Forty-seventh Missouri Volunteer Infantry; Dr. Sam B. Rowe, late quartermaster-sergeant, Forty-seventh Missouri Volunteer Infantry; James W. Nations, late private, Co. F, Fiftieth Missouri Volunteer Infantry; Robert L. Lindsay, late captain, Co. F, Fiftieth Missouri Volunteer Infantry; Thomas C. Fletcher, Bvt. Brigadier-General, U. S. V., late colonel, Forty-seventh Missouri Volunteer Infantry; John H. Delano, late sergeant-major, Forty-seventh Missouri Volunteer Infantry; Lewis W. Sutton, late sergeant-major, Fourteenth Iowa Volunteer Infantry; W. V. Lucas, late captain, Co. B, Fourteenth Iowa Volunteer Infantry; William J. Campbell, late captain, Co. K, Fourteenth Iowa Volunteer Infantry; Hugo Hoffbauer, late first lieutenant, Co. A, Fourteenth Iowa Volunteer Infantry; Smith F. Thompson, late first lieutenant, Co. D, Fourteenth Iowa Volunteer Infantry; T. M. Montgomery, late second lieutenant, Battery H, Second Missouri Light Artillery; James A. Shields, late sergeant, Co. M, Third Missouri State Militia Cavalry; W. H. Smith, late first lieutenant, Co. L, Second Missouri State Militia Cavalry; James C. Steakley, late sergeant, Co. K, Third

Missouri State Militia Cavalry; W. C. Shattuck, late first lieutenant, Co. I, Third Missouri State Militia Cavalry; John W. Hendrick, late captain, Co. C, Third Missouri State Militia Cavalry; William H. Cameron, late corporal, Co. H, Third Missouri State Militia Cavalry; J. A. Rice, late second lieutenant, Co. L, Second Missouri State Militia Cavalry; H. B. Milks, late captain, Co. H, Third Missouri State Militia Cavalry; Azariah Martin, late sergeant, Co. H, Forty-seventh Missouri Volunteer Infantry; P. H. Harrison Hickman, late private, Co. H, Forty-seventh Missouri Volunteer Infantry; Edward A. Wilkinson, late sergeant, Co. H, Forty-seventh Missouri Volunteer Infantry; John W. Wynn, late private, Co. A, Third Missouri State Militia Cavalry; A. W. Maupin, late lieutenant-colonel, Forty-seventh Missouri Volunteer Infantry; H. H. Williams, late major, Tenth Kansas Veteran Volunteers; Marquis D. Smith, late captain, Co. L, Third Missouri State Militia Cavalry; T. W. Johnson, late a. a. surgeon, U. S. A.; Rev. D. A. Wilson, and Mrs. C. J. Pitkin.

Special acknowledgment must be made to H. C. Wilkinson, late sergeant, Co. H, Forty-seventh Missouri Volunteer Infantry, who, in 1903, made a careful survey of the battlefield of Pilot Knob, of the route of the retreat of its garrison to Leasburg, and of the scene of operations about the latter place. On his survey Mr. Wilkinson prepared the maps

of battlefields embodied in this volume, and also wrote an extensive diary of his journey, in which he brought out many interesting details of the campaign and many facts concerning participants therein which, unfortunately, it has been found impossible to utilize within the limits of the present volume. Mr. Wilkinson's diary and his letters relative to the campaign, as well as all the personal narratives enumerated above, together with various others, will hereafter be in the custody of Mr. Thomas Ewing, Jr., Yonkers, Westchester County, N. Y., and Dr. C. A. Peterson, St. Louis, Mo., where they will be accessible to inquirers.

Cyrus A. Peterson,
Joseph Mills Hanson.

PILOT KNOB

THE PRICE RAID

To the State of Missouri the great raid of the Confederate General Price, in the autumn of 1864, was something of what Benedict Arnold's descent upon the coasts of Connecticut, in 1781, was to that State; what the French occupation, in 1805, was to Spain; and what Sheridan's visitation was to the valley of Virginia. It was like a cyclone, sweeping a narrow but well-defined path of destruction and desolation through the heart of a beautiful and fertile land. It was worse than anything which had preceded it; and it stands out, monstrous and gloomy, in the receding vista of the past, towering like a forbidding mountain above every public catastrophe that has followed it.

Nor was it in the restricted path of Price's army alone that Missouri suffered. To everyone at all familiar with the history of that campaign the mere mention of it calls to mind a period of wild confusion and alarm in which the whole State was involved,—a period of bitter partisan warfare, of guerrilla outrage, and of bushwhacker atrocity. It

recalls a time when the midnight sky was lighted by the glare of flaming dwellings, and murder lurked in every bush and fence-corner; when cities and towns and villages were crowded with destitute country people, who fled, panic-stricken, from the pleasant farming regions where the monster of fratricidal strife,—that instigator of man's most brutal passions, stalked abroad in all its hideous ferocity; when every day brought its news, not alone of battle and skirmish, but of wholesale arson and pillage, and when no man knew when he arose in the morning but that before night he might be either the victim of an assassin's bullet or a fugitive, fleeing from the ruins of his smouldering home. Such were, to a greater or less degree, the conditions in Missouri throughout the epoch of the Rebellion; but they reached their maximum of almost intolerable severity during the Price invasion.

Missouri, probably more than either of the other two border States, Kentucky and Maryland, suffered beneath the tread of hostile armies as well as from the peculiar afflictions of partisan strife that are visited upon a people arrayed against themselves. She was a rich prize, bitterly contended for by both the North and the South, and throughout her territory the sympathies of her people were sharply divided. The State's hitherto dominant political class was largely pro-Southern. Former governors, civil and military State officials, and ex-

members of the United States Congress sat in the legislative halls of the Confederacy at Richmond or served with the Southern armies in the field. Among them were such men as General D. M. Frost, a brilliant soldier of the old regular army, a great fur trader, the organizer of the Missouri Militia, and the commander of Camp Jackson; Waldo P. Johnson, who left a seat in the United States Senate almost before he had taken it, to accept one in the Confederate Senate; General Sterling Price,—an ex-governor, the suppressor of the insurrection in New Mexico in 1847, and the avenger of the murder of Governor Charles Bent,—who, after presiding as a Union man over the State convention, which in the spring of 1861 rejected the proposition of secession, took the curious course of accepting a commission in the Confederate army; Trusten Polk, who became presiding military judge of the Confederate Department of Mississippi, a former United States senator, who also possessed the distinction of having defeated Thomas H. Benton for the governorship of Missouri in 1856; Claiborne F. Jackson, whose introduction of the "Jackson Resolutions," which threw the State into a turmoil over the question of slavery, made possible Polk's triumph over Benton; Dr. William M. McPheeters, a distinguished St. Louis physician, who left his patients and his clinics in order to dig in the trenches and become familiar with bayonets;

a whole company of former congressmen, among them Uriel Wright, John B. Clark, and John W. Reid; M. M. Parsons, candidate for governor on the Breckenridge ticket in 1860, who, failing to gain the office he sought, took a major general's commission in the Confederate army instead; George G. Vest, whose services as representative and senator in the Confederate Congress were later followed by a much longer tenure of office in the United States Senate; E. L. Y. Peyton; Thomas L. Snead, a politico-historical writer of unusual ability; and a great many others whose names had been potent in the restless public life of Missouri for a generation.

That many of these men were of powerful intellect and high ability need not be said; for the titanic legislative struggles and social disturbances attending the settlement of Kansas Territory did not develop pygmies, and in those struggles and disturbances Missouri had borne the most conspicuous part. Yet opposed to them had always been another group of men,—men of as powerful minds and of as courageous mould,—whose hearts were entirely devoted to the Federal Union. In the past they had generally lacked the support of a majority of the population; but when the test of war actually came between the factions, and the people were forced to face the issue, the Union leaders found themselves supported by so large a majority of their

fellow citizens that they were able to hold the State true to her allegiance. The preponderance of Union sentiment showed itself clearly in the relative numbers of troops furnished by Missouri to the respective armies: 108,773 entered the Federal service and about 50,000 that of the Confederacy.

Yet, despite the prevalence of Union sentiment, the outbreak of the Rebellion found the State under a Democratic administration, headed by Governor Claiborne F. Jackson,—an administration that was inimical to the National government and did all in its power to carry Missouri into the Confederacy. But the popular convention called by the Governor to consider the question of secession repudiated that course and declared the adherence of the State to the Union.

The events which followed may be rapidly summarized: the assembling of Federal troops in St. Louis in the Spring of 1861; the call thereupon issued by Governor Jackson for the services of 50,000 State militia "for the purpose of repelling invasion"; the flight of Jackson from Jefferson City on the approach of the Federals, taking with him the great seal of the State; the assembling at Jefferson City, July 22, 1861, of the Union convention, which declared the State offices vacant and organized a provisional government, headed by Hamilton R. Gamble; Jackson's proclamation, declaring Missouri "a sovereign, free, and independ-

ent republic," issued at New Madrid, August 5, 1861; the act of the Confederate Congress,—August 20, 1861,—authorizing the admittance of Missouri into the Confederacy; the tardy action of a quorum of the old State legislature which, sitting at Neosho,—October 28,—passed an ordinance of secession, thus lending a color of legality to Jackson's proclamation; and, finally, the seating of Missouri Senators and Representatives in the Congress at Richmond, and the incorporation in the Confederate flag of a star representing that State. These were among the chief events that plunged Missouri into the Civil War, envenomed the political agitations of the time, gave foundation to the respective claims of the United States and of the Confederacy upon her allegiance, and incited the many desolating invasions of her soil.

By the end of February, 1862, the Southern armies, which had been almost constantly in occupation of some portion of southern Missouri since the beginning of the war, were driven from it and thenceforth retained no position in the State, except temporarily during the course of frequent raids. The strong minority of the people which entertained Southern sympathies, thus finding it impossible to readily ally themselves with the Confederate armies in the field, began a fierce partisan warfare which, diffused over wide and thinly populated areas, proved very difficult for the Federal forces to sub-

jugate or even to control. So vigorously was guerrilla activity carried on that the Confederate government was persuaded by it to believe that the Southern sentiment in the State was much stronger than was actually the case. This belief was the direct cause of the inauguration of General Price's campaign.

Throughout the history of warfare it is quite usual to find the movements of armies governed more by political than by military considerations. But generally the latter govern in the field of strategy, even though, when all is said, warfare is but politics come to blows. Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania, Sherman's advance on Atlanta, had political objects, but these objects were but secondary to the main object, which was to reach and defeat the opposing army. Price's invasion of Missouri, on the other hand, was inspired mainly by political objects; and they were sufficiently important to merit brief discussion before the purely military aspects of the expedition are touched upon.

Owing to the ill success of its armies in the field and to the gradual loss of the territory which it had originally controlled, the Confederacy by midsummer, 1864, found its hopes of foreign recognition or intervention practically destroyed. Whatever sympathy for the South may have existed among some of the nations of Europe, none of them cared to become involved in difficulties by open

espousal of a cause so obviously on the wane. Since the almost barren victory of Chickamauga in the fall of 1863, the Confederates had achieved no notable success. True, in the spring of 1864, the army under Gen. E. Kirby Smith had repelled the advance of General Banks up the Red River, and had driven him back to the vicinity of New Orleans. But this was merely a defensive advantage, assuring the retention of territory already held; and, though it had an effect in reviving some confidence in the Confederacy through the Southwest, it was otherwise devoid of practical results. As for the Southern forces in the main theatre of war, they had been able to do nothing but struggle futilely against the tremendous and continuous hammering of the Union armies, now welded into perfect fighting machines, and wielded harmoniously and with consummate skill by Grant in the East, and by Sherman in the West. Lee was closely invested in Petersburg, too weak to undertake an offensive movement; Johnston was fighting desperately to hold Atlanta; and the blockade was drawing closer and closer about the few Southern ports still in possession of the Confederates.

The belief existed that if it were possible to create a diversion by an invasion of Union territory it might, in case of success, serve to re-establish some of the Confederacy's lost prestige in the eyes of foreign nations, and might also serve to discourage

Northern sympathizers and encourage Southern ones everywhere. For many reasons Missouri offered the most promising field for such an enterprise. In the first place, as has been said, the repulse of Banks on the Red River had somewhat revived the drooping spirits of the people of the Southwest, and the Confederate troops in that region were in better condition for offensive campaigning than they had been for some time. Again, owing to its immunity from serious invasions during 1863 and the early part of 1864, Missouri had been largely denuded of Union troops which had been removed to strengthen the armies further East and South, and the few which remained were widely scattered. By a sudden and vigorous attack they might be overwhelmed in detail, St. Louis captured, and the whole State brought into possession of the Confederates. At the least, by such an attack large numbers of Federal troops would certainly be drawn to the defense of Missouri,—troops whose services would thus be temporarily lost to the armies elsewhere. But by far the strongest incentive to an invasion of Missouri lay in its possible effect upon the pending elections in the United States.

Since the extinction of their expectations of foreign intervention, the best hope of the Confederates had come to rest upon the success of the Democratic party in the North at the Presidential election in the fall of 1864. This party had per-

sisted in maintaining that the Southern States could never be forced back into the Union and had bitterly opposed every measure adopted by President Lincoln and the Republican party for the successful prosecution of the war. The Democrats believed that the seceded States had the right, if they cared to exercise it, of withdrawing from the Union; and though this belief was not directly expressed in the platform adopted by the Democratic National Convention at Chicago, August, 1864, the framers of that platform went as far as they dared by declaring that, in event of success at the polls, it would be the policy of the party to see "that immediate effort be made for a cessation of hostilities, with a view to an ultimate convention of all the States, or other peaceable means, to the end that at the earliest practicable moment peace may be restored on the basis of the Federal Union of the States." In view of the emphatic and oft-repeated declaration of the Confederate government, expressed through Jefferson Davis, that the South would never consent to any peace save upon the basis of absolute independence, the enunciation of such a policy could deceive no one. What it really meant was peace at the price of the independence of the Confederacy. The people of the North and the people of the South both knew it, and the very candidate who ran for the presidency on the Democratic platform, Gen. George B. McClellan, being loyal to the most

vital interests of the Union, distinctly repudiated this plank in accepting the nomination. But in spite of General McClellan's personal position it was realized in the South that the sentiment for "peace at any price" controlled the Democratic party as a whole, and that whatever could contribute to the success of that party at the November elections would contribute just so much to the success of the Confederacy. A triumphant invasion of Missouri immediately before election could not but tend to discourage the war party in the North and to embolden their opponents, while it would cause many who were still wavering to array themselves with the latter.

The peace party in Missouri was particularly strong and very outspoken in its denunciation of the war. Here flourished vigorously those secret societies whose members, going but a step further than the passive peace advocates, pledged themselves to do all in their power to thwart the efforts of the Union and, when opportunity should offer, to give armed aid to the Confederates. Among the most prominent of these organizations were the Knights of the Golden Circle, the Order of American Knights, and the Sons of Liberty, which,—under the leadership of such men as Vallandigham, Guthrie, Burr, and Dean,—also existed in greater or less strength in other States, notably Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. General Price was said to

be the "Grand Commander" of all the secret societies in the South and Clement L. Vallandigham of those in the North, the Belgian consul at St. Louis being the "State Commander" in Missouri.[1] The Southern military authorities, relying upon the statements of Missouri members of these societies with whom they were in communication, confidently expected that they would furnish to Price at least 30,000 recruits whenever he should invade the State.[2] In fact, the activity of the society members and of other Southern sympathizers antedated by some time the actual beginning of Price's campaign. Major-General Rosecrans, the Federal commander of the Department of the Missouri, reported,[3] in the summer of 1864, that since spring he had been made aware, through Southern sources, of preparations for such a campaign, which, so soon as it should begin, was to be aided by all the disaffected elements in the State. The plans of the Missouri insurrectionists were matured before those of General Price, and, as they were unable to wait longer, they began the revolt on the 7th of July in

[1] Benson J. Lossing, "The Civil War in the United States," Vol. III, Page 276.

[2] General Price's letter to General E. Kirby Smith, "Official Records of the War of the Rebellion," Vol. XLI, Part II, Page 1025.

[3] General Rosecrans to the Assistant Adjutant General, Military Division of West Mississippi, "Official Records of the War of the Rebellion," Vol. XLI, Part I, Page 307.

Platte County, on the border of Kansas. In his report above mentioned General Rosecrans stated that from that time until Price was driven from the State, "guerrilla warfare raged in the river counties west from Calloway on the North and from Cooper on the South side of the Missouri." For such conditions the conspiring secret societies were chiefly responsible.

Though the principal object of the invasion was to assist the Democratic party as much as possible in the pending elections, another political object was involved of a nature still more important and intimate to Missouri. On December 6, 1863, Claiborne F. Jackson, the secessionist claimant of the Missouri governorship, had died at Little Rock, Ark. Upon his demise, Thomas C. Reynolds, who had been elected lieutenant-governor with him in 1860, claimed the governorship as Jackson's legal successor, and the claim was recognized at Richmond. In the North he was, of course, repudiated; the election of Governor Gamble by the Union convention in 1861 having later been confirmed by the people at a special election. Gamble also had died in 1863, and been succeeded by Willard F. Hall.

When the time for the elections of 1864 approached, the Confederate authorities became anxious to secure possession of a part of the State, including, if possible, the capital, Jefferson City, in order that the Southern sympathisers might vote

and carry out the form of electing Reynolds to succeed himself. Such an election would lend color to their claims upon the State, and those claims would be heightened if Reynolds were in actual occupation of the capital at the time.

In addition to the political motives above outlined there were important military incentives to the invasion. The first of them,—a decidedly visionary one,—was none the less regarded as of importance at the time and its character should be understood in order to illustrate the desperate measures to which the Confederate authorities were by this time giving consideration. It was thought possible that if St. Louis and the eastern part of the State could be captured, and if, furthermore, the army which achieved these successes could be made sufficiently strong to venture upon more extended offensive movements, an invasion of Kentucky might be undertaken, Southeastern Missouri being used as a strategical base of operations. After sweeping the southern watershed of the Ohio valley, the invading army was to turn South, overwhelm the scattered Federal garrisons guarding the railroads,—which formed the line of communication through Kentucky and Tennessee between Louisville and General Sherman's army before Atlanta,—and then fall upon Sherman's rear and crush him between itself and the army defending Atlanta.

That the plan, utterly impracticable though it may

seem, was regarded seriously at Richmond is clearly indicated by the attention bestowed upon a communication, outlining such a campaign, which was addressed to Jefferson Davis on July 23rd, 1864, by one J. Henry Behan, a captain and assistant commissary of subsistence, stationed at Meridian, Miss. Captain Behan's letter was referred by Mr. Davis to his military advisor, Gen. Braxton Bragg, for consideration, and then in turn by General Bragg to the Secretary of War, James A. Seddon. Judging by the words of his endorsement on the letter, Bragg felt rather doubtful of the feasibility of the project, but Secretary Seddon seems to have regarded it favorably, as, apparently, did Mr. Davis himself.[4] That it went no further was owing to Price's inability to carry it out.

But, aside from the far-reaching project just mentioned, more sound and practical military reasons for the invasion existed in the possibility of receiving large numbers of recruits for the depleted ranks of the Confederate army; of capturing quantities of stores of the commissary, quartermaster, and ordnance departments; of destroying much Federal property, and crippling the railroad system of the State; of withholding from General Sherman's army a large number of troops, which would necessarily have to be sent to the defense of Missouri,

[4] Behan to Davis, "Official Records of the War of the Rebellion," Vol. XLI, Part II, Page 1022.

and, more important than all, of taking and occupying St. Louis, a city at that time of about 165,000 people, the seventh in population in the United States, but relatively of much more consequence as the metropolis of the upper Mississippi Valley, the distributing point for vast quantities of military supplies, and the key to a great and rich territory. The loss would be an almost irreparable one to the Union and an incalculable gain to the Confederacy.

Having briefly considered the principal underlying causes of the Confederate invasion of Missouri, we may now turn to a survey of the campaign itself and the events immediately preceding it. At the time of the Red River Expedition the Federals were in possession of most of the northern half of the State of Arkansas, including the four chief towns of the State,—Fort Smith, Little Rock, Pine Bluff, and Helena, which, roughly speaking, lie in the order named across the centre of the State from west to east. The largest single body of Federal troops in the region at that time was the one, some 7,000 strong, under Gen. Frederick Steele at Little Rock. In order to coöperate with Banks' movement on Shreveport, La., General Steele advanced late in March, 1864, upon the Confederate army under General Price, which was south of the Ouachita River. He succeeded in forcing Price

back for a time, and temporarily occupied Arkadelphia and Camden; but, on the defeat of Banks, Steele was finally compelled to retreat to Little Rock, after having suffered some rather serious reverses, among which was the loss of a large number of wagons and quantities of supplies, which were captured by the Confederate cavalry under Generals Marmaduke and Shelby.

General Steele's discomfiture produced a bad effect upon the Union cause in Arkansas. After his retirement to Little Rock the Federal troops remained in possession of practically nothing except the four towns already mentioned and the triangular strip of country in the eastern part of the State, lying between the Mississippi and Arkansas Rivers and the line of the Memphis and Little Rock Railroad. General Price advanced his lines to the Saline River and his troops foraged and skirmished almost within sight of Little Rock, while his most active and skilful subordinate, Gen. Joseph O. Shelby, crossed the Arkansas and boldly established himself in the Northeastern part of the State, where his raids upon the Memphis and Little Rock Railroad and upon the steamboats and fortifications along the White River became a source of serious annoyance and loss to the Federal forces in that vicinity. The latter were too weak to assume the offensive, and their positions became little better

than posts of observation from which the enemy's movements could be approximately judged.

Circumstances were now propitious for the launching of that great raid into Missouri which had long been held under advisement. It is probable that at the time no locality in the Confederacy offered more favorable conditions for the preparation of such an enterprise than central Arkansas. True, the country was thinly populated and no supplies of any kind for a large body of men and horses were abundant in the immediate vicinity. But this was the case throughout the Confederacy; east of the Mississippi foodstuffs, especially, were far scarcer than west of it. The great State of Texas and the western portions of Louisiana and Arkansas,—rich in natural resources, and possessing many fertile agricultural sections,—had as yet hardly been touched by the Federals. The lines of communication throughout this region were free from interruption and, with sufficient transportation facilities, it was not hard to assemble for General Price's army all the commissary stores and forage necessary for the march into Missouri. After the army entered the State it would be able to subsist on the country. The army was not so well supplied with either clothing or arms, but there was no actual suffering for the former. Of weapons, which were of various patterns, some good and some indifferent, there

were only enough to equip about two-thirds of the force.[5] The absence of any large and aggressive Federal army in the vicinity permitted General Price to perfect his arrangements without either undue haste or the inconvenience attending constant danger of hostile attacks. His troops had before them the inspiration of the victories recently achieved by their comrades along the Red River as well as of their own successes over General Steele, —successes which, though not of the first magnitude, had yet been more substantial than any gained by Southern arms elsewhere during the same period, and certainly sufficiently decisive to revive a spirit of resolution among the victors. It is evident from the tone of the letters, dispatches, and orders, issued by General Price and his subordinates during the period of preparation and during the first phases of the raid itself, that they were setting out upon the invasion with feelings of confidence and with high hopes of success.

Late in August Gen. E. Kirby Smith, commanding the Trans-Mississippi Department, went to Camden, Ark., where he held a final council of war with General Price, at which the plans for the campaign were fully discussed and matured.[6] On

[5] General Price's report, "Official Records of the War of the Rebellion," Vol. XLI, Part I, Page 627.

[6] General E. K. Smith's orders to General Price, "Official Records of the War of the Rebellion," Vol. XLI, Part I, Page 718.

August 27th Price resigned from the command of the District of Arkansas, and was succeeded by Gen. John B. Magruder. Two days later, at Princeton, Price assumed command of the expeditionary force, which was variously designated "The Army of Missouri" or "The Army in the Field." The raid was to be made exclusively by cavalry and mounted infantry; and at Princeton were assembled the divisions of Maj.-Gen. J. F. Fagan and Maj.-Gen. J. S. Marmaduke,—divisions made up of such troops. The division of Brig.-Gen. J. O. Shelby was to join on the march.

Leaving Princeton on August 30th, Price moved rapidly north-westward to Dardanelle, where he crossed the Arkansas on Sept. 6th. A few Federal patrols were encountered, but they did not attempt to oppose his march. Swinging to the northeast from Dardanelle, he crossed the White River, and on the 13th was at Batesville, whence he moved to Powhatan. Here Shelby reported to him; and on the 17th the greater part of Shelby's division joined the main column at Pocahontas. Price's army, as now finally organized for the campaign, consisted, according to his official reports,[7] of three divisions embracing eight brigades, besides several unattached regiments and battalions, and amounted, —so Gen. Price stated,—to 12,000 men, of whom 8,000 were armed, and four batteries and one sec-

[7] "Official Records," Vol. XLI, Part I, Pages 627 and 641.

tion of field artillery, numbering fourteen pieces.[8]

The advance from Pocahontas to the Missouri line was made in three columns,—each composed of a division,—which were instructed to reunite at Fredericktown, Mo. General Fagan's division, with which General Price kept his headquarters, marched in the center by way of Martinsburg, Reeve's Station, and Greenville, while Marmaduke moved on the right, and Shelby marched on the left at distances of between ten and twenty miles from

[8] General Price's estimate of the strength of his army was probably little more than an approximate one for it is doubtful if he had accurate returns on which to base it; at least, no such returns are contained in the "Official Records of the War of the Rebellion." It is much more difficult to arrive at even an approximately correct idea of the strength of any of the Confederate armies during the last year of the war than it is to find that of the Federal armies; for in the case of the latter, returns were made promptly and fully and were systematically recorded, while in the case of the former they were generally made at very irregular intervals and were meager in character and had been carelessly kept. Those of Price's army were no exception to the rule. Other estimates than his own upon the strength of his forces differ widely. General Rosecrans stated it at 15,000 ("Official Records," Vol. XLI, Part I, Page 310); General Curtis said it was 30,000 at the battle of Big Blue River ("Official Records," Vol. XLI, Part I, Page 479); Major Chapman S. Charlot, Assistant Adjutant-General, Department of Kansas, called it 25,000 ("Official Records," Vol. XLI, Part I, Page 525); Benson J. Lossing made it 20,000 ("Cyclopædia of United States History," Vol. II, Page 901, and "The Civil War in the United States," Vol. III, Page 276); Captain H. E. Palmer also believed it to be 20,000 (Kansas Historical Collections, Vol.

the center column. The State line was crossed on Sept. 20th, and on that day the advance guard of Shelby's division, which had forged ahead of the others, encountered, just beyond Doniphan, a detachment of the Third Missouri State Militia Cavalry, under Lieut. Eric Pape. In a sharp skirmish the Federals were driven northward on the road to Patterson. Both sides suffered loss. It was the first resistance Price had encountered. Lieut. Pape's detachment was on scout duty from the garrison at Pilot Knob, the only considerable body of Federals then lying between the invading army and St. Louis. The fight for Missouri was begun. In what condition were its defenders for meeting the issue? The question must be briefly answered.

The invasion had not come unexpectedly; in fact,

IX, Page 432); and John N. Edwards placed it at 10,000 men and 12 guns ("Shelby and His Men," Page 315). The actual strength for duty doubtless varied greatly at different times during the raid. Of the forty-seven regimental, battalion, and battery organizations which started with the expedition, twenty-two were from Missouri ("Organization of Price's army," "Official Records," Vol. XLI, Part I, Page 641). Many of the men belonging to these Missouri organizations unquestionably deserted when they arrived near their homes. On the other hand, large numbers of recruits, volunteer or conscript, were constantly joining him, counterbalancing in a greater or less degree the losses by desertion and battle, and possibly giving him a larger number of men when he left the State than when he entered it. It is probable, however, that the average strength of Price's army during the raid was not far from 20,000.

it had been anticipated all summer, not alone because conditions favored such a movement, but because rumors of its imminence had constantly been circulating among the Southern sympathizers in Missouri. The revival of guerrilla activity throughout the State, and the suppressed but eager energy displayed by the Order of American Knights and other secret societies in their preparations to aid the invasion, pointed also to its early development. Had General Steele felt himself strong enough, the Federal forces in the Department of Arkansas might have thwarted it at its inception. According to the returns of that Department for the month of August, 1864,[9] there were then present for duty within the State 23,630 officers and men, but, as has already been indicated, they were much scattered, and General Steele deemed himself unable to cope with Price's army. Moreover, he at first believed that the Confederate movement was directed against his own position at Little Rock, and he did not become convinced until too late that Price's real design was to pass around his right flank and enter Missouri. Upon learning positively that the latter was the case he sent a dispatch on September 16th to General Rosecrans advising him of the fact. Further than this, he ordered the 1st Division of the 16th Army Corps, under Maj.-Gen. Joseph A.

[9] "Official Records of the War of the Rebellion," Vol. XLI, Part II, Page 967.

Mower, to pursue Price and, if possible, bring him to a halt. Mower's command had been on its way to Sherman's army when it was diverted by instructions from Washington to reënforce Steele. But Mower's troops were infantry; and, in spite of the most arduous marches, were unable to come up with the more swiftly moving Confederate cavalry. Six thousand strong, with two batteries, they arrived at Cape Girardeau, Mo., on October 6th, when Price was already between Franklin and Jefferson City, and they did not overtake him until about October 21st, when he was near the Kansas line.

At this time the Federal commander of the entire Trans-Mississippi region was Maj.-Gen. Edward R. S. Canby, whose jurisdiction was entitled the Military Division of West Mississippi. It was subdivided into the Department of the Gulf, under Maj.-Gen. N. P. Banks; the Department of Arkansas, under Maj.-Gen. Frederick Steele, and the Department of the Missouri, under Maj.-Gen. William S. Rosecrans. The Department of the Missouri was further sub-divided into the District of St. Louis, commanded by Brig.-Gen. Thomas Ewing, Jr., with headquarters at St. Louis; the District of Rolla, under the command of Brig.-Gen. John McNeil, headquarters, Rolla; the District of Central Missouri, commanded by Maj.-Gen. Alfred Pleasanton, headquarters, Warrensburg; the District of North Missouri, commanded by Brig.-Gen. Clinton

B. Fisk, headquarters, St. Joseph, and the District of Southwest Missouri, commanded by Brig.-Gen. John B. Sanborn, headquarters, Springfield.

At the end of August, 1864, when the last return was made prior to the raid, there were present for duty in the entire Department of the Missouri only 14,860 officers and men, including 3,721 Enrolled Missouri Militia,[10] which were on home-guard duty only in the districts in which they had been recruited. The other troops,—consisting of a few regiments and parts of regiments of United States Volunteers, but chiefly of Missouri State Militia,—were scattered all over the State in small detachments which had far more than they could do in striving to hold in check and stamp out the guerrilla bands that infested the State from one end to the other. In August, 1864, these troops were occupying no less than forty-seven separate posts. Sixty days later, when the return for October was made, there were 29,196 troops in the Department, of whom 14,164 were Enrolled Missouri Militia.[11] The credit for the expulsion of Price from the State must therefore go largely to the home guards.

The first positive warning of the beginning of the raid received by General Rosecrans was contained in a dispatch sent to him on September 2 by Maj.-Gen. C. C. Washburn, commanding the District of

10 "Official Records," Vol. XLI, Part II, Page 966.
11 "Official Records," Vol. XLI, Part IV, Page 360.

West Tennessee at Memphis. Washburn informed Rosecrans that Price had crossed the Arkansas and was marching toward Missouri; that Mower had been ordered across the Mississippi to coöperate with Steele, and that Maj.-Gen. A. J. Smith, with 4,500 men,—parts of two divisions of the 16th Army Corps,—was on his way up the river *en route* to Sherman's army. At the earnest solicitation of General Rosecrans, General Smith was ordered by Maj.-Gen. H. W. Halleck, Chief of Staff of the United States Army at Washington, to halt his command at Cairo, Ill., whence it was quickly moved into St. Louis.

General Rosecrans' first and chief concern was for the safety of the city of St. Louis and of the immense supply depots and wagon trains at Rolla and Springfield. It was impossible to tell what direction Price might take after entering the State; and the protection of Rolla and Springfield involved also the protection of the South Branch Railroad (now the St. Louis and San Francisco), connecting St. Louis with Rolla. At that time a train of no less than nine hundred wagons was constantly engaged in hauling the great quantities of supplies used at Springfield from the railroad terminus at Rolla. To furnish escorts for these great trains, and to guard the nine posts of his district together with their environs, General Sanborn had at his disposal three regiments of cavalry and two batteries

of field artillery; while General McNeil had in his district thirteen companies of cavalry, nine companies of infantry and one battery. General Rosecrans at once instructed both Sanborn and McNeil to concentrate all their available troops at their respective headquarters, and to impress into temporary service all military exempts and other citizens who could be found, chiefly for work on fortifications. The surrounding country was thus necessarily left at the mercy of marauding guerrillas; but both Springfield and Rolla were soon made reasonably safe, though practically divested during the continuance of the campaign of all troops except citizen guards.

Southward from St. Louis, running first along the base of the precipitous bluffs which rise above the Mississippi, and then plunging into the rough, wooded country of the Ozark Mountains, extends a railroad,—the St. Louis and Iron Mountain,—which has long since been completed to Little Rock and thence into Texas, but which, in 1864, terminated at the village of Pilot Knob, Mo., eighty-six miles south of St. Louis. Fredericktown, where Price's divisions were to concentrate, is only twenty-one miles southeast of Pilot Knob on a direct road. A field fortification,—small and badly located in case artillery fire should be brought to bear upon it, but of strong profile for resisting an infantry attack,—had been erected at Pilot Knob. It was oc-

cupied by a small garrison only after the direction of Price's invasion had been definitely ascertained, and when it became evident that Pilot Knob would be an excellent point for offering the first decided resistance to the enemy and for delaying his advance upon St. Louis until enough troops could be concentrated there to man the fortifications and defend the city.

Accordingly General Ewing, in whose district Pilot Knob lay, himself repaired thither on September 26th, with four companies of the 14th Iowa Infantry. This brought the garrison up to a strength of about one thousand men. Ewing also strengthened the garrisons guarding the various railroad bridges between Pilot Knob and St. Louis. At the time of his arrival, scouting parties had already located the enemy's main body at Fredericktown, where General Price, after consultation with his division commanders, concluded to deviate from his direct line of march on St. Louis long enough to capture Pilot Knob and its garrison, conceiving that it would be unsafe to leave the latter in his rear. In arriving at this decision he committed the most serious error of his campaign, and the one which brought about the failure of its main objects if not, indeed, its final and complete defeat. Had he pushed on to St. Louis with all the speed of which his mounted troops were capable, the small infantry force at Pilot Knob, even if it had followed, could

not have overtaken him until after he had occupied the city; and then it assuredly would not have attempted to do so because its own safety would have demanded that it retreat with the utmost speed in any other direction. It is extremely probable that, if Price had advanced directly upon St. Louis he would have been able to take it. General Rosecrans on September 27th, the day of the battle at Pilot Knob, had in hand for the defense of the city only A. J. Smith's division, four thousand five hundred men, and two and a fraction regiments of cavalry,—about 1,500 men in number.[12] It is true the defenses of the city, consisting of a line of detached forts, were strong, and contained a number of heavy guns; but with only 6,000 men to defend a line seven miles long against a veteran army of 20,000 it is evident that the chances of success were in favor of the assailants. By September 30th, on the other hand, when Price reached Richwoods, about forty miles southwest of the city and the nearest point to it which his main body attained, the army of defense had been augmented by 4,500 Enrolled Missouri Militia, about 5,000 citizens organized into regiments and well armed, and five regiments of Illinois volunteers numbering 4,000. With the city guarded by 20,000 men instead of 6,000 the situation bore a very different aspect and Price did not dare attack. His strategical error was committed

12 "Official Records," Vol. XLI, Part I, Page 310.

when he moved on Pilot Knob from Fredericktown on the morning of September 26th. General Shelby did not approve of the movement [13] and his division was detached and sent on a detour by way of Farmington to destroy the railroad track and bridges between Irondale and Mineral Point, and on the branch line to Potosi,—a task which he performed rapidly and thoroughly.

Price, with Marmaduke's division and that of Fagan, advanced on Pilot Knob by way of Arcadia, which his troops occupied that night. The next morning he pushed on, and after hours of obstinate fighting, succeeded in forcing General Ewing's men from the gap between Pilot Knob Mountain and Shepherd's Mountain, and in taking possession of the lower end of the valley in which lies the village of Pilot Knob. Among the Federal troops was Col. Thomas C. Fletcher, Republican candidate for Governor of Missouri, who was in command of the 47th Missouri Infantry, while one of the witnesses of the battle on the Confederate side was Thomas C. Reynolds, the Southern claimant of the gubernatorial seat; so that the contest had not only a decidedly interesting military aspect, but a very interesting political one, as well. At 2 p. m. a terrific assault was delivered upon the southern and eastern faces of Fort Davidson, the Federal work in the valley, by both the Confederate divisions,

[13] See General Shelby's letter, following.

dismounted. It was repulsed with fearful loss, about 1,500 men of the assaulting columns, as nearly as could be ascertained, falling within a few minutes.[14] Nor was this all; for the staggering blow inflicted upon them undoubtedly shook the confidence of the Confederate troops and undermined their *morale* to such an extent that thereafter they were extremely reluctant to attack intrenched positions. Shelby's troops, which had not suffered in the carnage, remained to the end of the campaign the best in Price's army.

General Ewing, appreciating the fact that more elaborate preparations would probably enable the enemy to storm his position the next morning, and having no expectation of reënforcements, spiked his heavy guns and exploded his magazines during the night; then retreated with his whole force in a northwesterly direction toward Leasburg, or Harrison's Station, located on the railroad from St. Louis to Rolla. He barely escaped encountering Shelby's entire division, which, under orders, was moving south from its raid on the Iron Mountain Railroad to rejoin the main body at Pilot Knob. Plunging into a wild and mountainous country Ewing made good his retreat, though not without stubborn rear-guard fighting; for nearly the whole

[14] See statements which follow of General Ewing and other Federal and Confederate officers, concerning the Confederate losses.

Confederate army followed him to Leasburg and lingered about that place for two days without attempting an attack. Cavalry reënforcements from General McNeil's command then reached him, and he retired on Rolla; and the Confederates who had been pursuing him veered off in the opposite direction toward St. Louis. They only went as far as St. Clair, however, where they rejoined General Price, who had decided,—after the days he had wasted in his futile pursuit of Ewing,—that St. Louis was too strongly defended to be taken by assault, and had determined to strike direct for Jefferson City. Already the Federals were gathering so rapidly in every direction as to cause him uneasiness. Just across the Meramec, General Smith's divisions lay awaiting him, supported by three brigades of Enrolled Missouri Militia. Sanborn and McNeil, with all the available cavalry of their districts, were moving by forced marches across country from Rolla to Jefferson City, where Gen. Egbert B. Brown, with some 2,500 men,[15] hastily concentrated from the country west of Sedalia, was busy intrenching the capital and putting it in a condition to resist capture.

From Richwoods the Confederates,—a body of 600, with two pieces of artillery,—moved slowly northwest, occupied Franklin, or Pacific, the junction of the South Branch Railroad with the line to

[15] "Official Records," Vol. XLI, Part I, Page 345.

Jefferson City, and destroyed the track of the South Branch west of that town as well as the large Moselle Bridge. So long as he lay in the Meramec Valley, General Rosecrans did not feel safe in removing any of his troops,—which were largely composed of raw levies untested in battle,—from their positions between Price and the city. On October 1st, however, Colonel Wolfe's brigade of one of Smith's divisions went forward to Franklin by train. On nearing the town the train was fired into by the Confederates, who, supported by their artillery, were in line of battle on the hills. The train came to a stop, and Smith's veterans poured from the cars like a swarm of bees, dancing and singing as they formed line and, hardly waiting for their officers, charged at double-quick upon the hills.[16] The Confederates, some of whom had faced Smith's men before during the Vicksburg and Red River campaigns, did not care to make their closer acquaintance, and fell back rapidly, leaving the town in possession of the Federals.

Next day it became evident that the main Confederate army was moving away from St. Louis; it was massed at Union, some sixteen miles west of Franklin. General Smith accordingly ordered forward the remainder of his division to Franklin, and on the 3rd continued his advance to Gray's Sum-

[16] Statements of Abr. Johnson and of the engineer of the train.

mit. General Pike's militia followed him and occupied his former position at Franklin. The Federal cavalry was exceedingly active, and pushed forward on the 4th to the Gasconade River, Smith's main column occupying Union. Everywhere there was evidence of the recent presence of the enemy in the wreckage of railroad tracks, bridges, and depots. On the 2nd of October Price had captured Washington, on the Missouri River, and next day he took the town of Hermann as well as a train loaded with quartermaster's and ordnance stores at Miller's Station. The bridges across the Gasconade and Osage were destroyed, though at the latter stream, on the 6th, Shelby's division, which had the advance, was compelled to bring artillery into action to force a passage against Colonel Phillips, who had moved out from Jefferson City, having marched to the capital from Cuba, on the South Branch Railroad, a distance of eighty miles in thirty-six hours, and had crossed the Osage only a few hours in advance of Price's arrival there. This reënforcement brought the garrison up to 6,700 men,—4,100 cavalry and 2,600 infantry.[17]

Between Jefferson City and the Gasconade is another small river called the Moreau, which in this vicinity has steep banks and a muddy bottom, making it a difficult obstacle to cross. Here General Sanborn offered a vigorous resistance, but was grad-

[17] "Official Records," Vol. XLI, Part I, Page 311.

ually forced back, fighting all the way into the intrenchments of Jefferson City, where Gen. Clinton B. Fisk had now arrived and, as he was the ranking officer present, assumed command.

Unremitting labor by every soldier and citizen in the town had by this time put Jefferson City in a good state of defense. It was a position of considerable natural strength; and the garrison awaited the Confederate attack with confidence. About noon of the 7th, the Federal troops were all withdrawn to their assigned positions in the intrenchments; General McNeil's brigade taking the right of the line, General Sanborn's the center, and General Brown's the left, while Colonel Hickox's brigade remained in reserve. Price's army defiled past the front of the city along the range of hills just south of that on which the town is built, and deployed in line of battle. A vigorous artillery duel ensued, while the Confederates endeavored to discover a weak point in the lines. Failing to find a spot which appeared favorable for assault, they contented themselves with bombarding the city during the afternoon, and, toward nightfall, they massed strongly opposite the Federal right. Fearing an assault in that quarter next morning, the Federals spent the night in strengthening the works occupied by McNeil. But the Confederate movement was only a demonstration, designed to cover the march of their wagon trains, which were passing west-

ward in rear of their lines on the road to California, the county seat of Moniteau County. For some time after daybreak next morning their line of battle maintained a threatening attitude, but withdrew before 8 o'clock, retiring along the California road.

General Fisk,—after the war famous as a Prohibition leader and founder of Fisk University at Nashville, Tenn.,—who wielded a trenchant pen as well as a skilful sword, remarked in his official report:

"The capital of the State had been saved from the polluting presence of her traitorous sons in arms. One of the chief objects of Price's invasion of Missouri, the seizure and occupancy of her political capital for the purpose of holding elections and the transaction of other business by the itinerating traitors who style themselves the State and legislative departments of Missouri, was, by the courage, industry, and determination of our small force at Jefferson City, defeated." [18]

General Price, in his official report, said, simply:

"After consultation with my general officers I determined not to attack the enemy's intrenchments, as they outnumbered us nearly two to one and were strongly fortified." [19]

[18] "Official Records," Vol. XLI, Part I, Page 420.
[19] "Official Records," Vol. XLI, Part I, Page 631.

As is shown by the figures previously given, General Price was very far from correct in his estimate of the number of Federals in Jefferson City. But, be that as it may, they had frustrated the second great aim of his expedition. Thomas C. Reynolds, like Moses, was forced to look from the hills upon the Promised Land into which he might not enter. Naturally he was bitterly disappointed over Price's failure to occupy the capital, and after the return of the army to Arkansas and Texas he published an open letter [20] in which he severely criticised Price's conduct of the Missouri expedition. The letter was so severe that Price was forced by it to call for a Court of Inquiry to examine into the questions it raised. The court was still in session in May, 1865, when the close of the war in the trans-Mississippi region brought its deliberations to an abrupt termination.

Reynolds was a man of high ability and one who believed very earnestly in the validity of his claim to the Missouri governorship. His rather close relations with General Price during the years of the war had given him a very poor opinion of the qualifications of the latter for high command, and in 1867, while residing in the City of Mexico, whence he had fled at the close of hostilities, he wrote an

[20] Reproduced on pages 383–393 of "Shelby and His Men," by John N. Edwards. (Hudson-Kimberly Pub. Co., Kansas City, 1897.)

extensive though uncompleted narrative of Price's military operations and conduct as an officer. This story is remarkable not only for its literary excellence and for the interesting side-light which it throws upon many men and events of the time, but because it goes far towards convincing the historical student of the correctness of Reynolds' contentions.[21]

Whatever may have been the merits of the Price-Reynolds' controversy over the campaign as a whole, however, General Price's failure at Jefferson City must be ascribed more or less directly to his delay at Pilot Knob and the results of the battle there. Had he not suffered that disastrous repulse, his officers and men would not have been so fearful of attempting the intrenchments of Jefferson City and might have succeeded in storming them. Furthermore, had he not wasted precious days in his operations against Pilot Knob and in a futile pursuit of Ewing's column, there can be little doubt that, even if he had abandoned his attack on St. Louis, he could have reached Jefferson City before its earthworks would have been in condition to withstand an assault and before more than a handful of troops could have been concentrated for its defense. His experience demonstrated again,—if it needed demonstration,—the inestimable value of time in mili-

[21] "The Reynolds' Manuscript and Correspondence," now in possession of the Missouri Historical Society, St. Louis, Mo.

tary operations. One failure to act with all possible celerity was followed by a chain of events which cost him the success of his entire enterprise, unless a figment of success be based upon the wholesale destruction of property and the acquisition of a few thousands of untrained volunteers and conscripts [22] the majority of whom deserted him before his precipitate retreat had carried him out of the State. On the other hand, the events of the campaign following Ewing's stubborn defense of Pilot Knob demonstrated quite as forcibly the vast good which can often be accomplished by the garrison of a small post which stands courageously to its trust, inflicts as much loss as possible upon the enemy, and delays and embarrasses his operations to the utmost of its abilities.

Upon the retirement of the Confederates from before Jefferson City, General Fisk promptly threw forward the cavalry of the garrison along the California road and struck the enemy's rear-guard, under Fagan, inflicting considerable loss upon it. Shortly after 8 o'clock that morning, Major-General Alfred Pleasanton, who had been absent in

[22] That conscription was extensively carried on by Confederate recruiting officers with Price is asserted by Wiley Britton in "The Battles and Leaders of the Civil War" (The Century Co., New York, Vol. IV, Page 376), the statement being supported by quotations from documents which are marked "not found" in the "Official Records of the War of the Rebellion," but to which Mr. Britton doubtless had access.

the East, reached Jefferson City from St. Louis, and assumed command. His arrival assured a tireless and vigorous pursuit of the enemy, for he was a cavalry leader of the highest ability, who at Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and on other famous fields of the East, had commanded the cavalry corps of the Army of the Potomac with brilliancy and success until he was relieved and sent to an obscure Western command because of supposed animosity toward General Meade.[23] Pleasanton immediately organized all the available cavalry into a division of three brigades to which was attached a battery of six guns, the whole numbering about 4,100 men, and sent it forward under General Sanborn after the enemy. General Smith, whose troops were on the road from St. Louis, was directed by General Rosecrans to hasten his march to Jefferson City, where Mower's division, which had reached St. Louis, would join him by steamers, via the Missouri River. Smith's cavalry, under Colonel Catherwood,—later under Col. E. F. Winslow,—hurried ahead to join Pleasanton, while General Pike's militia was charged with policing the country and guarding the line of communication between Jefferson City and St. Louis.

[23] Major John C. White, U. S. A., retired, in a "Review of the Services of the Regular Army during the Civil War," in the Journal of the Military Service Institution, January-February, 1910, Page 60.

Sanborn pressed hard on Price's rear and learned at Versailles, where a hot skirmish occurred, that the enemy had turned north toward Boonville, on the Missouri. Pushing on, he drove their rear-guard into line of battle near Boonville but, after being nearly surrounded by superior numbers, was forced to retire on California, where he was reënforced by Catherwood on the 14th of October. General Shelby in the meantime had captured Boonville with its small garrison and considerable stores.

General Price entered Boonville with Shelby, and while there committed himself to a line of action for which in one particular he has been severely and justly criticised. He received and formally recognized as officers of the Confederate army the notorious guerrilla leaders, Bill Anderson and William C. Quantrill, the latter of whom had commanded the barbarous gang which committed the appalling massacre at Lawrence, Kansas, on August 25th, 1863, and the former of whom had been guilty of the bloody, heartrending assassinations at Centralia, Missouri, September 27th, 1864. Both men were hardened desperadoes of the most brutal type, whose countless cold-blooded atrocities were only too well known everywhere,—South as well as North; yet General Price not only recognized them as Confederate officers, but commissioned them to take their bands of freebooters to the north side of the Missouri River and there destroy the Hanni-

bal and St. Joseph Railroad and the North Missouri Railroad, especially a large bridge in St. Charles County.[24] Recognizing General Price's kindly nature and his reputation for magnanimity and humanity, it is difficult to understand how he could have justified himself for such an alliance with outlawry.

From Boonville the Confederate columns marched on across the Lamine River toward Arrow Rock. Being too weak to bring Price to decisive action, Sanborn paralleled the enemy's westward march at some distance, holding the line of Blackwater Creek, a tributary of the Lamine, and keeping between Price and the Pacific Railroad. At Arrow Rock the Confederates captured a ferry-boat on which a portion of Marmaduke's command crossed the river and on the 15th they marched up to Glasgow, where Col. Chester Harding, Jr., son of the celebrated artist and portrait painter of St. Louis, had taken position with about 550 men,[25] volunteers and militia. At the same time, General Shelby approached Glasgow from the opposite side of the river and opened fire on the town with artillery. A severe battle of seven hours ensued, while the Confederates advanced their lines to favorable positions

[24] Price's report, "Official Records," Vol. XLI, Part I, Page 632.

[25] Colonel John B. Clarke, Jr., who commanded the Confederate detachment, says that Harding had 800 or 900 men. ("Official Records," Vol. XLI, Part I, Page 682.)

for an assault. Colonel Harding, finding himself surrounded by a greatly superior force and having no hope of reënforcements, finally capitulated on liberal terms. His men were paroled and sent back to Jefferson City, receiving such kind and considerate treatment from their captors and the escort which conducted them to the Federal lines, that General Fisk expressed his gratitude in a note to the officer commanding the escort,[26] while Colonel Harding mentioned the facts with warm appreciation in his official report.[27] It is a sad pity that the treatment of prisoners during this campaign was not always marked by like generosity and was not always deserving of similar gratitude.

While Shelby and Clarke were engaged at Glasgow, the remainder of the Confederate army continued its westward march, capturing successively Marshall, Waverly, and Lexington, while Gen. M. Jeff. Thompson, by a quick detour with one of Shelby's brigades, succeeded in slipping between the Federal detachments and taking Sedalia,—at that time the western terminus of the Pacific Railroad.

This portion of his march was a series of easy victories for Price, for there were very few Federal troops to dispute his progress, as the bulk of the forces in western Missouri and in Kansas were con-

[26] "Official Records," Vol. XLI, Part I, Page 685.
[27] "Official Records," Vol. XLI, Part I, Page 438.

centrated in the vicinity of Kansas City, where they hoped to be able to check his advance and prevent him from carrying his destructive raid on into Kansas. Maj.-Gen. Samuel R. Curtis, commanding the Department of Kansas, had only a few thousand United States Volunteers at his disposal and these were for the most part distributed over a vast extent of territory in the unsettled western portion of the State and in eastern Colorado, where they were engaged in protecting the roads and the scattered military posts from the hostile Indians, who during these years were making war on the United States from the Canadian border to the Rio Grande. When he found positively that Price's army was headed toward his department instead of turning south again through Missouri, General Curtis was compelled to draw into Kansas City as many of his widely scattered forces as could be spared from the frontier. Their number being totally inadequate to meet such an emergency, Governor Carney, of Kansas, called out the State militia to aid them.

The approaching elections had brought political feeling to fever heat in Kansas, and many of the officers and men of the State militia, doubting, because of the lack of public news on the subject, that Price was really moving on Kansas, suspected that the call to arms was a trick to draw them away from their polling places until after election. These

groundless suspicions gave rise to much bickering and ill-feeling and, coupled with the jealousies of the State authorities and their reluctance to coöperate heartily with the United States officers and troops in the field, seriously interfered with the effective use of the militia and more than once caused the failure of plans or minimized the results of success. It was but a proof of the folly of the system then prevalent,—now happily superseded by a better one,—which permitted the existence of a militia obligated to serve only within the limits of its own State and amendable to the State authorities alone under any and all circumstances.

The citizen soldiery sent to his assistance by Governor Carney brought Curtis' available forces to about 15,000 men.[28] Field intrenchments were hastily begun around Kansas City and along the west bank of the Big Blue River, in Missouri, which had been selected as the first main line of defense. On October 13th, Major-General James G. Blunt moved from Paola, Kansas, with a mounted force of about 2,000 men to Hickman Mills, Mo., and thence, on the 17th, to Pleasant Hill. Here he learned from fugitives of the capture of Sedalia two days before, and he moved his command for-

[28] Captain E. H. Palmer, on Page 441, Vol. IX, "Kansas Historical Collections," says that General Curtis had about 7,000 men, but Curtis himself, who certainly was in a position to know, gives the number as above stated in the "Official Records," Vol. XLI, Part I, Page 479.

ward to Holden, where he remained most of the day, sending out scouting parties to locate the enemy. Becoming convinced that Price's main army was north of him, along the Missouri River, he made a night march to Lexington and arrived there ahead of the enemy, who appeared next morning, approaching the city from the east in three heavy columns.

Blunt had sent an urgent appeal to Curtis for reënforcements, but, owing to the refusal of the Kansas militia to go so far beyond the State line, none could be sent. Nevertheless, Blunt put his small force into line of battle and, while slowly retiring before superior numbers, contested the ground so stubbornly as to fully develop the enemy's strength and dispositions. He finally retired along the road to Independence but halted at the crossing of the Little Blue River, nine miles east of that town, where, on the morning of the 21st, he was attacked by Marmaduke's division. Blunt's position was a strong one, and his men fought with such dash and courage that he was able not only to hold his own but even to drive the enemy back for a time. The obstinate character of the fighting may be judged by the fact that General Marmaduke had three horses shot under him.[29] Had reënforcements been available, Blunt might have checked the westward march of the Confederates at the Little

[29] John N. Edwards, "Shelby and His Men," Page 345.

Blue and turned them southward, saving Kansas from invasion and preventing the sanguinary battles of the two following days. But again the puerile conduct of the Kansas militia caused him to be left unsupported while, on the other hand, Shelby soon came to the assistance of Marmaduke. Blunt was driven back, retreating through Independence and across the Big Blue, where he halted in the position previously prepared. At this point General Curtis had already assembled the remainder of his forces, chiefly militia, which fortunately had waived its sovereign rights sufficiently to venture thus far into Missouri. The Federal line extended from the Missouri nearly to Hickman Mills, a distance of fifteen or sixteen miles. General Blunt took command of the right wing, stretching from the main road between Independence and Kansas City, and south to Hickman Mills and Gen. George W. Deitzler commanded the left wing, reaching from the road to the Missouri.

In the meanwhile the troops of General Rosecrans had been following Price closely; his cavalry, now considerably reënforced and under the personal command of General Pleasanton, having forced the Confederate rear-guard out of Lexington on the night of October 20th, hardly thirty-six hours after Blunt had been driven from the town by their advance. On the 21st, while Blunt was fighting at the Little Blue, Pleasanton was following the

enemy's rear toward that stream; while General Smith's division, to which Mower's was now joined, with 9,000 infantry and five batteries, was near Chapel Hill, some twenty-four miles southwest of Lexington, and was marching toward Hickman Mills to strike the enemy's line of retreat to Arkansas. Had Smith continued on this route he would have reached Hickman Mills in time to have either entirely intercepted Price or, at least, to have struck his columns and long wagon-train in flank, when, with Curtis and Pleasanton pressing its rear, the Confederate army would in all probability have been utterly destroyed. But General Pleasanton now made a serious error of judgment. Believing the whole of the enemy to be in his front, and knowing nothing of the exact whereabouts of Curtis, he sent a message to Rosecrans, urgently requesting that Smith be sent to his support at Independence, —a request which was complied with. Consequently, when the enemy retreated next day they found their route open; and though strenuous efforts were made by forced marches to recover the lost position on their flank, these efforts proved unsuccessful.

The morning of the 22nd of October found the Confederates feeling the front of Curtis' long line of defense for a weak spot. Shelby soon discovered one at Byram's Ford, about the center of Blunt's position, where he broke through Jennison's brigade

and advanced, though not without fierce fighting, nearly to Westport, just south of Kansas City. In his advance, Shelby cut off Gen. M. S. Grant's brigade of Kansas Militia, which retreated in confusion to Olathe, Kansas, losing many men and one field piece, captured. The entire Federal right was forced back toward Westport; the most important result of the advantage thus gained by the Confederates being that it gave them possession of the State Line Road and permitted their immense wagon-train to cross the Big Blue and retreat southward on its west side, unmolested by Rosecrans' troops which were coming from the east. During the day General Cabell's brigade, of Fagan's division, which was guarding the Confederate rear along the Little Blue, was driven back by the brigades of McNeil and of Sanborn, of Pleasanton's cavalry, and in retreating through Independence suffered a loss of two guns and 400 men.

Price was now fighting in front and rear, and was hard pressed. Marmaduke's division went to Cabell's aid, but the brigades of Brown and of Winslow also joined Sanborn and McNeil, and the combined Federal cavalry, charging repeatedly, drove the enemy slowly backward to the Big Blue, and then beyond it. The fighting continued long after nightfall, and along the widely extended line the impenetrable darkness was illuminated for hours by the flash of carbines and of field-guns. On the side

of Curtis, after Blunt's line had been broken, General Deitzler had evacuated the line of the Big Blue, and had fallen back within the intrenchments of Kansas City. Blunt occupied the north bank of Brush Creek, two miles south of Westport; Shelby had taken up his position on the opposite side of the creek, his left extending nearly to the Shawnee Mission, Kansas. By extending his line westward, Shelby made persistent efforts to envelope Blunt's right, but without success.

Early on the morning of the 23rd, a general advance was begun by the Federals along Brush Creek. Shelby resisted stoutly and, being reënforced by a part of Fagan's division, even forced his opponents back. The battle extended over an area of five or six square miles; and the fighting was desperate, forty or fifty guns sometimes being in action at once.[30] But fresh bodies of Federal troops, drawn from Deitzler, continued to arrive on the field and, supported by some thirty pieces of artillery, they crossed the creek and pushed the enemy steadily southward along the State Line Road toward Fort Scott. Among the combatants on the Federal side were both of the United States senators from Kansas, James H. Lane and Samuel C. Pomeroy.

Matters were going badly with the Confederates. At an early hour in the morning, Marmaduke, who

[30] Wiley Britton, Page 377, Vol. IV, "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War." (The Century Co., New York.)

was holding the line of the Big Blue, was attacked by Pleasanton and driven from his position to the open prairie beyond. A little later a Federal flanking column appeared abreast of the retreating Confederate wagon-train, which seemed in imminent danger of capture. But General Price, who happened to be on this part of the field, bethinking himself of a stratagem similar to that employed by the Swiss at the battle of the Stoss, ordered the unarmed recruits,—who to the number of several thousand had been formed into a brigade under Col. Charles H. Tyler,—to form line of battle between the Federals and the train. The formidable appearance presented by this body in the distance caused the Federals to hesitate, and before they could utilize their advantage, Cabell's brigade reached the scene and the imperiled train was saved for the time being. Marmaduke's defeat had precipitated yet another danger upon the embarrassed Confederates; but Shelby, resourceful and undismayed, turning suddenly from his fight on the left, charged impetuously into Pleasanton and checked him long enough to allow Marmaduke to again bring his men into some semblance of order.

Moving upon converging lines, the forces of Curtis and Pleasanton united about 2 p. m. and continued to follow the enemy to Little Santa Fé, where the Federal army rested that night. The next day General Curtis relieved from further duty such of

the Kansas militia as resided north of the Kansas River, and General Rosecrans ordered his infantry to give up the pursuit; such of them as belonged to his own department returned to their respective posts, while those of General Smith went to St. Louis, whence they were speedily transferred to General Thomas' army at Nashville. The pursuit was continued by Curtis and Pleasanton with the cavalry of their commands.

Practically all of the principal streams along the southern part of the Missouri-Kansas border flow in a generally easterly direction, falling from the high plateau country of Kansas toward the Missouri. Since Price in his retreat followed quite closely along the State line, the numerous streams which he crossed afforded excellent natural barriers for rear-guard action. The first stream of which Price attempted to take advantage was the Marais des Cygnes, behind which he went into camp with the intention of resting his troops, intrusting to Marmaduke's division the protection of the rear. Before dawn of the 25th, Sanborn came up and charged suddenly and unexpectedly, routing the Confederates from the river bank and from their camp, and capturing much of the camp equipage. The Federals pressed their advantage vigorously, and soon overtook the enemy again at Mine Creek, a tributary of the Little Osage River. The Confederate wagon-train was meeting with delay at the

crossing of the Little Osage, a few miles beyond, and Marmaduke's and Fagan's divisions, supported by five guns, made a stand in the hope of throwing back the pursuit decisively. But the Federals were in strong force and elated with success. Benteen's brigade and Philips' brigade were leading the advance. They at once charged furiously, Philips striking the enemy's center while Benteen fell upon the Confederates' right and enveloped it.

It was all over in a moment. The Confederate line broke and fled in utter rout, losing eight guns and some 600 men, including General Marmaduke and General Cabell, five colonels, and many other officers. The flood of fugitives poured back upon the wagon-train, General Price and General Fagan vainly striving to rally them. Once more Shelby, whose division was acting as advance-guard was called upon to save Price's army. Riding back past the train and through the broken masses of the other two divisions, Shelby's men formed line of battle just north of the Little Osage. It was nearing sunset and Shelby could hope for nothing more than to hold the Federals in check until night should compel them to forego the attack. Fighting against superior numbers with a courage all the more admirable in view of the demoralization of the rest of the army, Shelby's division, supported after a time by Dobbin's brigade, of Fagan's division, which had rallied, slowly fell back across the Little Osage, and

thence over several intervening miles to the Marmiton River, holding his line intact under repeated attacks until night ended the conflict.

The scene, as the brief October twilight closed down over this vast arena of war, was sublime and awe-inspiring. Few battlefields of history have possessed similar elements of grandeur. The country over which the armies were contending was a seemingly limitless and gently rolling plain, with scarcely a house or even a fence in view and broken only at long intervals by the timber-fringed depression marking the course of some sluggish stream. There were no obstructions to hinder the movements of the opposing forces, which, being composed exclusively of cavalry, careered hither and thither across the wide expanse with bewildering rapidity. Now here and now there a sheet of flame punctuated the gathering dusk as a volley rattled along the front of some regiment or a shell swooped down like a line of phosphorus drawn across the purpling sky. Into this wilderness land was suddenly precipitated the frenzied conflict of nearly 20,000 men; and as they swept steadily southward their masses were sometimes blotted from view in the billows of smoke, and sometimes fitfully revealed in the red glare arising from the huge prairie fires which, kindled by the Confederates in the dry grasses, were spreading their vivid, tossing lines of fire across the country

in every direction. Many abandoned and burning wagons of the Confederate train were adding their light to the universal conflagration in the woods along the Marmiton, that lovely and peaceful stream of which the poet of Kansas, "Ironquill" (Major Eugene F. Ware) has so beautifully said:

"Thy purple sheen, through prairies green,
From out the burning west is seen.
I watch thy fine, approaching line
That seems to flow like blood-red wine
Fresh from the vintage of the sun.
The spokes of steel and blue reveal
The outlines of a phantom wheel,
While airy armies, one by one,
March out on dress-parade.
I see enrolled, in blue and gold,
The guidons where the line is made,
And where the lazy zephyrs strolled
Along thy verdant esplanade,
I see the crested, neighing herd
Go plunging to the stream."

It was for but a brief space that the peaceful slumber of the Marmiton was rudely broken by the headlong rout of war, for the retreat and pursuit passed the stream like a nightmare and rolled on southward. Though it had been saved from total destruction by the gallantry of the rear-guard, the morale of the Confederate army was ruined, as was frankly admitted by Price's Adjutant-General, Lieut.-Col. Lauchlan A. Maclean, in his official

itinerary of the campaign.[31] The great number of wagons burned at the Marmiton were destroyed, General Price says, because of "broken down teams which could not be replaced;" [32] which was doubtless true so far as it went, though many more were unquestionably destroyed simply to shorten the train and increase its mobility.

The flight, for such it had now become, after a very few hours of rest, was resumed from the Marmiton at 2 o'clock on the morning of the 26th. At this point the armies lay at a distance of only six miles from Fort Scott, the last important Federal post in southern Kansas, and one which General Curtis had feared would be overwhelmed by the Confederates, since it lay directly in their path and because its garrison was small. But for some reason,—probably because of the panic,—Price deflected to the eastward on approaching Fort Scott, and it was spared. Exhausted as the Confederates were, Curtis' men and Pleasanton's were scarcely less so; for the pursuit thus far had been as relentless as the pursuit from Moscow of the Grand Army by Kutusoff's Cossacks. Most of the Federals,—drawn irresistibly by the desire for food, shelter, and a little respite from the cold and inclement weather,—turned aside at the Marmiton and, regardless of orders, marched into Fort Scott, where

[31] "Official Records," Vol. XLI, Part I, Page 646.
[32] "Official Records," Vol. XLI, Part I, Page 637.

were large depots of supplies.[33] As General Curtis realized, they made a great mistake in doing so. Supplies could have been sent to them in the field, and by alternating the brigades in leading the pursuit, sufficient rest might have been afforded to all. A continuation of the sledge-hammer blows dealt to the enemy in the last three days would have assured the destruction of the Confederate Army. Instead, Price was allowed unmolested to flee fifty-six miles the next day, scattering quantities of equipments, arms, wagons, and numbers of exhausted men and horses all along the way, and finally to encamp at Carthage, south of Spring River, almost beyond pursuit.

Price's troops had been suffering keenly for food; but a limited supply was obtained at Carthage, and after a few hours' rest he resumed his march, with his men in slightly better condition than before, since no enemy had appeared. General Blunt, however, with two brigades, caught up with the Confederates again at Newtonia, where they had halted on the afternoon of the 28th. With more courage than discretion he charged, but encountered Shelby, whose troops were the only ones left to Price capable of safeguarding the rear. A stubborn fight ensued, in which Blunt, unsupported, was distinctly worsted, falling back several miles under pressure

[33] Curtis' report, "Official Records," Vol. XLI, Part I, Page 502.

before night closed the engagement.[34] Had Blunt's entire division been closed up instead of being scattered for a good many miles in his rear when he made the attack, such a reverse need not have occurred. As it was, the final opportunity for the total destruction of Price's army was irretrievably lost. That night General Pleasanton received an order from General Rosecrans to abandon the pursuit with the troops from the Department of the Missouri, and to return with them to Warrensburg, —an order which he promptly obeyed. General Curtis, who was with Blunt at the head of the chase, deeming the latter's division with less than 1,000 weary men,[35] too weak to follow Price alone through the sterile and sparsely peopled mountain regions of Northwestern Arkansas, which would unquestionably be swept clean of supplies by the famished Confederate host, also came to a halt. On the 29th Blunt's division moved to Neosho, preparatory to returning to Kansas. But the next day General Curtis, having received peremptory orders from Lieutenant-General Grant that " Price be pursued to the Arkansas River, or at least till he encounters Steele or Reynolds," [36] resumed the pursuit after a lapse of thirty-six hours.

[34] See reports of General Curtis (Page 508), General Blunt (Page 577), and General Shelby (Page 661), all in Part I, Vol. XLI, "Official Records."

[35] "Official Records," Vol. XLI, Part I, Page 511.

[36] "Official Records," Vol. XLI, Part IV, Page 301.

The Confederates left Missouri almost at its southwestern corner and thence followed the western line of Arkansas until, deflecting a little to the east, they encamped at Cane Hill, now called Boonesboro. Here Price,—receiving word from Col. William H. Brooks that he had closely invested the town of Fayetteville, some sixteen miles northeast of Cane Hill,—detached a force of 500 men and two guns from Shelby's division and sent it, under command of General Fagan, to Brook's assistance. But Col. M. La Rue Harrison, the Federal commander at Fayetteville, repulsed their combined attacks until the arrival on November 4th of Curtis and Blunt, who, reënforced by Benteen's brigade, and avoiding Price's direct route, had come into Arkansas further to the eastward by way of Keetsville, Mo., and Pea Ridge, Ark. The Confederate detachments then withdrew to Cane Hill, and rejoined the main body, which continued its retreat toward the southwest, entering the Indian Territory and crossing the Arkansas River some distance west of Fort Smith, a Federal post so strongly garrisoned that the enemy feared to approach it. Curtis followed them right up to the bank of the Arkansas, where the pursuit was finally abandoned on November 7th.

During the marches southward from Newtonia both armies had suffered keenly from lack of food and had endured great hardships in toiling over the

wretched mountain roads through an almost continuous succession of cold autumn storms of rain and snow. But when General Price,—fearing to carry his army eastward across the Arkansas between Fort Smith and Little Rock, on account of the large Federal garrisons at those points,—moved instead out into the desolate Indian country, he placed his men in a far worse plight than any that they had yet faced. The 8th of November, 1864, —that election day on which his army had confidently hoped to be firmly established in Missouri, proudly dictating from Jefferson City the allegiance of the State to the Southern Confederacy,—found it broken and dispirited, starting out upon a terrible march through a desolate, wintery wilderness: a fitting climax to the long series of disasters which had marked its meteoric exit from Missouri.

Many of Price's men, it is true, were left behind in Arkansas or just west of its border, "on furlough, with orders to report again inside the Confederate lines during the month of December," [37] though probably most of them, discouraged both by the results of the expedition and by the general aspect of Southern affairs, failed to do so. But those wretched followers who still remained with him on his march to Perryville, thence to Boggy Depot, in the Choctaw Nation, and thence across

[37] Price's Report, "Official Records," Vol. XLI, Part I, Page 639.

the Red River into Texas, were compelled to undergo the severest hardships, facing bitter storms on the shelterless plains, and going for days together without food either for themselves or for their horses. One officer, Col. Colton Greene, commanding Marmaduke's old brigade, reported that for twenty days between the Arkansas and Boggy Depot the troops subsisted on meat alone, without salt, and that for three days during that time they had no food at all,[38] while Col. J. F. Davis, commanding the 7th Missouri Cavalry, stated that from the time the army left Cane Hill until it crossed Red River, no forage was issued for the horses, which subsisted upon the dead prairie grass alone. After undergoing such an experience the deplorable condition of the army when it arrived in Texas, may be imagined. At that point, however, having again reached a region comparatively cultivated, its needs were in some measure supplied and, turning eastward, it marched by way of Bonham, Paris, and Clarksville, Texas, to Laynesport, Ark., where its fragments arrived on or about December 2nd. Aside from Shelby's division, the troops which had invaded Missouri were of little more service during the short continuance of the war. The great raid put a period to their usefulness and disintegrated their organization.

[38] "Official Records," Vol. XLI, Part I, Page 692.

Since starting from Camden on August 28th, General Price estimated that he had marched one thousand four hundred and thirty-four miles, fought forty-three battles and skirmishes, captured and paroled over three thousand Federal officers and men, gained 5,000 recruits, and destroyed railroad and public property to the value of $10,000,000.00.[39] The injury done to private life and property by his partisan adherents throughout Missouri during the same period cannot be estimated, though it was vast. But, whether any of General Price's estimates be exaggerated or not, it is certain that he had lost far more than he had gained. In all his main objects he had failed. The permanent occupation of Missouri had not been accomplished; St. Louis and Jefferson City had not been occupied; the damage he had done to the railroads was soon repaired. More important than all, he had lost the prestige of victory, which, in the period of political agitation prevalent at the time of his raid, was a far more serious loss to the interests of the Confederacy and a far greater gain to the cause of the Union than can be calculated in figures.

During Price's absence from Arkansas the affairs of the South had gone from bad to worse. Sherman had almost completed his march to the sea; Sheridan had finally cleared the Shenandoah Valley and had crushed the army of Early; Thomas was

[39] "Official Records," Vol. XLI, Part I, Page 640.

holding Nashville where he was soon to utterly destroy Hood's army,—in short, the Confederacy was disintegrating. Price had accomplished nothing that could cast a ray of hope across that lowering sky. It is, of course, unquestionable that no success he could possibly have attained would have altered the final outcome. But great results sometimes flow from comparatively insignificant causes. He might, by a series of victories, have materially changed the verdict of the national elections and thus have deferred the triumph of the union through more weary months of suffering and bloodshed and outpouring of millions of treasure. It was at Pilot Knob that he was rendered, and rendered himself, impotent to achieve such a series of victories. Who can say how great is the debt of gratitude which the Nation owes to that handful of men who broke the backbone of the great raid before it was fairly begun, the valiant, unsung heroes of Pilot Knob?

THE DONIPHAN SCOUT

On September 19th, 1864, the divisions of General Price's army which were beginning the invasion of Missouri were advancing in three columns of division,—the better to obtain forage,—from Pocahontas, Arkansas, upon Fredericktown, Missouri. Major-General Fagan's division, with which General Price kept his headquarters, was marching in the center, by way of Martinsburg, Reeve's Station and Greenville. Major-General Marmaduke's division, on the right, was moving by Poplar Bluff, Dallas, and Greenfield. Brigadier-General Shelby's division was approaching Fredericktown via Doniphan and Patterson, and had just reached the former point.

Save for the small garrisons at Cape Girardeau and Pilot Knob and their outposts and patrols there were no Union troops in front of Price, and even these small detachments had but a vague idea of his position and intentions. Indeed, the opinion still largely prevailed in Missouri that General Price was still in southern Arkansas and that, if any force at all was contemplating the invasion of Missouri, it was a small one and bent merely upon a plundering foray. Nevertheless, Maj. James Wil-

son, commanding the Union garrison at Pilot Knob, was on the alert, as were his outposts far to the southward of that position. One of these outposts,—under Capt. Robert McElroy, Third M. S. M. Cavalry,—was stationed at Patterson, thirty-five miles south, from which point a party consisting of eighty-six officers and men from Companies D, K and I, 3rd Missouri State Militia Cavalry, and Company H, 47th Missouri Volunteer Infantry, Mounted, under command of Lieut. Erich Pape, 3rd Missouri State Militia Cavalry, moved out on the 18th of September to reconnoiter the country as far south as Doniphan. Sergt. J. C. Steakley, Company K, 3rd M. S. M.[1] gives the following account of the incidents of the scout:

"On Sunday morning, September 18th, we were in our saddles early and on the march, still in a southwesterly course, and marched all day, stopping and camping at the Dildine farm, twelve or fifteen miles northwest of Doniphan. After taking refreshments and feeding our horses, we all lay down for a little rest except the pickets and camp guard. About 11:00 p. m. the word "boots and saddles" was whispered in each man's ear, not blown as usual by the bugle. All sprang up and in ten minutes were in their saddles and on their way

[1] The abbreviation "M. S. M." will be used henceforth to designate Missouri State Militia.

straight for Doniphan and at the first appearance of dawn on that beautiful Monday morning of September 19th, we were within a mile of the town. From that on it was practically a charge, for we wanted to strike the town a little before day and surprise the enemy if possible. But it was broad daylight when we charged through the streets, the Confederates going helter-skelter in every direction. We charged with a will and it would have been unnecessary for us to strike any earlier, for the enemy did not pretend to stand and fight. It was reported to us that there were one hundred and sixty of the enemy whom we ran out of town and across a bridge over Current River. They tore up the bridge and a few of us, possibly twenty, charging down to it, saw that they must have thought our horses would fly or jump over the stream, for they never stopped until they were on the bluffs south of the river.

"Our little band, having nothing further to do in town, gathered together and started in pursuit of the enemy, or anything else that had 'fight' in it. We crossed Current River about one mile above the town and while most of our squad were midway in the river, it was amusing to see the rebs spitting away at us from their last stand on the bluffs. Their rifle and musket balls struck the water around us like the pebbles of schoolboys and we gave them about the same attention we would have given to

pebbles, for the men let their horses quench their thirst as if there were nothing the matter. We followed the enemy about four miles south of Doniphan, where we came upon the site of their camp. Everything here showed a hasty evacuation and, after satisfying ourselves that there was no occupation for us thereabouts, we turned on our trail and came back through Doniphan, going thence in a northeast direction and camping Monday night at the Vandiver farm, on Little Black River.

"Reconnoitering squads were sent in different directions from camp that evening, going two or three miles. Everything being quiet, pickets out, horses fed and our suppers eaten, such as they were, we retired for the night. Tuesday morning, Lieut. Erich Pape directed the men to saddle up and fall in, expecting to set out on our day's journey. I was in charge of some prisoners and was directed where to form the prisoners and my squad of guards for the march. Possibly forty men had formed in line when, 'Spang! Sci—z!' came a ball from the north. It is needless for me to say that we knew 'the tingle of the bell.' There was high stirring until the men were in line of battle, for some had not even saddled yet. The enemy, during the previous night, had surrounded us on the east, north and west, and their first shot killed a gray horse of John Davis, Co. D, 3rd M. S. M.

"The enemy made their attack from the north, where they were formed in a terrible thicket of timber, large and small, interlaced with underbrush. They were about one hundred and fifty yards from us. We charged at once and they countercharged. We were fighting up an ordinary 'point' ridge, high in the center, and by the time our third charge had been made our command had become divided, most of the men being on the west slope of the ridge, and seventeen only on the east slope of the backbone. I suppose that it was at about this time that Second Lieut. William Brawner, Co. K, Third M. S. M. Cavalry was mortally wounded. He died some time that night. Serg. Simon U. Branstetter, Co. I, was also wounded and left on the ground. I believe that Corporal Gourley and Private William Skeggs, Co. I, were also captured there. The two latter, together with two others whose names I do not now recall, were shot with Major Wilson. I learned that the Confederates stripped Sergeant Branstetter [2] and left him for

[2] It is much to be regretted that Sergeant Branstetter's diary, which he kept throughout the war, is not available for direct quotation. His experience after the fight at Vandiver's Farm, however, was probably one of the most thrilling and remarkable that happened to any soldier during the Civil War and as such it deserves a brief description here.

Sergeant Branstetter was in command of the detachment of Co. I, Third M. S. M. Cavalry, which accompanied Lieutenant Pape to Doniphan, and at Vandiver's Farm his horse was shot under him and he was captured. He was armed

dead, but he got up and walked to Cape Girardeau, Mo., and I saw him the following winter in St. Joseph, looking none the worse for the wear.

"I do not know what took place on the west side of the ridge after our force became divided. We seventeen men on the east side had enough to employ us, for we were only about thirty yards from the Confederates and plenty of them in front of us, too. I glanced around and saw that I was the only officer of any rank there.

only with a pistol and as soon as he gave that up to his captors one of the latter shot him down, the ball passing through his right lung and coming out at the back. It knocked him senseless for a time, and when his senses returned he found himself covered with blood, which was spurting from his mouth and nose at every breath, while his captors were stripping him of his clothes. They took everything but a calico shirt and would have taken that had not some of their number objected to robbing a dead man of his last garment and that already saturated with blood. Soon they abandoned him for dead and prepared and ate their breakfast. After they had finished Branstetter heard the call for a detail of burying squads to inter two of their own men and two "Feds."

While the enemy were at breakfast, Branstetter, unobserved, had crawled to a log and lain down beside it, thinking it would afford him some protection in case they should ride indiscriminately over the field. There he lay very quietly on his back, and presently four men with picks and shovels came to bury him. They remarked that he was still breathing and one of them proposed to kindly dispatch him with a shot, but others objected, saying that they would soon return and find him dead. Shortly they returned and the same performance was repeated. When they came the third time, one of the

" 'Let's charge them once again!' I shouted.

"We did it, and then I yelled:

" 'Come on, boys, let's give 'em h—l! They're running!'

"Oh, how badly we needed our sabres and how we wanted them! The seventeen of us dashed right into their midst. But we were not fighting

squad swore he would stop the "Yank" from breathing so that he could be buried and prepared to shoot him but was prevented by the foreman of the squad. Meanwhile the Sergeant lay with his eyes partly closed so that he could peep between the lids; he was breathing very slowly. After a short discussion the burial squad decided to cover him over with fence rails and proceeded to lay a number of them with one end resting on the log and the other end on the ground so that they did not touch his body. Leaving him there to expire, the enemy's entire command mounted and rode away.

Branstetter waited for about an hour after everything had become quiet around him, then pushed the rails aside with his left hand, his right arm having been paralyzed by the shot through his right breast. Seeing that there was no one near, he arose and plodded away through the woods toward the northeast, clad only in his bloody shirt. After going about a mile he found the sharp flints of the ground were cutting his feet so badly that he could not go on, so he sat down and pulled off his shirt with his left hand, tore it in two and wrapped his feet in the pieces. Then he went on across the country, stopping now and then at small streams he chanced to cross to take a drink of water and bathe the gaping wound in his right breast, which was still bleeding. As night came on he realized that he would freeze to death in his stark nakedness unless he could get into some kind of shelter, so he took the first cow-path he came to, leading down a ravine. It led him to the vicinity of a farmhouse and he lay down in concealment until twilight, when he approached the house

'paper collars' or 'greenies'; we were fighting Joe Shelby's veterans, who knew nothing but fight. I emptied a double-barrelled shot-gun and two eight-inch revolvers at them and then called to the men to stop and form and load up, as I knew that their weapons were about all as empty as my own. Firing had almost ceased on the west side of the ridge.

from the rear and called out for help. A little girl came out and, seeing only his head above a rail fence behind which he was standing, exclaimed:

"My papa has never done anything at all. He ain't a soldier."

Branstetter asked the child to go to the house and ask her papa to come out and talk to him.

The proprietor of the place, a man named Scott, came out, and stepping up to the fence, found himself confronting a naked man covered with blood and with a large gunshot wound in his chest. He nearly swooned at this terrible sight almost at his back door. Branstetter told him he was a Federal soldier, wounded and left for dead in a fight at Vandiver's Farm that morning. Mr. Scott could scarcely believe that a man could have walked such a distance in his condition, for the Scott farm was seven miles from Vandiver's. Mr. Scott helped Branstetter into the house, made a rude pallet and laid the wounded man upon it, covering him with a quilt so that the family could enter the same room.

Scott was a Southern sympathizer and his son was in the Confederate army, but later in the evening he put Branstetter to bed and bathed his wound until after midnight, when, at the Sergeant's request, he retired and left the latter alone. Early next morning Scott dressed the sergeant in an old shirt and pair of trousers and when the head of Price's column appeared, he again placed Branstetter on a pallet on the floor, instructing him to pretend he was almost dying, lest some of Price's men murder him where he lay. All day

We formed and began to load up, when, it seemed as if providentially, I dropped the pistol caps which belonged with a bunch of cartridges. I slid from my saddle and while stooping to pick them up, happened to glance beneath the underbrush toward our

long while Fagan's division was passing the place a throng of Confederate soldiers was constantly in the house to see the wounded Federal. Many of them wanted to mercifully dispatch him with a shot, but Scott prevailed upon them to let the man die rather than commit the crime of murder. Late in the afternoon, when Price's staff passed the place, Lieutenant-Colonel Maclean entered the house and after a good deal of bluster gave Branstetter a parole at his own request.

For ten days the wounded man lay in Mr. Scott's house, gradually gaining a little strength as his wound slowly healed. Then he got up and practiced walking across the floor for a few hours, when he decided that he could make his way across country to Cape Girardeau. He was equipped with a hat and a pair of shoes by some of the neighbors, and started forth. At a house he passed, he begged an old coat and went on quietly, assuming to be a sick Confederate soldier who had fallen behind Price's command and was trying to catch up with it. Finally he reached Jackson, in Cape Girardeau County, and then Cape Girardeau itself, where he went to a hospital, eventually recovering and returning to his command.

In his "Itinerary of Price's Army" ("Official Records," Vol. XLI, Part I, Page 644), under date of September 21st, 1864, Lieutenant-Colonel Lauchlan A. Maclean, Price's Adjutant-General, says, "Marched to Cane Creek; forage abundant; heard from Marmaduke; forty-two miles on march last night; found a Federal who had crawled from the fight yesterday to a house on the roadside." The Federal last mentioned was Branstetter. How many thousand thrilling stories are hidden behind the brief, stilted phrases of the "Official Records of the War of the Rebellion!"

camping place of the night before. What did I see but one hundred or more of the enemy advancing upon us in line of battle. It was evidently another command which had come up the river, heard the firing, found our camp, and pursued us up the ridge on our rear. I picked up that bunch of pistol caps, sprang into my saddle, and shouted:

" 'Boys, this won't do. Look yonder. Let's get out of here!'

"Our guns were empty. I directed one of my company buglers to run out eastward about one mile and stop, so that we might load, none of us having even two chambers of a pistol loaded. I learned subsequently that the bugler and a private who went with him never stopped till they reached Poplar Bluff, fifteen miles or more away. However, it seemed to me that that mile was a little long, so I ordered Joseph W. Myers, who was on the fastest horse in the squad, to run after the men and to knock the first one off his horse who refused to stop. The rest of us kept on along the Poplar Bluff road in single file, and after we had covered about one and a half miles we checked up, formed line about one hundred and fifty yards from the road, and proceeded to load.

"When all had loaded, I asked them what they wanted to do. We knew nothing of the whereabouts of the rest of our company or whether they were all captured or killed. We only knew that they had

gone to the west or northwest and that we had cut our way through the line of the enemy, partly owing to the fact that his attention was directed to our left flank. That is why, if we had had our sabres, we would have been able in the dense underbrush to slaughter them in the confusion; for they were mounted, their lines were in no sort of order, and their long guns were empty. However, the fourteen men with me said they would follow me whereever I went. I assured them that if they did, I would take them out safely or die in the attempt. So we started nearly due north, following no road at all but traveling for about fifteen miles over rocky, pine-covered hills until we struck the old military road leading from Pilot Knob to Little Rock, Ark. We came upon it at Reeve's Station, about one and a half miles south of the crossing of Big Black River, and there we found a fresh trail which, though we were not sure, we rather thought had been made by some of our own men. We had suffered no casualties in the skirmish except that the horse of John W. Pritchet, Co. K. was struck in the hip, and the hat cord of Joseph W. Myers, who was riding by my side as we ran out, was cut in two by a bullet. Pritchet's wounded horse carried him for about twenty miles before giving out, when his rider exchanged for another.

"A short distance south of Reeve's Station we

stopped long enough to feed and eat a bite ourselves. It was prepared for us by a good woman who did not say whether she liked us or not. We did not ask her but she acted the lady with us and we, of course, tried to do justice to her 'grub pile.' Toward night, when we were about twelve miles southwest of Patterson, King Tinin, of Co. I, became so sick that he could not ride. To leave him behind was out of the question, so at the first farm house I informed the men that I would stop there and stay with Comrade Tinin if no one else would. Four others, however, stopped with us, including the sick man's brother, John Tinin, and the balance of our little squad went on to Patterson that night.

"The farmer at the house where we stopped proved to be a Union man, with four sons in the Union army at that time. He told us to make ourselves at home and if we would stay over night with him he would sleep in his own house for the first time in three years. We did so and were well treated, each of us standing guard alternately through the night. His daughters and wife had breakfast ready for us before light next morning and we ate heartily and fed our horses. Our host would accept no pay, but thanked us for staying with him. Comrade Tinin being better, we were all in our saddles by dawn and after traveling about a mile came to the dry bed of a creek, where, look-

ing to the right, I saw a man on foot who looked like a Union soldier. He made friendly signs and beckoned to us.

"We halted and he came up, very slowly and watchfully, until within a hundred yards of us when I recognized him as John Davis, Co. D, whose horse had been killed by the enemy's first shot the previous morning. He came up, straddled a horse behind one of the other men, and went with us to Patterson, where his company was stationed. Comrade Davis had walked and charged right beside me in the fight the day before, loading and firing his Wesson rifle. When we had come to a place where loose horses and mules were running around in the brush, I told him to catch and mount one but he did not succeed and we ran out without him, thinking him either killed or captured. But he had crawled in between two large logs where the brush was thick and there he hugged old Mother Earth while the 'rebs' passed all around him, talking and cursing and wondering where their man was and how they themselves had come to let such a small bunch of the 'ragged militia' whip them. One spoke up and said he had learned back at the house (Vandiver's) that most of us had red stripes on our jackets. 'Oh, well, then,' said they, 'we know who they are. They're some of old Captain Rice's "Kill Devils," and Hummel's "Four-Mile Dead-

Shots," or maybe old Murdoch's "Hell Hounds," or Fremont's "Ragged Rangers." It's no wonder; those fellows never were whipped.' [3]

"After the field was clear, said Comrade Davis, he had pulled himself from between the logs and followed us as best he could until during the night he had come near enough to see our four horses. Fearing they belonged to some of the enemy he passed around north of the farm and lay down on the ground until daylight, when he became satisfied that we were Union soldiers and showed himself.

"We struck Patterson a little before noon of Wednesday, September 21st. Here we found that the Post Commander, Captain McElroy, Co. D, 3rd M. S. M. Cavalry, had received orders from headquarters at Pilot Knob to remain at Patterson until the enemy appeared in the immediate vicinity and then to retire without firing a shot. This made us all mad, including Captain McElroy, who was a very mild man but a fighter from away back.

"The next day shortly after noon, the command was ordered to form in line, facing to the north, in the center of the camp, with horses saddled and our belongings buckled on. Very soon we saw the

[3] Companies I and K, Third M. S. M. Cavalry, wore artillery uniforms with red stripes till the end of the war because they had been organized as artillery companies.

enemy in platoon front, about sixteen deep, marching into Mr. Patterson's lane within one hundred and twenty-five yards of us. The surprising thing about it was that we stood there dismounted in line until Patterson's lane was jammed full of the enemy and not a shot was fired by either side. Had it not been for our peremptory orders from headquarters we could have massacred those men before they could have gotten out of the lane, for they were so crowded together that they could have done nothing. When not another platoon could well get into the lane we received the orders:

"'Mount! Twos right! Forward, march! Trot, march! Gallop!' and out we went, east by Gill's Mill, thence to and across the St. Francis River about five miles northeast of our evacuated camp, and thence north to Pilot Knob. Not a man of us got a scratch, though the enemy fired at us a number of times and we, contrary to orders, returned the fire. Several of our men, fearing that all the roads would be occupied by the enemy and that we would run into them and be captured, undertook to shift for themselves and, leaving the command, took to the fields. By this disobedience of orders two good men lost their lives: Corp. W. W. Proffet and Private A. M. Youngblood, of Co. K, who struck out west and then swung around to the Pilot Knob road about one mile north of the evacuated camp, where they met a squad of the

enemy and were captured and shot then and there.[4] The only other mishap of our retreat happened to John W. Pritchet, whose new horse, exchanged for the one wounded the day before, threw him when we were about two hundred yards from the camp and then ran away. The soldier had to take leg bail, and, dodging into a thicket of willows and alders, made his escape. The next day he reported to the command at Pilot Knob, all solid."

Thus ended the vicissitudes of the first Union detachment to encounter the Confederate invaders. When the members of the scouting party arrived at Pilot Knob they found preparations in active progress for receiving the enemy if he should attack the post. Gen. Thomas Ewing, Jr., commanding the District of St. Louis, had repaired to Pilot Knob on the night of September 24th, bringing with him the 14th Iowa Volunteer Infantry, from which, however, he detached parties to reinforce the several garrisons guarding the railroad bridges on the Iron Mountain Railroad between St. Louis and Pilot Knob. Major Wilson, by General Ewing's order, had previously withdrawn his outposts from Patterson, Centerville, Fredericktown and Farmington, and concentrated all his troops at Pilot Knob.

[4] Seven men of Captain McElroy's command were captured at the time of his retreat from Patterson, and all were brutally shot down on the spot, or were carried away in captivity and murdered a few days later.

In order to keep in touch with the enemy's movements, a scouting party of about one hundred men from the 2nd and 3rd M. S. M. Cavalry, under Captain Hiram A. Rice, of the 3rd, started for Farmington at midnight of September 25th and reached there early next morning. The Confederate advance, a part of Shelby's division, which was found in possession of the town, was attacked and driven out, losing one man killed and one captured. The latter informed the Federals that General Price would attack Pilot Knob that evening or the next morning. The scout returned to Pilot Knob at noon, the officers reported at headquarters and then with their men rejoined their respective commands. On the subject of other preliminary scouts, Sergeant Steakley says:

"Reconnoitering parties of from four to eight men each were sent out on all the public roads daily from September 22nd to Sunday, September 25th. Sunday was my time; so early in the morning I took three men of Co. K, 3rd M. S. M. Cavalry, and went out on the Fredericktown road. I believe it was about twenty-one miles to Fredericktown. When within four miles of the town we discovered the trail of several hundred mounted men, who had evidently first marched west and then turned about and gone back toward Fredericktown. We concluded that they had been on the same kind of

business that we were, and we were sorry they had not come on until we had met and exchanged a few shots. Our orders were to go as far east as we dared and keep our eyes open for the enemy and, if we discovered them advancing on Pilot Knob, we were to report as quickly as our horses could carry us there. Furthermore, if we heard a cannon-shot from the fort, we were to return there at once, as it would be a signal that the post was attacked; but otherwise we were to remain in the vicinity of the Fredericktown road until night. So, as there was no signal and no movement by the enemy, we returned that evening."

SITUATION AND INTENTIONS OF OPPOSING FORCES

To elucidate the movements and intentions of the Confederates up to the morning of September 26th, we quote General Price's official report.[1] He says:

"I received at Fredericktown satisfactory information that the strength of the enemy at Ironton was about 1,500 and that the Federal Gen. A. J. Smith was encamped about ten miles from St. Louis with his corps, composed of about eight thousand infantry, on the St. Louis and Iron Mountain Railroad. I immediately issued orders to Brigadier-General Shelby to proceed at once with his division by the way of Farmington to a point on the St. Louis and Iron Mountain Railroad where there were three fine bridges in close proximity to each other, and to destroy the railroad there and the bridges; after effecting that object to fall back in the direction of Ironton and Pilot Knob, which would effectually prevent General A. J. Smith from reinforcing the garrison at those places, while I would attack and take them with the divisions of

[1] "Official Records of the War of the Rebellion," Series I, Vol. XLI, Part I, Pages 628-629.

Major-General Fagan and Major-General Marmaduke. General Shelby proceeded to the point indicated and performed the duty assigned him in the most complete and effective manner, destroying the splendid bridge at Irondale as well as the three bridges mentioned, tearing up miles upon miles of the track, burning the ties, rails, etc.

"On the morning of the 26th, being rejoined by Major-General Marmaduke's division, I proceeded at an early hour with Fagan's and Marmaduke's divisions in the direction of Ironton and Pilot Knob, at the same time sending forward a portion of Fagan's division to take and hold a difficult pass in that direction between two mountains within three or four miles of Ironton. This was effected rapidly and with success. That evening I sent forward the remainder of his division, leaving his train at Saint Francis Creek, six miles from Ironton, where forage could be obtained for the animals and where I encamped for the night with the rest of the command. That evening Major-General Fagan drove in the Federal pickets at Arcadia and took position before the town for the night."

Regarding his detachment to attack the railroad between Pilot Knob and St. Louis, General Shelby has said:[2]

[2] In a letter written to Major C. C. Rainwater, dated Adrian, Mo., January 5th, 1888.

"I had ascertained from my scouts the enemy's strength and works at Pilot Knob, a part of General Smith's (command?) at Sulphur Springs, below St. Louis. General Price reaching Fredericktown, all information was gathered and given to him. After that, at night he sent for me. I found Generals Fagan and Marmaduke there. General Price stated the object of sending for us. Different routes were suggested. Finally he said, 'Shelby, let us hear from you.'

"I, being the junior division commander, was called on first for an expression. I favored moving rapidly into St. Louis and seizing it, and if there was any patriotism in it, to take it with us; in other words, to give the Southern element a chance to aid the South and the holy cause we had espoused. I then and there, at that conference, stated what the result would be if we attacked Pilot Knob. I could see nothing as an inducement; they had nothing we required. It would only cripple and retard our movements, and I knew too well that good infantry, well intrenched, would give us h—l, and h—l we did get. Besides, I did not care how much infantry was in our rear, the country was big and contained plenty of horses. What we wanted was men, and to reach St. Louis. We could have done it.

"Now, I would be the last one on this earth to detract from any brave and gallant officer, such as I knew General Marmaduke to be, and I know if he

were living he would be too magnanimous to claim what was not due him. . . . I have this to say: that I know Generals Marmaduke and Fagan both urged General Price to attack Pilot Knob. When we were dismissed General Price had given no expression, but simply said orders would be prepared that night for the march of each division. I was moved in the direction of Potosi. When there I received orders to march back to Pilot Knob at once, but I met part of his command, who reported that the enemy had fled during the night in the direction of Rolla."

Nothing can more clearly and succinctly explain the composition and purposes of the Federal garrison at Pilot Knob and the topographical and engineering features of its position than the official report of General Ewing to General Rosecrans.[3] In it General Ewing says:

"The force there present (at Pilot Knob) consisted of Companies A, E, F, G, H and I, Forty-seventh Missouri Infantry, and Captain Lindsay's company, Fiftieth Missouri Infantry, which were raw troops, with an aggregate of 489 officers and men for duty, and Companies A, C, D, H, I and K, Third Missouri State Militia Cavalry; Company L,

[3] "Official Records," Series I, Vol. XLI, Part I, Pages 446–447.

Second Missouri State Militia Cavalry; Company G, First Missouri State Militia Infantry, and Captain Montgomery's battery, which, with the detachment of the Fourteenth Iowa (Companies B, C, D, E and H) made an aggregate of old troops for duty of 562. My instructions from Major-General Rosecrans were to have Major Wilson endeavor to hold Pilot Knob against any mere detachment of the enemy, but to evacuate if Price's main army should move against it. The village of Pilot Knob, which is the terminus of the railroad and the depot for supply of the lower outposts, is eighty-six miles south of St. Louis. It lies in a plain of about one thousand acres, encircled by Cedar and Rock Mountains on the north, Pilot Knob on the east, and Shepherd's Mountain, stretching around the valley, on the south and west. Each hill is from five hundred to six hundred feet in height, and rises abruptly from the valley, with the sides toward it covered with rocks, gnarled oaks, and undergrowth. The southern and western slopes of Shepherd's Mountain are accessible, and several roads lead over them to 'the coalings' on its summit. Stout's Creek flows along the base of Shepherd's Mountain and through a gap between it and Pilot Knob into a larger valley of several thousands of acres, encircled by a chain of hills, in the northern end of which and about a mile from the town of Pilot Knob is the flourishing village of Ironton. Through this gap

runs the road from Pilot Knob to Fredericktown, passing out of the larger valley by the 'Shut-in,' a gap four miles southeast of Pilot Knob. The two valleys are called Arcadia.

"Fort Davidson is a hexagonal work, mounting four 32-pounder siege-guns and three 24-pounder howitzers *en barbette*. It lies about three hundred yards from the base of the Knob and one thousand from the gap. From the fort to the remotest summit of these hills visible from it is not over twelve hundred yards, while all parts of the hillsides toward the fort, except the west end of Shepherd's Mountain, are within musket range. The fort was always conceded to be indefensible against any large army having serviceable artillery. Early last summer I sent competent engineers to select another site, but such are the difficulties of the position no practicable place could be found any more defensible. I therefore had the roads leading up the hills obstructed, cleared the nearest hillsides of timber, and put the fort in a thorough state of defense by deepening the ditches, strengthening the parapet, and adding two rifle-pits leading north and south, commanding the best approaches. On reaching Pilot Knob at noon of Monday, September 26, I found scouting parties had been sent the night before on all the main roads, but that the party sent toward Fredericktown had returned after going but six or eight miles. I forthwith sent two companies

to make a thorough reconnoissance toward Fredericktown, and a small scouting party under Captain Powers to cross the roads leading from the south to that place, and learn of the loyal people on them as much as possible as to the force of the enemy. Both commands met Price's advance in Arcadia Valley near Shut-in Gap and were forced back into the town of Ironton, where, with Captain Dinger's company, Forty-seventh Missouri, then on duty there, they made a stand."

On the subject of the composition of the garrison, Col. Thomas C. Fletcher, afterward Governor of Missouri, writes:

"I reached Pilot Knob about noon on Monday, September 26th, on the last train that got through. In the meanwhile there had been concentrated there Companies A, E, F, G, H and I, of the Forty-seventh Regiment, and Company F, Fiftieth Regiment, Capt. Robert L. Lindsay's, though not then mustered in.

"I reported to Gen. Thomas Ewing and, being next to him in rank, was assigned to the command of the infantry forces there present [4] which consisted of six companies of my Forty-seventh Regi-

[4] Colonel Fletcher was in command only of the north rifle-pit, occupied by several companies of his own regiment and Co. F, 50th Missouri.

ment, Lindsay's company of the Fiftieth, five small companies of the Fourteenth Iowa, veteran soldiers who had seen much service, Company H, First Regiment, M. S. M. Infantry, commanded by Captain John Fessler and assigned as artillery to work the siege-guns. To this we added a company of colored men, collected and organized Monday afternoon preceding the assault on Tuesday, of which company Captain Lonergan was assigned the command. Thus we had a total infantry force of 598 men for duty, beside Battery H, 2nd Missouri Light Artillery, Capt. W. C. Montgomery, with four six-pounder guns.

"Of cavalry there were parts of two battalions of the 3rd M. S. M. Cavalry, and a part of Company L, 2nd M. S. M. Cavalry, under Capt. Amos P. Wright. Portions of Lindsay's, Powers' and Mace's companies were also mounted. All the cavalry and mounted men were under command of Major Wilson. The total of all arms was eight hundred and eighty-six effective men for duty, to which must be added about thirty-five citizens, who took arms and fought with us like veterans."

THE FIGHT IN ARCADIA VALLEY

Sergeant Azariah Martin, Co. H, Forty-seventh Missouri Volunteer Infantry, was with the picket northeast of Arcadia which was first struck by the Confederate advance. He says:

"On or before September 21st, I with six other men was detailed as mounted picket, and as the non-commissioned officers of our company had not yet been appointed I was named acting sergeant to take command of the picket post about three-quarters of a mile northeast of Arcadia, a mile southeast of the courthouse in Ironton, and nearly two miles southeast of Fort Davidson at Pilot Knob. This picket post was at the junction of three roads; one to Arcadia, one to Ironton and Pilot Knob, and one to Fredericktown, to the east, whence we were then hourly expecting General Price to attack Pilot Knob. This was the most advanced picket post on the Fredericktown road that I then knew of, and was in a locality called Russellville.

"We were taking five-day tours on picket and my tour ended at 8 a. m., September 26th, when I was relieved by Theodore G. Atchison, acting sergeant in my company. In his squad or detail there was

a young lad named Hildebrand, who complained of being afraid to stay at this picket post, and as the post was only about one and a quarter miles west of my old home where my parents then lived I volunteered to take young Hildebrand's place. So when relieved of duty by acting Sergeant Atchison I returned to my company quarters near the Hancock Hotel in Pilot Knob, and obtained permission of my captain to return to duty in young Hildebrand's stead. I remained in camp until the noon rations were cooked, ready to distribute to the men, and then drew cooked rations for the men at my picket post and, without eating myself, at once returned, arriving at the post about 1 p. m. of that ever-to-be-remembered 26th day of September, 1864. Acting Sergeant Atchison said he thought he would call in his vidette, who was then posted some two hundred yards to the east of us and about the bottom of the swag in our front. Referring to such a disobedience of orders, I said, 'What's everybody's business is nobody's business.' And Sergeant Atchison said, 'Oh, we can watch the road while we are eating.'

"We were all seated in a circle around the 'mess pan' in the shade of a tree, eating rather than watching, when we heard the report of a gun to the east of us. We looked in that direction and saw a close column of cavalry advancing by platoons on the Fredericktown road,—the head of the column

then being some fifty or sixty yards down the slope of the next rise and about two hundred and forty yards from us. It was nearing the bottom of the swag.

"Sergeant Atchison said, 'Oh, they are our men.' 'No, sir-ee!' said I. 'They are Rebels. I've seen too many Rebels not to know 'em when I see 'em!'

"Sergeant Atchison thought best to send to headquarters a runner, who should alarm Ironton on the way, and also ordered that we hold our fire rather than precipitate an attack on Ironton unawares. John Gourley, of our squad, volunteered to go in and was dispatched at once at top speed. We waited and watched the enemy until we saw them, after having thrown down the fence, go into the lower ground of the field on their right, 'by platoons, right front into line.' I think there was the best part of a brigade of cavalry there. Not hearing a word from Gourley, I concluded that someone else had better ride in, as the enemy's right wing was swinging in towards us and would soon have cut us off completely. So I volunteered to ride in, cautioning Sergeant Atchison not to permit the rebel line to advance beyond a certain point to our left before riding in also. My sudden move toward the rear caused the enemy to quicken his gait on the right, next to Stout's Creek, so Sergeant Atchison at once started in with his men too, about one hundred yards behind me.

"When I reached the quarters of Company E, Forty-seventh Missouri—then camped about one hundred and forty yards northeast of the court-house in Ironton,—I found the men lounging around and their officers all out, except one corporal. I told him he had better put his men into line as the Confederates were then almost in sight. Then I rode up on through Ironton, shouting as I went, 'Rebels coming! Rebels coming! Rebels coming!'

"Many of my friends in Ironton tried to stop me for an explanation, but I had only one explanation for all,—'Rebels coming!'

"When I reached the ford of the creek above Ironton in the gap between Shepherd's Mountain and Pilot Knob Mountain I met a detachment of some eighty or more of the 3rd M. S. M. Cavalry, and the commander at once halted and asked an explanation. My explanation was the same as before,—'Rebels coming!' I added, however, that he could ride back to post headquarters and hear my report; which he did, leaving his men halted in the road.

"I reported at headquarters and the post commander,—Major Wilson, I think,—at once ordered the officer who had ridden back with me to hasten down to Ironton with his men. I then went over to my company camp and found it deserted, but soon found the company posted about in the middle

of the rifle-pit which extended south from Fort Davidson to the creek.

"I hope I may be pardoned for saying so, but I was convinced then and have been ever since that Gourley intended to do as he did: run away and hide, and permit the Confederates to take Ironton completely by surprise. I saw him no more that day and have no doubt he acted the part of a traitor and deserved to be shot. If he should ever read these lines, I hope he may be able to prove that I was mistaken in his case.

"Before I reached my company, the guns were popping down in Ironton like pop-corn in a hot skillet. Company E, of the Forty-seventh and the Third M. S. M. boys were having a hot time down there. Soon the Fourteenth Iowa Infantry, one section of Captain Montgomery's battery, and more of the Third M. S. M. Cavalry, under Major Wilson, were on the double-quick and trot for the scene of action, and in a short time the boom of Montgomery's guns told us that they had struck game. Our boys soon drove the Confederates down the 'Shut-in' on Stout's Creek, about two and a quarter miles east of Ironton. But, night coming on, the firing down there ceased and we drank our coffee and ate fried pickled pork and hardtack for supper and then lay down on the east bank of the south rifle-pit to await the coming of the battle of Pilot Knob next day.

"My father and mother then lived near the 'Shut-in,' some four hundred yards south of the Fredericktown road. They told me afterward that they saw the Confederates hurrying by to the 'Shut-in' but saw only one wounded man, who was at first left in the yard of the last house next to the 'Shut-in,' though his comrades soon returned and took him away. They saw no fighting, only the retreating enemy. Sometime during the night we endured a light shower of rain. Also, during the night Lieutenant Tate, with some thirty men of our company, was sent to guard a wagon-train north to De Soto. We never saw them again until about the last of October."

Lieut. W. C. Shattuck, Co. I, Third M. S. M., gives an interesting account of the fighting of Monday afternoon.

"I had just reached the camp at Ironton (about noon of Sept. 26th)," says Lieutenant Shattuck, "fed my horse and had my dinner before me, though I had not touched it, when the Confederates began to swarm into the town. According to orders, I got the company into line and rode to the fort, though I could not help seeing that the orders were a mistake. But the gallant Wilson was always ready. He placed himself at our head, and we drove the enemy before us to Arcadia. Then

we fell back to Ironton and formed line near the courthouse.

"We had ascertained that the Confederates had torn down the rail fence around a field of about sixty acres in extent, lying along the front of our line. In every one of the fence corners was one of the enemy's riflemen. Two companies of the Fourteenth Iowa Infantry, under Captains Campbell and Lucas and a four-gun battery,—H, of the 2nd Missouri Light Artillery,—had reached us by this time and were deployed upon the right of the line. This was the situation when I was ordered by Major Wilson to take command of one hundred skirmishers and advance in front of the line.

"It was about three o'clock p. m. There was no cover in the whole extent of the field in front except a row of fence posts about five feet high and from ten to fifty feet apart. One-half of the skirmishers advanced, fired, and then dropped upon the ground to reload. Then the other half did the same, all being dismounted, while I rode up and down in the rear of the skirmish-line directing the advance. The sun was shining brightly, every button, scabbard, and shoulder-strap was glistening. The whole command in their places in the rear were closely watching the movements of the advancing skirmishers. I was the only mounted man in the field. I had been in the forlorn hopes of rear-guards and in the desperate charge of the advance;

but all these were as nothing as compared with the advance across that field. The fact that I knew that every triangle of fence-rails sheltered a finished marksman, who had a dead rest for his gun, did not help me. Men were dropping from the line, the air around me seemed thick with balls; my horse was restive; it appeared that I was the only object to shoot at in all that bright expanse. Still the line advanced until we reached the timbered border of the field and drove out the enemy. The skirmishers received their horses from their holders and joined in the charge from that point to the 'Shut-in,' on the road to Fredericktown. Here the enemy had their dismounted men posted upon the timbered hillside along the road. Their fire was terrific. Wilson was wounded in the front part of the head and knocked from his horse. He jumped up with the blood streaming down his face, mounted his horse and ordered the column to fall back. Just before the column entered the ' Shut-in,' Lieutenant Pape, either by order or by accident, had taken a road bearing to the right of the one occupied by our main body. I was ordered by Wilson to notify Pape of our withdrawal.

"I rode into the timber, overtook Pape and told him that his command would be cut off if he did not immediately fall back on the charge. I had hard work to make him understand his critical situation, but we finally came out into the road on the charge.

It was already occupied by the advancing Confederates. We charged them upon the left flank of column, they gave way in every direction and we rejoined our command. A few moments more would have sealed the fate of Pape's detachment.

"During the afternoon we formed line after line, firing constantly upon the enemy and often falling back only a few yards at a time. But still the swarming hosts of Confederates kept advancing and trying to envelop our left flank. The coolness and soldierly bearing of officers and men, and the effectiveness of the fire of the veterans of the 14th Iowa and the 2nd Missouri Artillery was conspicuous wherever they were engaged, in the beginning of the battle at Ironton or in resisting charge after charge on the last day's march to Leasburg. In all the movements prior to his capture everything seemed to depend upon Major Wilson. He took in the whole field at a glance; he was the life and soul of the entire force outside the fort; he appeared to be everywhere at just the right moment, and every man under his command seemed to believe that success with him was certain and victory ever sure.

"By dark on Monday, the 26th, we had fallen back to the ground from which we started, near the courthouse in Ironton. Here we formed line and stood to arms all night. Many of us had been without food since our supper of Sunday night. During the

hours of darkness we could hear the movements of the advancing enemy and we knew that the action would open vigorously with the advent of daylight."

THE RETREATING TRAINS

General Thomas Ewing in his official report [1] says:

"I immediately (early on the morning of Sept. 27th) forwarded up the railroad all the quartermaster's and commissary stores not needed in the fort, and all the rolling stock, and started the quartermaster's wagons empty."

Both the railroad train and the wagon-train referred to met with exciting adventures on encountering Shelby's flanking column north of Pilot Knob. The locomotive of the railroad train was in charge of Engineer M. Lynch, who recounts as follows the events of the run:

"I had orders from Major Wilson and General Ewing to leave Pilot Knob promptly at eight o'clock. We left the station at that time and ran up to a point about a quarter of a mile distant where the grade was reduced. Here we saw some people running to get on the train,—invalids and a few aged people. We waited there a few moments to get on

[1] "Official Records," Series I, Vol. XLI, Part I, Page 447.

all the people we could, and while doing so we saw the Federal troops retreating into Fort Davidson. We could see the Confederates closing up on them; we also saw someone on the wall of the fort waving the American flag.

"Our orders were to retreat to De Soto, picking up the bridge guards at different bridges. When we stopped at Big River Bridge to pick up the guard there two men in citizens' clothes came riding in hurriedly and loudly warned us to get away as soon as possible as the Confederates were coming to destroy the bridge. We got away in short order, and a mile beyond came to a place where the enemy had captured a Federal wagon-train. The wagons were on fire and the mules were running around the country wild. We finally reached a point one and a half miles south of Mineral Point, where we found the track obstructed, one rail having been pried up with a pole and blocked in that position. It was necessary for the troops (bridge guards) on board to get off in order to repair the track. They were at once fired upon but they drove back the enemy when a section foreman, who was on the train, fixed the track sufficiently for the train to pass over. While this was being done, a line repairer and an operator, who were on board, cut the telegraph wire and tested it, but with what result they did not state. When we had got half a mile beyond this place, looking back, we saw the track covered with Con-

federate cavalry, said to be of General Shelby's force.

"Arriving at Mineral Point, we loaded on board a battery of artillery in about three minutes, and then were off again; but before we were under way the enemy was firing down into the town with artillery. A mile beyond we saw two companies of Confederate cavalry come out on the track. They were evidently looking for bridges to destroy but had struck the wrong point. We finally escaped to De Soto, where A. J. Smith's corps was stationed, and there we remained overnight."

P. H. Harrison Hickman, Co. H, Forty-seventh Missouri Volunteer Infantry, was with the wagon-train during its exciting retreat toward St. Louis. Mr. Hickman says:

"About midnight of Sept. 26th our captain, P. L. Powers, came to the left of our company and began waking us up until there were thirty-five of us awake; these he ordered into line. Then Lieut. M. P. Tate of our company took charge of us and marched us to post headquarters for orders. We were instructed to go north with the post wagon-train. The night was very dark, with thunder and rain. We were distributed by twos and fours to the wagons in which we rode, some of them being loaded and others empty. The wagon in which I

rode was empty. At daylight I saw that we had quite a long train, twelve six-mule Government wagons and several drawn by two horses or two mules, some of the wagons with covers and some without. There were also two ambulances and two caissons.

"Some time about the middle of the morning the head of the train took the wrong road, and we halted and saw wagons coming back, which created a panic among the teamsters, who began to shout, 'Rebels! Rebels!' But order was soon restored and we got on the right road again, which was the main dirt road leading up beside the railroad. I think it was about two o'clock in the afternoon when, on passing into the edge of an old out-field, the wagons in the advance went into a trap set by the enemy, who lay on either side of the road. The Confederates ordered the wagons to keep driving ahead but as there were no soldiers in the front wagons, they finally cut these off from the rest of the train. A brave teamster, however, by the name of Alfred Bird, turned his six-mule team and wagon across the road and tangled his mules among the trees and saplings, completely blocking the road, after which he drew his revolver, ready to help us make a fight. We began jumping from the wagons and starting for the head of the train, where things were getting pretty hot. I saw a negro woman come running back, crying:

"Hurry up, soldiers! De Rebels are comin'!'

"She was the only negro or citizen of any sort that I saw with our train.

"Twenty-six of our thirty-five men hurried into line under brave Lieutenant Tate, but nine men failed to come up into line. As the enemy was in small force, we soon drove them back, but while I was standing up in an exposed place, watching two or three Confederates on the ridge some distance off, I saw the smoke rise from the gun of one of them and heard the bullet's 'zip' close above my head, all quite a little before I heard the report of the gun. I saw him take aim and am quite sure he aimed at me. The lieutenant at once ordered us down.

"Soon after this we saw a cloud of the enemy's cavalry coming; it was said there were eight hundred of them! We stayed until we heard their officers command, 'Charge!' Then Lieutenant Tate told us to take care of ourselves, which we did in a hurry, breaking up into squads of two or more while some men struck out alone. We lost Absalom Bess at the first attack. He was shot across the abdomen, but he recovered and saw service afterward. Comrade Tom Stephens went to him and finally got him to a house.

"I have been told since that this fight occurred near Hopewell. I saw houses down on our right front and our road led up a hill west of these

houses. I have also understood that at this point we only lacked two miles of having reached Mineral Point, where we had been ordered to go.

"As we scattered I fell in with the brave teamster, Alfred Bird, and with David and Sam Pugh, of my company. That night we hid in a drain, where we made a shelter of logs and bushes, in which we slept until morning. Then we continued our journey through the woods until night again. Throughout this night we could hear the enemy passing along a road near which we lay. In the morning when we started again we crossed the road, which Bird then discovered to be the Caledonia road and which he said we must not cross any more. We soon came to some horses tied in a hollow in the woods, and the Pugh brothers took fright and ran back across the road, where they encountered some of the enemy and came near being captured. Bird and I did not run and presently continued our way south, keeping off all roads.

"I eventually made my way back home, about a mile and a half east of where the town of Des Arc now stands, on the St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern Railroad. Here I remained in hiding until October 31st, when I met my company again at Camp Stevenson, some four miles south of Ironton, after the conclusion of the Price campaign. The orderly sergeant told me that I had been marked among those 'missing in action.'"

PREPARATIONS FOR BATTLE AT FORT DAVIDSON

The night of September 26th was spent by the garrison of Fort Davidson in preparing that work for the attack which was fully expected next day. The armament consisted of seven guns of position, four thirty-two pounder siege-guns, and three twenty-four pounder howitzers. But as the six field-guns of Battery H, Second Missouri Light Artillery, under Captain William C. F. Montgomery, were also present it was deemed advisable to make use of four of them inside the fort, leaving one section under Lieut. Morgan Simonton for service outside. Col. David Murphy, whom General Ewing had entrusted with the command of the artillery, accordingly kept detachments of his men at work during the night erecting emplacements for the four field-guns. Lieut. T. M. Montgomery, of Battery H, says:

"About sundown, Lieutenant Simonton was sent with the first section of Battery H and with other forces to Ironton, where they remained until about midnight when they fell back to a position near the fort. When Simonton's section went to Ironton

the other four guns were ordered inside the fort, and the men set to work throwing up earth embankments for the guns, so that they might fire over the parapet. It took the greater part of the night to get the guns mounted. After the embankments had been built high enough they were overlaid with planks, then ropes were tied around the gun axles and secured to the revetments of the earthworks to keep the recoil from running the guns off the embankments. In action the men at these guns were exposed from their waists up. When we went inside the fort one of our men, a late recruit, refused to go in, being, I suppose, either a Southern sympathizer or a 'bounty jumper.' I am not sure of his name, but I think it was Ferdinand Pennel."

The detachments which were covering the front of the Federal position lay throughout the night in line and under arms along Stout's Creek, between Arcadia and Ironton. Capt. William J. Campbell, commanding the detachment of the Fourteenth Iowa Infantry, who, with his men had marched down to Ironton soon after coming into Pilot Knob on the train from St. Louis, in regard to leaving Ironton, marching to the front, says:

"General Ewing told me to attach Co. E, Forty-seventh Missouri Infantry to my battalion and follow him down the valley. We marched about a mile and halted on a small ridge to the left of the road and went into line of battle, an apple orchard covering our front. Major Wilson drove the enemy out of the valley and through the gap, then retired to our position and formed on our left, putting out cavalry pickets behind a rail fence south of the orchard. It was then becoming dusk.

"General Ewing, with orders to us to hold the position, then left us and rode back to the fort. In a very short time the enemy made his appearance, going into camp on each side of the road in brigade

order,—cavalry, infantry, artillery and wagon trains, the rear troops coming always to the front. I saw at a glance that this was more than a scouting party and went to confer with Major Wilson. I found him sitting near a rail fence, his head bandaged, apparently suffering from a wound received in the fight during the evening. This was our first meeting. I introduced myself and asked if he was badly hurt. He said he had been wounded along his right temple by a musket ball and had a severe headache from it. He expressed pleasure at our meeting, and I asked him what he thought of the surrounding scene. He replied that it looked dark and dangerous for us. I then remarked:

" 'This is Price's whole army coming in here.'

" 'Yes,' he replied, 'I believe so, too.'

" 'Major,' I went on, 'we must do something, and that quickly.'

"The enemy was still marching in and getting closer, and the lower end of the valley was brilliantly lighted with his camp-fires. We decided to send a messenger with a note, acquainting General Ewing with the facts and requesting the privilege of falling back to Ironton, where we could better defend the narrow pass of Arcadia Valley. We went to a vacant house in our rear, struck a light, and wrote the message, each of us signing it, and gave it to an orderly with instructions to deliver it to General Ewing. This done, we patiently awaited

a reply. Time dragged along tediously; minutes seemed like hours. Oh, for A. J. Smith and his Sixteenth Army Corps! I regretted afterward that I had not myself taken a horse, ridden to the station, and sent a dispatch on my own responsibility. Our messenger returned in about an hour and informed us that General Ewing said if we needed two pieces of artillery he would send them down. When this news came it angered me and I exclaimed:

"'Hell and damnation! We have enough here to lose already without losing two pieces of artillery!' Then, turning to Major Wilson, I added: 'Major Wilson, you and your men at daylight can ride as fast as the enemy's cavalry, but they will cut off my infantry before we can get to Ironton.'

"Wilson concurred in my judgment, but we could only patiently await results. There was danger of the enemy's lines coming in contact with ours should the Confederates send out a picket. We feared this most in the extension of their camp, as rear troops always march to the front and take the lead on the morrow. Time passed tediously as we lay there in plain sight of all that was going on before us, but we dared not speak above a whisper lest we alarm the enemy. We could distinctly hear them boast how they would 'get away with that little fort in the morning.' About ten o'clock we heard a horseman coming toward us from the rear. I

walked down a slight incline to meet him and have him dismount, for it was dangerous to ride upon the ridge and expose our position to the Confederates. The rider was Captain Hills, of General Ewing's staff. I called a man to hold his horse and took him to the left of the line of infantry on the ridge where we were screened from view by the orchard. Then I said:

" 'There, Captain, look on the panorama and see if you doubt us.'

"His only reply was, 'My God!' He spoke in a suppressed tone, as we dared not create noise. After a moment he said, 'I will go back and tell General Ewing what I saw, and if he doesn't order your men back I will return and do it on my own responsibility.'

"He returned in an hour with orders to retire to Ironton,—the infantry to move in column on the road, the cavalry to lead their horses through the fields. This was done to prevent exposing our position. Cavalry pickets were left stationed to give the alarm at daybreak. Major Wilson aligned his cavalry to the east of the public road and my troops were formed in line to the right on a small elevated plateau near the courthouse. Here we felt more secure, our position being backed by precipitous bluffs. The two pieces sent down were placed in battery to my left. I had the arms stacked and placed two sentries on guard; then we broke ranks

and I ordered the men to lie down and rest. It soon began to rain, and I retired with the men into the courthouse for shelter, but not to sleep. The sentries were left at their posts with instructions to give warning should anything occur. At daybreak we heard shots ring out on the morning air. One of my sentries came to give the alarm, saying, 'The enemy is coming.'

"I had already aroused the men and was rushing them to arms. Some had fallen asleep; but we rapidly got into position, took arms, and were ready for action. The cavalry pickets we had left out in front were seen coming up the road as fast as their horses could run, the enemy following at full gallop. Our two pieces of artillery now opened on them and they diverged to the right, apparently discovering Wilson's position, which exposed the flank of their column to our artillery. Another column we could see advancing to the south and west, their horses at a walk. This column halted at an old dismantled work of ours, Fort Curtis,[1] and two officers dismounted and got upon the works and took a look at us with their glasses. They were

[1] This old, long-abandoned Fort Curtis was the "strong fort" to which General Price referred in his official report ("Official Records," Series I, Vol. XLI, Part I, Page 629) when he said, "The next morning he (General Fagan) drove the enemy from Arcadia, where they abandoned a very strong position, through Ironton, where he also took a strong fort in the most gallant and brilliant manner."

out of musket range, but their column was parallel to us and would have given the artillery a raking fire down its whole length. I called the artillery officer to bring his guns up to our position and open fire on them, but he did not reply. I learned afterwards that those officers were General Price and his chief of staff, who were looking at us through their field-glasses from the old earthworks. How I wished for a long-range rifle!

"Major Wilson now dashed up and ordered the artillery to limber up and gallop for the fort. Then he came to me and said, 'Captain, double-quick your men up that alley and I will close up the rear.'

"Then he dashed away at a swift gallop. Those were the last words he ever spoke to me and it was the last time I ever saw him alive. I immediately obeyed the order. The alley referred to was to my right and rear. We had not gone far on our way when to my surprise I found that women and children, screaming and crying, were following us. This was embarrassing. Letting the troops go on, I stopped and prevailed upon them to go back to their homes, get in cellars, and protect themselves as best they could. I had to run hard to catch up with my command. As we came inside the gap that separates Pilot Knob from the Arcadia Valley we halted and drew up in line of battle, and I then sent for rations as my men had not yet eaten breakfast.

Rations were issued to them as they stood in line, hardtack and raw bacon being the bill of fare. Major Wilson was contesting every inch of ground with the enemy and they were pressing him hotly. I could see that it was a matter of only a few moments before he would be driven out of the Arcadia Valley. We were in the direct line of fire of our artillery at the fort, should it open, and not liking my position, I sent my adjutant to General Ewing, requesting permission to take position on a spur of Shepherd's Mountain, to our right. He sent back word to do as I thought best. So we marched up through the timber to the crest of the ridge overlooking the Arcadia Valley and formed line. Here I ordered Lieut. Smith Thompson, Co. D, to deploy his men as skirmishers on my right and extend his line up the slope, this being done to prevent a flank movement. The enemy was now in plain sight below us.

"Wilson had been forced back to the base of Pilot Knob and his men were fighting desperately on foot at close range, some using their revolvers. I had deployed sharpshooters in front with orders to open fire, and the latter were now in close action and doing their full duty. The fort was about twelve hundred yards distant to our rear, and as its guns had now opened fire, the space of about three hundred yards between Wilson and my position had become dangerous for us. Shells from the guns burst un-

comfortably close, and pieces that fell around us were picked up, but no one was hurt.

"Wilson's cavalry, seeing the flash of our musketry on their right and not being aware of our position, supposed we were the enemy and opened on us from their right flank. I grasped our colors, and climbing on a ledge of rock, waved them across an opening through the timber. It did no good. I then called out: 'Cease firing! This is the Fourteenth Iowa!'

"The enemy, being closer by, took up the cry, shouting: 'Charge them, boys! The Fourteenth Iowa is up there!'

"This came from the ranks, and they made a start but were stopped by their officers stepping in front and beckoning them to keep quiet. This was plainly visible from our location, not more than one hundred and fifty yards away. I knew now there was a game on to capture us and became on the alert to foil any such maneuver. As I had done at the start I deployed skirmishers to the right.

"In a few moments a sergeant from Lieutenant Thompson reported a heavy column of infantry (dismounted cavalry) moving up on his right. I sent the lieutenant back an order to rally his skirmishers and close up on the double-quick. I also sent Capt. W. V. Lucas and Adjutant Hoffbauer to call in the sharpshooters. This done, I moved by the left of column to the rear.

"We could not return by the way we had come up for it was undoubtedly occupied by the enemy, as Wilson had been pressed further back on Pilot Knob. We marched parallel with the valley until we struck a timber road. The underbrush was so thick and so difficult to penetrate that I took this old blind road, first sending two men ahead as scouts to watch for the enemy. They soon returned, reporting they heard voices in the brush that skirted the valley. I gave the command to file left, and struck into the brush and boulders. The hillside was steep and covered with loose rocks and undergrowth; this made marching difficult. After moving some two hundred yards further in this direction I determined to debouch into the valley. As we struck the open ground I gave the command, 'Head of column to the left; double-quick, march!'

"A shower of musket balls flew over our heads but no one was hurt. The enemy was sure he had us trapped, and five minutes more would have endangered the safety of our little battalion. We marched close to the bluff until we passed a mule stockade, and then we turned into a rifle-pit leading to the fort. I halted a short distance from the main works."

Capt. W. V. Lucas, Co. B, Fourteenth Iowa, who was with the detachment of his regiment throughout the campaign, prefaces his account of

the engagement on the morning of the 27th with a good story of his own experience on arriving at Pilot Knob the previous afternoon. He says:

"I went into a barber shop across the street to be shaved. Suddenly, while the barber was doing the job, and when he had shaved one side of my face the long roll was beaten. I left the chair instantly and reached my company a half-block away in this condition: one side shaved smooth, while the other maintained a two-weeks' growth of beard. I did not complete the shave until six days afterward, when a colored barber did the job at Rolla, seventy-five miles away. While working the dirt and sand out of the 'long side,' the fellow's curiosity was excited until he could not refrain longer from comments.

" 'I nevah see a face befo', sah,' said he, 'dat one side was richer dan de odder; but yo's is, suah!'

"I then explained to him, which seemed to afford him great relief. I may say I endured many jokes from the boys on my 'fierce looks,' the best of which came from Jimmy Boyle, an Irishman, who, not being able to repress himself longer even in the midst of danger, said:

" 'Ah, bedad, what a foine lookin' corpse ye will make, so ye will!'

"A few minutes after the long roll our battalion was ordered to go out through the pass between Pilot

Knob and Shepherd's Mountain on the Ironton road and reconnoiter the valley toward Arcadia. This we did during the afternoon, and every few moments scouts came in from the front, reporting heavy columns of the enemy coming and only a few miles away. The estimates they gave of the number were all the way from 15,000 to 25,000 men.

"As the evening drew on Captain Campbell, commanding the detachment of the Fourteenth Iowa, moved his little battalion down the Arcadia road until he met the advance of Fagan's command, which was coming up in force. Campbell realized the futility of a handful of men trying to stop an avalanche, so he prudently fell back toward Ironton, where we remained on picket duty until after midnight. During all the early part of the night we were near enough to the enemy's lines to hear the commands and the inquiries as to the location of different regiments, as the different organizations went into camp.

"After the enemy's camp was quiet we were ordered to retire to the courthouse to escape a cold and dreary rain which began falling a little after dark. We gladly obeyed the order and spent the remainder of the night under shelter; but we suffered from cold and hunger. These discomforts, however, were not so much thought of as what daylight would reveal to us. Every man realized that the position we were in was a perilous one if not abso-

lutely hopeless. Before us was a large veteran army, determined to sweep the State with the besom of its power. To attempt to stand before it seemed sheer folly, to retreat from it was to court almost certain captivity or death. But the stake we were playing for was the rich city of St. Louis, holding millions of dollars' worth of Government supplies, while its capture would add great prestige to the Confederacy. General Ewing, after consulting with his officers, determined to delay the advancing enemy until reënforcements arrived. It was well we did not know then,—nor did we realize it until after the battle was fought,—that Smith's forces had been drawn back to the immediate vicinity of St. Louis for the more certain protection of the city, leaving us a forlorn hope to take care of ourselves as best we might.

"When the morning light came it revealed the whole valley toward Arcadia swarming with troops; and then we knew for a fact that we were in front of Price's army. Daylight set the enemy into activity and soon an advance was made toward the little handful of men facing them. General Ewing ordered Captain Campbell to deploy his battalion of veterans across the eastern base of Shepherd's Mountain and on its southern slope. Major Wilson with his cavalry was assigned the duty of guarding the base of Pilot Knob next to the pass, thus leaving it clear from our troops so that the guns of

the fort could rake it. The fort had doubtless been built with the central idea of commanding this approach to the town and the valley north and west of it.

"Captain Campbell promptly deployed his battalion into line of battle facing the enemy. As the latter approached in such heavy force we were no match for him. Steadily he pushed us back step by step up the side of the mountain, we, however, maintaining such a rapid fire that the enemy was forced to use caution in rushing upon us. Yet we were steadily and surely driven up the declivity, stubbornly disputing every inch of the ground. The fort lay over the crest, and Campbell kept in mind the fact that it would be only a question of a short time when he would be forced to move rapidly to it for safety. For this reason he carefully protected his left flank as it covered the line by which he intended to reach the fort. I was assigned the left of the line with orders to guard it at any cost and at all hazards. As the battle waxed hot along the base of the mountain, the guns in the fort began to rake the open space in the pass, notifying us that it was protected; and we felt wonderfully relieved when the shells began shearing the sides of the pass, for it told us that flank was safe.

"In the meantime General Marmaduke had dismounted a brigade and had sent it through the town of Ironton around our right flank to ascend the

mountain and attack us in the rear as we were slowly backing up the declivity. The first intimation I had of troops in our rear was a volley from the rocks and trees above us; before this volley several men fell. I instantly faced my company about, as did Captain Davidson his company and as, I presume, was done with the other companies. Thus we engaged the force in our rear, which had now become our front. The enemy was well protected by the trees, rocks, and brush; and as our line advanced upon them it was necessarily broken but it never wavered for a moment. As I passed around a huge rock as much as ten feet high a tall man stepped from behind another rock not over twenty paces from me and deliberately drew his piece down on me. I was helpless and breathed a prayer for my wife and children at home in Iowa. But, instead of firing, the man dropped his gun, threw up his hands, reeled and fell, while a voice on my left called out, 'All right, Cap. He'll not bother you!'

"I glanced to the left and recognized Private Boylan, of Co. C, who was noted as a dead shot. His keen eye had seen the movements of the poor fellow who was after me, and his quick action and sure aim had saved my life.

"The crisis was soon reached, with a strong force above us and a solid line ascending the mountain in what was now our rear from the Ironton road.

Our desperate position nerved us to drive the force above us back up the mountain, when Captain Campbell skilfully faced us to the right flank and we passed out between the two bodies of the enemy, over the crest of the mountain, and went in all haste to the fort, which we entered from the south ditch."

Serg.-Maj. Lewis W. Sutton, of the Fourteenth Iowa, adds the following facts concerning the part taken by that regiment in the fighting in Arcadia Valley and on Shepherd's Mountain:

"During the night the sound of heavy wagons and moving troops could be heard. On the morning of the 27th, while it was yet dark we knew by the sounds we heard that the enemy was advancing on our position. Our officers, knowing that they had too few men to make a stand, ordered a retreat. We marched through Ironton in quick time and when we reached the north side of town the skirmishing began between the Confederates and Major Wilson's cavalry; it soon became quite sharp. Daylight was now coming. Captain Campbell ordered a double-quick, and after passing the fields north of town, we turned to the left of the road and were soon concealed behind the small trees and brush on the side of Shepherd's Mountain. In a few minutes Lieut. Smith Thompson came up with Co. D, and took his place in the regiment. A few minutes

later the 3rd M. S. M. Cavalry came back on the gallop and turned to the right of the Pilot Knob road, thus leaving the road clear for the Confederates to pass up the valley, which they did until their advance was halted by the guns in the fort. By this movement the enemy, without knowing it, cut off both the cavalry and infantry from the fort. We were too few in number to turn the tables and in like manner cut them off. Our best policy was to keep still and, like the Arabs, 'silently steal away.'

"As soon as General Ewing learned our position, he kept us on the mountain to watch the movements of the enemy, and as the latter continued advancing and moving troops forward for battle, we at intervals kept moving toward the fort. During the forenoon the Confederates were most of the time nearer the fort than we were. Our mission was to look and report what we saw. Captain Campbell sent a request to General Ewing that he be permitted to take a position higher up on the side of Shepherd's Mountain where he would be in less danger from the guns in the fort and where we would have a better view of the enemy's movements in the valley below. This request being granted, Lieutenant Thompson was ordered to deploy his men as skirmishers to the right, extending to the top of the mountain; and while here he discovered the enemy in large force to his right. When the lieutenant reported the fact, Captain Campbell recalled him and

then moved the regiment quietly along the side of the mountain and descended into the valley just below the fort. When the open ground was reached, the Confederate skirmish-line gave us a brisk fire for a minute, until we reached the ditch running to the fort. While the regiment was on Shepherd's Mountain two men were killed: Corp. Taylor Jefferies and David McMillen, private, both of Co. E. I have no doubt they were picked off by sharpshooters, for none of our men knew what became of them, and the first positive evidence we had that they were killed was after Lieutenant Hoffbauer returned from a trip to Pilot Knob. While there he went upon Shepherd's Mountain where we had been during the battle and there found the bodies of the two men and buried them."

The part taken by Major Wilson and his cavalry is traced by Lieut. W. C. Shattuck, Third M. S. M. Cavalry, in the following words:

"Tuesday, September 27, we held our first line just as long as it was possible, and when our flank could no longer be protected, fell back and formed a new line. Thus the line was formed and reformed, how many times I do not know, until about 2 o'clock p. m., when we began to get within range of the heavy guns in the fort. Of course the shells and balls from these guns passed over our heads,

but in many cases they were aimed so low that they made the men uneasy and it required the greatest efforts to maintain the line. As we mounted the side of Pilot Knob we could see the enemy in the valley, coming from the south and east, their movements plainly indicating the massing of men for a charge. About four p. m. we fell back across the railroad. I had been in command of the company from the beginning, Captain Rice acting as aide to General Ewing. After crossing the railroad with my company and a few men of Co. K, Major Wilson came to us and gave me what were perhaps the last orders he ever uttered. These were his words:

" 'Lieutenant, form your company down on the Ironton road to resist attack on the fort.'

"He appeared to know that the charge was coming. Had I not been under orders I should certainly have tried to prevent him from going straight into the masses of Confederates upon Pilot Knob. He had his holsters, containing two revolvers, in his right hand. Someone spoke of his saber being in his way. He replied:

" 'I would carry it seven years to have it save my life once.'

"As I saw his form for the last time rising on the railroad grade I felt certain that he was going to death or capture; for we had been confronting that force all day and it had been growing stronger all the time. I had reported this to him and I could do

no more. I expected to be ordered to go back with him and,—although I knew it was a useless effort,—I would have gone without a word. I believe that among all the millions who served under the banner of the Union, there was not a more courageous, skilful, and efficient officer, nor a more unassuming and courteous gentleman than Maj. James S. Wilson.

"Company I was formed in the road facing toward Pilot Knob. In a very few minutes a heavy discharge of musketry was fired at it from the sides of Pilot Knob,—the balls fairly plowing the ground by reason of the elevation of the line of fire. We replied with our carbines, but in a moment, apparently, the mountain-side was covered with charging masses. We fell back before them into the rifle-pits. It was, I think, past 4 p. m. and this was the first time that Co. I had been inside the works."

Not all of the cavalry, however, was so fortunate as to escape to the fort. First Lieut. W. H. Smith, Co. L, Second M. S. M. Cavalry, was one of this number. He says:

"At daylight in the morning (Sept. 27th) I got my horse and went down to the firing-line. I found Lieutenant Rice and a part of Co. L and perhaps a hundred troops of the Third M. S. M. Cavalry. Major Wilson was in command of the

firing-line, which was, I think, about a mile south of the fort. The boys were all glad to see me and came and shook hands with me. I joked them and asked them what they were doing out there. One of them, N. W. Fletcher, replied:

" 'Lieutenant, you won't have long to wait; you'll see what is the matter.'

"In a few minutes we were fired upon at long range and the enemy's cavalry in large numbers began to advance upon us. We had orders to fall back up the side of Pilot Knob Mountain to get out of range of the fort. As the Confederates advanced up the valley between Pilot Knob and Shepherd's Mountain the heavy artillery in the fort opened fire, causing them to fall back. About this time I was detailed as aide-de-camp and was ordered by Major Wilson to report to General Ewing at the fort that the cavalry was hard pressed and would have to fall back. I met General Ewing at the entrance to the fort. He was a pleasant man with a smile on his face, although the firing at that time was terrible. He instructed me to tell Major Wilson to fall back into the town and hold it. The town was situated east of the fort.

"When I started back to deliver this order I had to hitch my horse at the foot of the mountain, the side of which was covered with brush. I had not proceeded far when I met Major Wilson's command entirely routed and learned that the major

was a prisoner. At this time the Confederates were charging the fort from all sides. There was a heavy column between the fugitives and the fort, which made it impossible for us to reach the latter. So I ordered the boys to get their horses, which they did, and we struck out on the road leading toward St. Louis with about five hundred Confederate cavalry after us. I managed to get ahead of my boys, who numbered, I think, about twenty. With us was Lieutenant Rice. We formed line at different times and checked the fast horses of the enemy by firing on them. They followed us for about five miles. Then night came on and we stumbled upon a Government wagon-train of twenty or twenty-five wagons, which was fleeing from Pilot Knob. The wagons were filled with women and children who were also getting out of range of the battle. The wagon-master called on me for orders as to what to do with his train.

"By this time it was dark. Close ahead of us was a little town, named, I think, Irondale, and as a road came in there from the east, I was afraid that a Confederate column might have come in that way. With me was a citizen, whose name I do not recall, who was also fleeing from Pilot Knob. I asked him to go down into the town and see if any of the enemy were there and then come back and report. He soon returned and reported that General Shelby's command was there in great force,

tearing up the railroad. I then gave orders to the wagon-master to unhitch the mules and leave the train so that he and his teamsters might save themselves if they could. I also instructed a man living beside the road to take the rails from his farm fences and build fires for the women and children. Then, ordering my soldiers not to break ranks but to follow me closely, I left the road and took to the woods, trying to follow a northeast direction.

"We travelled through the night until perhaps 3 o'clock a. m. making slow progress, for we could not keep direction. At last we came upon a large Confederate camp, with fires burning. I sent two men to reconnoiter and they reported that there was a large camp with the men in it asleep. We passed around them quietly so as not to disturb their slumbers. After a time we dismounted for perhaps two hours, but we were not sleepy, and at daylight we resumed our march through the woods. This was the morning of the 28th. We were following a northeastern direction, parallel with the Iron Mountain Railroad. Sometime during the afternoon we struck a road which I thought led to De Soto. Here one man of my company, John Glacier, went to a house to get something to eat, and I never heard of him afterward. I think he was killed. We followed the road for a long distance and at length came in sight of a picket-guard. We did not know whether they were friends or

foes, but we advanced upon them and, to our great delight, they proved to be an outpost of Gen. A. J. Smith's command. We passed in to headquarters and reported to General Smith, giving him the first news he had received of the fight at Pilot Knob."

While the struggle was going on in Arcadia Valley and along the mountain slopes south and east of Fort Davidson, there were also movements west of it which were interesting, even though of less moment than those on the main field. Dr. Sam B. Rowe, at that time Quartermaster-Sergeant of the Forty-seventh Missouri Volunteer Infantry says:

"According to the prediction of Lieutenant-Colonel Maupin (Forty-seventh Mo. Infantry) who shared my tent, I was awakened early (on the morning of Sept. 27th) by the boom of cannon down the valley about Ironton, and as I awakened him I quoted in my enthusiasm a line descriptive of the battle of Waterloo: 'The foe! They come, they come!' Early in the morning I was requested by Colonel Maupin to act as mounted orderly and carry orders to the different parts of the battle-field.

"One of my first duties took me, in company with Sergeant Meloan of the Third M. S. M. Cavalry, who was acting in the same capacity as myself, around the north side of the base of Shepherd's

Mountain with instructions to the picket guard stationed there, in case they saw any of the enemy approaching from that direction to fall back to a certain tree standing alone in sight of the fort, and there fire two shots which would be a signal to the gunners in the fort to throw shells over them. When we arrived at the place where I had formerly found the picket when making the grand round, they were absent, but the signs indicated that they had left recently. Supposing the picket had been advanced for precautionary reasons, we rode on nearly a mile further and entirely out of sight of the fort. It was a cool morning, a drizzling rain was falling; and as the soldiers had not drawn their winter overcoats, Sergeant Meloan and I both had light gray blankets thrown over our shoulders and fastened about our necks with cords. On a hillside beyond the western slope of Shepherd's Mountain, we saw drawn up among the trees about twenty mounted men, some wearing Federal uniforms and some with blankets about their shoulders, as we had. We took them for Federal pickets and they immediately took us for Confederate scouts. We approached within thirty yards of them without any hostile move on either side and then I observed that several of them had new dry goods, shoes and tinware hung across their saddle pommels.

Hastily concluding that they were not our men, we halted; then one of them took deliberate aim

at us; his carbine, however, simply exploded the cap and did not fire. We wheeled and retreated in haste, Sergeant Meloan firing a couple of shots at them from his revolver as we turned. They pursued us, firing meanwhile, and their bullets whistled past our ears, one of them passing through my blanket as it fanned out in my flight. When we reached the designated tree we fired two shots, and immediately a gun in the nearest angle of the fort was trained our way and a shell hurtled over our heads and exploded in the vicinity of our pursuers, who were now in sight of the fort. We rode into camp, halting behind a stockade where some soldiers stood dismounted around one of their number whose leg had been shattered by a bullet. They informed us that they had been on picket duty at the post to which we had been sent. They had been driven in and one of their number wounded.

"A few minutes later we were dispatched to warn a few citizens, living out in the edge of town toward which we had ridden earlier, to come into the fort. While sitting on my horse at a gate, a shell from one of the enemy's cannon on top of Shepherd's Mountain exploded several feet above my head and a fragment of it plowed down through my horse's shoulder, disabling him so badly that I had to abandon him. As the enemy by this time had quite closed up on us from apparently all directions, it was useless to despatch bearers. I

therefore procured a rifle and went into the north rifle-pit, where I stayed and contributed my share to the shooting until the battle was over for the day."

After the Confederates had succeeded in driving the skirmish line of the Fourteenth Iowa from Shepherd's Mountain, the commanding crest of which they were anxious to secure in order to bring artillery fire to bear on Fort Davidson, they dragged two field-guns to the summit. Col. David Murphy, then Adjutant of the Forty-seventh Missouri Volunteer Infantry, and commanding the artillery in Fort Davidson, says:

"The Confederate artillery, supported by Marmaduke's division on foot, advanced up the slopes of Shepherd's Mountain and in the clear air of that region the picks and shovels of their cannoneers could be distinctly heard as they leveled off a spot for the placing of their guns. While this was being done, I was giving instructions to the men behind the guns under my command. Each gun was numbered, and the order was that I should designate the gun which was to fire and the gun crews not called were to reserve their fire until the number given their gun should be called. While thus engaged, General Ewing came to where I stood on the parapet of the fort and urged me to open fire on the Confederate artillery that was being posted on the mountain slope. My reply was:

"'General, I have assured you that we will hold this fort until night. It is proper that I should defer the bringing on of the battle. My plan is to permit the enemy to fire the first shot, and after that is done there will be firing enough from our side to gratify the desires of everybody. When we open on that mountain, you will notice the advantage that we have and the disadvantage they have, so you will please let me have my own way about it.'

"'All right,' replied the General; 'but I still think that you should open fire and prevent them from getting their guns in a good position.'

"He had hardly turned away before the first shot came from the mountain side. I immediately jumped down to the breech of the gun bearing on Shepherd's Mountain, directed the aim to correspond with the flash of the challenging gun, then exclaiming:

"'Number one! Ready! Fire! Load!'

"Before the smoke had cleared away it was observed by the anxious watchers in the garrison that the shot fired from number one had taken effect on the enemy's gun by disabling it and putting it out of action. A cheer from many a lusty throat went up and joyful remarks were exchanged by the members of the brave little band within the fort. This happy interlude was broken by the sharp command:

"'Number two! Ready! Fire! Load!'

"And so it went until all the guns bearing upon the mountain side were vieing with each other in the rapidity and the accuracy of their fire. A perfect storm of shot and shell swept the slope. There was no escape from its terrible effect except by retreat and change of position. The enemy accordingly moved and the next indication of the location of his artillery showed that it had taken position a quarter of a mile southward, on a kind of shoulder in the mountain side, but further removed from the fire of the fort."

Of the destruction of the first Confederate gun which opened fire, Sergt. Steakley, Third M. S. M. Cavalry, says:

"Company K, Third M. S. M., had been in charge of a battery of light artillery, consisting of four two-pounder Woodruff guns and two twelve-pounder brass mountain howitzers, and I believe I do not exaggerate when I say that nearly every man,—commissioned officers and privates,—could have hit a target the size of a man's body every shot at a quarter of a mile with those Woodruff guns. All the sergeants of our company had practiced with the 24-pounder and 32-pounder cannon in Fort Davidson, and it was nothing uncommon for one of us to decapitate a tree one or two miles

away on the top of Shepherd's Mountain. I guess the Johnnies thought as much when a shot from one of the 32-pounders knocked one piece of their artillery into splintereens on top of Shepherd's Mountain after they had moved a part of their guns up there. The shot killed and wounded twelve men. This information I have from a Johnnie named Smith, who gave it to me in 1868. Smith said he was behind a rock near the gun at the time. The officers were passing the bottle freely and congratulating each other upon the fact that they would eat breakfast next morning in Pilot Knob. They never offered Smith a drop, poor devil, and while he was cursing them in his heart for slighting him when he was so worn out and dry, along came that sixty-four pounds of iron,—our cannon were double-charged,—and knocked their piece to splinters.

" 'I never saw such skedaddling,' said Smith, 'and I thought to myself, "Yes, d—n you, some of you will probably eat your breakfast in the morning in H—l, and I don't care!" '

"A shot from one of our pieces, fired, I think, by Sergt. James W. Evans, Co. K, knocked down one of the enemy's guns at the point where they first opened that morning. After that they moved their battery back to the westward, behind the southern extremity of Shepherd's Mountain, making it necessary for both armies to shoot at random. A few thirty-two pounder shells sent over by the Co. K

sergeants and six-pounder shots poured into them by Battery H, Second Missouri Light Artillery, soon drove the Johnnies and their cannon from there, when they moved to the top of Shepherd's Mountain, where they remained until dark, firing being kept up from both sides as long as we could see."

THE CONFEDERATES CLOSE IN ON FORT DAVIDSON

Just after daybreak on the morning of the 27th, Joseph A. Hughes, a citizen, but an ex-lieutenant of the Twenty-ninth Missouri Volunteer Infantry volunteered to go to the top of Pilot Knob Mountain and signal to the garrison of Fort Davidson the movements and number of the enemy in Arcadia Valley. Sergt. H. C. Wilkinson, Co. H, Forty-seventh Missouri Infantry, who observed the movements of the lone lookout with much interest, writes:

"Since daylight we had been able to see Joseph A. Hughes, holding our signal flag, silhouetted against the clouds as he stood on top of the large ironstone rock that surmounted the bald, rugged peak of Pilot Knob. Every part of his body was plainly visible up there against the clouds, as he stood in full view of the enemy's host which surged at his very feet and filled the Arcadia Valley beyond. Not belonging to the United States Signal Corps, I could not read his 'wig-wags,' but I suppose there was a man in Fort Davidson who did understand them. For a time he and his flag were hidden from us by a cloud of fog that rose up over Pilot Knob;

but the mist soon cleared away. At ten o'clock he was still at his post, wig-wagging messages as to how our shots were striking down about Ironton. As a shot was fired he would wave his flag up and down, then right, then left, then round and round his head in a circle, then forward and backward, but I could not read his signals."

Says Colonel Fletcher, of the Forty-seventh Mo. Inf., speaking first of Hughes and then going on to other matters:

"His (Hughes') signal so bewildered us as to numbers that we sent Col. James Lindsay,—who was there without a command and who came to us gun in hand,—to the peak of the Knob and on his arrival there we learned that the valley at Ironton and Arcadia was full of men, horses, wagons, and artillery.

"The day wore on. Price, as I have since learned, was waiting the arrival of Marmaduke and his division. About noon the head of their column came around the point of the mountain in full view and changed direction, forming line of battle across the valley from Shepherd's Mountain to Pilot Knob and extending far up the sides of both mountains. They sent in a flag of truce and demanded our surrender; General Ewing returned a very polite but emphatic refusal. They then moved their line forward some distance, halted, and again demanded our surrender,

saying that they would not be responsible for consequences in case of our refusal. With unanimous concurrence of all the officers,—who were consulted,—Ewing answered that he would risk the consequences, and informed the enemy that he would fire on any flag of truce thereafter sent forward. At the same time he said: 'They shall play no Fort Pillow game on me.' They then advanced their skirmishers, and Murphy sent a shell from one of our siege-guns into their midst and the battle began in earnest. I must not omit here to state that after the first assault had been made, and while they prepared for the second one, another white flag was displayed along the projecting high rock near the left of their line. We directed all our guns upon it at once and it disappeared very suddenly."

Captain Campbell, of the Fourteenth Iowa, gives an interesting account of a reconnoissance made by a part of his command just before the enemy delivered his assault. Says Captain Campbell:

"It was about one o'clock p. m. General Ewing now directed me to move my command and post them on the north end of Shepherd's Mountain, a quarter of a mile away.

" 'General,' I replied, 'we should concentrate all our force here,' for I believed there was a desperate battle coming on. 'But,' I added, 'if this is your order, I will obey.'

"'I think you had better go, Captain,' he answered; so I passed out of the fort, knowing that to obey meant capture or a miracle if we ever returned.

"We moved out of the rifle-pit and marched in column to the point designated, where I formed line of battle and ordered Lieutenant Thompson to move to the front and deploy Co. D as skirmishers. The north face of Shepherd's Mountain had been cleared of timber and brush at a previous date but the growth was still thick a short distance south and west of our position. Here we could get a view of the upper end of Arcadia Valley, south of Pilot Knob, where we could see lines of cavalry horses closely banked together, one man holding five horses. They were hidden from view of the fort by timber. I sent Sergeant Beckwith to notify General Ewing of the location of the horses. I also told the Sergeant to point out their direction to the General and, if the latter wanted to burst a few shells among them, I would stand on a bank of cord wood near by and signal with my handkerchief whether the shot was too high or too far to the right. I saw a thirty-two pounder turn in that direction and then fire. The shell burst too high and too far to the right. I signaled to the east, then down. The next shell came near the mark but still high and too much to the right. Again I signaled east, then down. The third shell burst in the midst of the horses.

Then there was pandemonium; the whole cavalcade of horses broke loose and scattered in every direction. It was the effect I desired, for I wanted to bring on the engagement and have it over.

"It was now between one and two o'clock in the afternoon. We could see the enemy's troops rapidly forming in line of battle. I was confident the same operations were going on in my front, so I consulted my officers with regard to one of them going to warn General Ewing to make preparations in haste, as the battle was about to burst forth.

"They urged me to go, saying:

" 'You will have more influence with him than any of us.'

"So I said, 'Captain Davidson, you take command. If you are attacked before my return, call in the skirmishers and deliver your fire, and fall back in good order.'

"I then ran down to the fort and up through the sally-port. The General was waiting for me and asked the reason of my haste. I explained the situation in as few words as possible, and told him that the impending battle was likely to begin at any moment."

Lieut. Smith Thompson, of Co. D, Fourteenth Iowa, was wounded during this reconnoissance. He relates the circumstances as follows:

"We were among the trees and rocks which afforded some protection. The enemy's line of battle advancing at a rapid step, I climbed upon a high rock to see, if possible, what their forces were in our front. I had not been on the rock a half-minute before several balls struck it. I jumped down and started down the line, cautioning the men to keep well under cover because their time was nearly out and I wanted to take them all home to their mothers. As I moved down the line, a Confederate raised up behind a rock not over two rods from my left hand. He aimed at me for some time before he shot. If my right hand had not been at that time in a sling from a wound I could have used my revolver and he would not have fired his piece. I walked straight forward, neither faster nor slower, keeping my side to him, for I thought he would make a good shot if he hit me. He came so near missing me that he struck the leg I was stepping with, the ball passing directly through the upper part of the lower third of my left thigh.

" We then retreated to the fort; Lieutenant Hoffbauer, who came out with an order to me, taking command of the skirmishers and falling back to the reserve, while I was helped to the fort. The skirmishers followed."

Another reconnoissance to the west of the fort,—made somewhat earlier in the day,—is described by

Capt. H. B. Milks, Co. H, Third M. S. M. Cavalry, as follows:

"About 9 a. m., General Ewing directed me to take a lieutenant whose name I do not recall,[1] and forty men of Colonel Fletcher's regiment and reoccupy a picket post three-fourths of a mile west of the fort from which the picket had been driven in. The command assigned me was composed of raw recruits not yet mustered or drilled, so I requested permission to take my own company but was permitted to take only twenty of them, in addition to the recruits mentioned. Under cover of the brush we proceeded west along the northern base of Shepherd's Mountain until within rifle range of the post we were to hold. A halt for observation disclosed the enemy, four or five hundred strong, mounted and marching toward the fort between us and our objective point. Our cover extended only a short distance, and it was folly to attack, so we moved toward a cliff a short distance further west where cavalry could not charge us.

"When we reached that point the valley west of the mountain was in plain view. Fully a half mile away the enemy's rear was approaching while his advance was passing almost beneath us. A volley from our small force gave them a welcoming salute

[1] It was Lieutenant E. P. Settle, Co. H, Forty-seventh, Missouri Volunteers.

of sixty rifles. Their entire column halted, and skirmishers were thrown out but did not find the saluting party as it had taken higher and better cover. We lay low until the skirmishers returned, yet their force, apparently undecided, still did not move. We then started toward the fort by a route along the northern slope of the mountain until we reached a point which gave us a view of the fort and the valley north of it. Here we discovered that the fort and rifle-pits were surrounded by the assaulting enemy. Seeing us, and probably mistaking us for the other fellows, several of the field guns in the fort opened on us, their shots passing close over our heads so that we were compelled to take cover. I called for two volunteers to go to the fort and let our position be known. William Wilkinson and Hermann Wirtz, of my company, volunteered and succeeded in getting through. We anxiously awaited results or an opportunity to do something. We got the latter, for the enemy suddenly came upon our right flank and rear in numbers thrice our own. Two or three volleys repulsed them, for they were as surprised as we were. As twilight set in, we succeeded in reaching the fort by a roundabout way."

Among the men in the south rifle-pit when the retreating Fourteenth Iowa came in, was Private Azariah Martin, of the Forty-seventh Missouri Vol-

unteer Infantry, who gives a vivid description of the desperate defense against Marmaduke's charging division at that point, as well as of the events immediately preceding it. Early in the day, Capt. P. I. Powers, of Private Martin's company, had noticed that the ditch would be enfiladed from Shepherd's Mountain and had ordered his men to lay a stick of timber across the rifle-pit on the exposed flank and to throw their blankets over it, affording a protection which was very welcome later in the day. Private Martin continues:

"I think it was nearly ten o'clock in the morning when we saw a skirmish-line advancing down the western side of Pilot Knob Mountain toward us, and we at once opened fire on them with our muskets and soon drove them to cover,—all except one saucy fellow on a white horse who was up on the slope of the mountain. He was five or six hundred yards from us, but we raised our sights and sent him to cover in a hurry. About this time the 'Knob Store' and surrounding buildings were fairly riddled with grape and canister from our guns on the east side of the fort, as the 'Knob Store' and the iron furnace just beyond were only about four hundred yards east of the fort, along the northwest base of Pilot Knob Mountain. The old store is now gone, but the warehouse still stands, with fourteen shot-holes of grape or canister,—I think the latter,—in its side,

and five in the door end. My belief is that one or two of these shot-holes were put there by one of Montgomery's guns, then mounted near the southeast corner of the fort.

"Cannonading continued almost without cessation through the day. The Confederates tried to reach us with their guns from near where the Ironton depot now stands, or perhaps somewhat west of it, where the point of Shepherd's Mountain afforded them more protection from our fire. Early in the day their shots went swishing by east of us. My wife, then a small girl, well remembers hearing those screeching shells pass over her father's house in the town of Pilot Knob. Later in the day their shots struck the ground some thirty or forty yards east of our position. I noticed one unexploded shell which came bouncing along near our front. It had scarcely stopped before Comrade Jacob C. Belmar, of my company, ran out and picked it up. I thought he might learn better some day. It was about twelve o'clock, I should judge, when twenty volunteers were called for in our company, who, under our Lieut. E. P. Settle, were to go with Captain Milks and sixty men of the Third M. S. M. Cavalry to the northwest slope of Shepherd's Mountain. I saw them start off in that direction and then knew no more of them until after dark that night.

"About two o'clock p. m., while twenty or thirty men of the Fourteenth Iowa were over on the near-

est point of Shepherd's Mountain, in plain view of us and not over two hundred yards away, all at once the Confederate guns opened on us from the spur of Shepherd's Mountain east of the crest. The first shot cut uncomfortably close to our heads and struck in the rifle-pit between Captain Adair's feet, causing him to jump high in air. He ripped out an oath and with his company, F, of the Forty-seventh Missouri, broke for the sally-port and through it into the fort. Almost at the same moment, a fearful volley was poured into the Fourteenth Iowa boys on Shepherd's Mountain from the ravine on the northeastern side of the mountain. Two of the boys of the 14th were wounded and fell down the steep mountain side but, with the coolness of veterans, the remainder of the detachment descended from their position, carefully picked up their two wounded comrades and supported them into the fort, passing us as they went in. Immediately after I saw the whole side of Shepherd's Mountain become fairly black with the mass of the enemy, who came rushing down upon the flat toward us. As the guns also were still playing on us from the mountain, I said to Captain Powers,

"'Captain, we had better go into the fort.'

"'We have no orders to go in yet,' he answered.

"Then he ran up near the fort and called to General Ewing. The General shouted back, "'Yes, come in at once!'

"But before the Captain returned to us we, from behind our blanket cover, delivered a sharp left oblique fire into the thickest mass of the enemy we then could see rushing down the mountain side; and then we ran for the sally-port and into the fort. We already had run unnecessary risk in remaining there in such an exposed position to no purpose.

"When I reached the inside of the fort, I turned to my left and went to the parapet at one of the southwest angles, near one of the guns of Montgomery's battery, which was mounted on a rather high embankment. I was firing into the enemy's line, then not over twenty yards from us, when a Confederate shell exploded on the parapet near the gun mentioned and a fragment struck a man at my left. He fell diagonally in front of me, grasping the right breast of my jacket with his left hand and at the same instant I felt something, like a blunt-ended handspike, strike my left hip. It was the fragment of the bursting shell which had first struck my comrade in the left side. His weight and the shock of the piece of shell striking me caused me to fall with him down the steep embankment, and the boys at once laid hold of us to drag us out of the way.

" 'Hold on, boys,' I cried; 'I'm not dead and if you'll wait till I get this man's hand loose from my jacket, I'll get up; for I'm not much hurt.'

"He had the 'death grip' on my coat, so I had

to loosen his grasp, one finger at a time, after which I got up, as sound as a dollar. As the boys returned from dragging the dead man out of the way, I asked them how much of a wound he had, and they answered that he was cut almost in two. I never knew who he was or to what organization he belonged; there was no time for inquiries then.

"The Confederates could not long endure our murderous fire at such close range. What manner of men could? They soon fled in every direction; taking cover in the creek bed,—from eighty to three hundred yards from us,—where they at once began a sharpshooting practice at us and our exposed gunners, which compelled the latter to leave their guns silent and lie idle until we drove the enemy into hiding. Sergt. H. C. Wilkinson called together twenty or twenty-five men of our company,—as many as he could find in the fort,—and instructed us to aim just under the smoke of the sharpshooters' guns and at its next rise, to fire. I can tell you, we soon lessened their fire from that near-by creekbed."

Sergt. H. C. Wilkinson, mentioned above, says, in referring to the climax of the battle:

"A fearful task was before us. Two-thirds of the circumference of the fort,—east, south, and west,—were surrounded by a dense mass of infantry, their guns were still hurling shot and shell

at the fort from the heights beyond, and out of the west and northwest came Slayback and Freeman, with a dark cloud of cavalry, to cut us down if we attempted to escape. As I came in (from the south rifle-pit) I saw the stately form of General Ewing, his arms folded, his mouth tightly closed, and his face slightly pale, but firm as a 'stone wall.' He was walking erect from side to side, looking here and there at the surging mass around us. Then came the wounded lieutenant of the brave old Fourteenth Iowa (Lieut. Smith Thompson) limping hither and thither, cheering the boys to do their best. I could see Captain Campbell, Adjutant Murphy, and other gallant officers, rushing from side to side and using all the power that was in them to direct and encourage the boys who were then down on their knees at the parapets, pouring lead into those charging hosts of the enemy. Oh, but it was hot there! In a moment our smoke hung like a dense cloud about two feet above the parapet, while the smoke from the enemy's muskets came down almost to their knees, hiding their bodies, though beneath the smoke we could see the swarms of fast moving legs and feet as they seemed to swerve about from left to right, from right to left. Lieutenant Settle afterward told me that from his position on Shepherd's Mountain Fort Davidson looked like a mighty, burning tar-kiln, as our smoke rose slowly heavenward, for there was not enough breeze to lift

the folds of 'Old Glory' that hung at the peak of the flag-staff high over our heads.

"I took my place among the men at the parapet and at once began firing, stepping back to reload, then advancing up the steps, kneeling and firing again. As I was thus engaged, Comrade George B. Hammock, Co. H, Forty-seventh Missouri, who was rapidly reloading near me, pointed to his aged father, who was standing by him. The latter's pockets were filled with cartridges and both of his hands were busy handling and tearing them and giving caps to his son and to all others within reach. I instantly availed myself of the already torn cartridges which he offered me and the gun caps with them, as they enabled me to fire much faster. I saw one or two other aged patriots thus engaged, who, though too feeble to handle guns, were not too feeble to aid us by 'tearing cartridges' for us. About this time, too, I saw old A. Jack Lloyd beside me, his face wearing an expression which I should almost call 'the sublime smile.' The sweat was running down his face as though he had been splitting fence rails in the middle of August.

" 'Orderly,' said he, 'feel o' my gun!'

"I did so. It was as hot as boiling water could have made it."

Col. David Murphy,—who had accepted a commission as First Lieutenant and Adjutant of the

Forty-seventh Missouri Volunteers when that regiment was organized by Colonel Fletcher in August, 1864, and who was commanding the artillery in Fort Davidson,—was in peculiarly favorable position to know what transpired at the stormcenter of battle during those few tense, nerve-trying moments when the enemy's overwhelming numbers were striving to storm the works. His description is both vivid and inspiring. He says:

"The change from the artillery duel with the enemy's pieces on the mountain side, to the advance of his infantry, twelve thousand strong, occupied some moments, during which the men behind the guns in the fort were assured that the fight was ours. The preliminary effort of the artillery having been decided in our favor, it was urged that all we had to do was to exercise the same skill and bravery in dealing with the assaulting force and the victory would rest with us. The men responded cheerily and their bearing and conduct were such as to impress the utmost confidence in the result of the oncoming assault.

"In due time the attacking column, having deployed into line just beyond the point-blank range of our guns, began the advance, broke into the double-quick, and then into the charge. The rebel yell arose upon the silent air, to be responded to by the hoarse reverberation of the entire armament of

the fort. The advancing line came up to a point where the ditch encircling the fort was discovered, and then it turned in full retreat. It would have been the part of chivalry, no doubt, for the men behind the guns to have ceased firing upon the backs of their disappointed foes; but no permission was given for the indulgence of this feeling, had it existed.

"'Continue firing!' came the stern command. 'Keep it up, men.'

"But the battle was not ended. Marmaduke's division, which had maintained its position on the mountain side, moved simultaneously with the division of Fagan, but did not have so clear a field for a retrograde movement as did the last named. Instead, it sought cover behind the banks of Stout's Creek, which skirted the base of Shepherd's Mountain just at the limit of musket range. A constant and wicked fire came from the bed of the creek, and the attention of the garrison was attracted to the necessity of smothering it.

"Just then the broken lines of Fagan's division were rallied beyond the gorge of the two mountains, and, reforming, again essayed a charge. I saw at a glance that the fort would be subject to a converging fire from the two portions of the assaulting body, and immediately began to urge the defenders to a renewed and more determined defense. Some of our men had become disheartened and discour-

aged and had concealed themselves wherever cover could be found. To these I addressed myself and demanded of them the cause of their misconduct.

" 'My gun won't go off,' said one.

"I pressed him to the face of the rampart.

" 'Give me your gun,' I commanded.

"Then I jumped upon a gun-carriage, thence to the parapet, and fired the gun.

" 'The gun is all right,' I declared, and threw it back to the astonished owner.

" 'Commence fighting,' I ordered, 'and if I see you turn your back again, I'll shoot you down in your tracks.'

"This was said in a loud voice so as to be heard by all within hearing. Another man complained of his gun. I fired that one and threw it back to its owner, cautioning him to keep on fighting or an example would be made of him. Then, in order to encourage the men at the guns, who were doing their duty with great bravery, I picked up a handful of rocks from the top of the parapet and, as the assaulting column began its onward movement, I commenced throwing the rocks at them, urging them in a loud voice to come on.

" 'We will clean you out as fast as you come!' I shouted in a boastful way.

"All this was done to inspire the men with the idea that there was as little danger in exposing one's

person and exhibiting a manner of defiance as in endeavoring to skulk or hide.

"As I passed on, urging the gun detachments to keep up their gallant work, I came to gun Number 7, in charge of Lieutenant Yerger, of the First Infantry, M. S. M. He had taken the place of one of his gunners who had been killed, and was zealously acting as Cannoneer Number One. As I reached the gun, the lieutenant fell back exhausted and entirely overcome. I jumped down, took from his hand the sponge staff and, after loading the gun for about four rounds, I found myself in the same condition. I was about to give the order to the gun crew to cease firing when the lieutenant grabbed the sponge staff from my hand, exclaiming:

"'All right, Major! I've got my wind again.'

"The men on gun Number Six called out for ammunition.

"'Stand to your gun, men!' I cried. 'Not one man shall leave his place.'

"Saying this, I jumped down to where the ammunition was placed at the foot of the gun platform and called upon one of the colored men to help me throw the box of ammunition up to the top of the platform. He responded; and just as we had the box raised from the ground and were giving it the swing a shot came from the mountain gorge and tore away the back of my helper's head. He fell, and I called on a bystander to take his place.

This man stood apparently transfixed with horror at the sight of the decapitated negro. I sprang at him, caught him by the lapel of his coat and, with one jerk, landed him astride the prostrate form.

" 'Lift, d—n you!' I shouted, and he and I lifted the box and the gun crew went to work with renewed vigor after the short respite obtained during the episode mentioned.

"The second assault was by this time in full tide and, the crucial moment, in my opinion, having been reached, I again mounted the parapet and urged the defenders by word and action to redoubled efforts. Seeing this, General Ewing came to where I stood and commanded me to come down.

" 'Come down, Major, or you will be killed!' exclaimed the General.

" 'That's what I'm here for,' I answered in a loud voice. 'There never was a prettier place in this world to die than right here.'

"At this sally the men gave an exultant and responding cheer and again bent to their work. The effect of their efforts was soon apparent. The advancing line was met by a perfect storm of well-directed shot and shell. It wavered, hesitated, then broke in confusion and never halted again until the hills of Arcadia had been passed and shelter taken in its peaceful and beautiful valley."

Lieut. Smith F. Thompson, Co. D, Fourteenth

Iowa, says of Colonel Murphy's conduct during the assault:

"Colonel Murphy, who commanded the artillery in the fort, was one of the bravest men I ever saw during the war. He stood upon the parapets of the fort, swung his hat, and shouted, when the charging forces of the enemy were not ten rods from the fort, 'Come on! We are waiting for you!'

"His gallantry and courage throughout the defense of Pilot Knob justly entitled him to the name given him by the correspondent of the Missouri Republican,—'the Marshal Ney of Missouri.' "

Capt. William J. Campbell, commanding the detachment of the Fourteenth Iowa, says:

"The battle was now on in earnest, the enemy's charge having begun. I heard someone call out to the gunners of a thirty-two pound siege gun, north of the gate on the east side of the fort, to double shot the piece with canister. He then ran to the next gun and gave the same order. The first gun was fired and thrown off its carriage to the ground. I caught the young man before he got to the third gun and inquired if the order came from General Ewing. He replied that it did not; that he was giving it on his own responsibility, adding that he was the general's orderly. The second gun was

fired and tipped back and almost ran off its trail beam, the breech end breaking a hole in the gun platform. The gunners by a desperate effort restored it to its former position. I instructed them not to load any more guns in that manner, or we would have all the artillery in the works dismounted.

"The battle had now reached its height of fury and carnage. The enemy's ranks were being decimated by our musketry while our artillery tore great gaps through them. An officer passed me, his left hand pressed against his side, and sank down near the stairs of the sally-port. I thought it was General Ewing and I was shocked to think that such a misfortune had occurred so early in the engagement; but a moment later General Ewing himself came running from the west side of the fort, his right hand uplifted, and cried to me:

" 'Captain, get twenty men,—volunteers,—to stand at the gate *till the death!*'

"I replied: 'General, I will get the men.'

"I quickly secured twenty men [2] and rushed them to the gate. The gate, or drawbridge, hung suspended by one rope and was only half closed, as the other rope had broken in pulling it up. We barricaded the passage with empty barrels and made it secure. The enemy's lines now gave way and

[2] The men he secured were headed by Sergeant H. C. Wilkinson, Forty-seventh Missouri Infantry; but the sergeant reached and guarded the gate with only four men.

fell back but immediately reformed and made a second charge, advancing to within fifty yards of our works. Then again they broke in confusion, our fire still dealing death and destruction through their ranks.

"After the fight began I noticed officers and men going to a barrel, that contained whiskey for medicinal purposes, and helping themselves at will. I called General Ewing's attention to the matter and told him that that barrel of whiskey would whip us quicker than the enemy. His reply was:

" 'Captain, place two guards over it, and forbid anyone to touch it except by order of the surgeons.'

"I did as ordered but, to my surprise, one of the guards came and informed me that certain militia officers shoved them to one side and persisted in helping themselves. I then sent Captain Miles, of Co. C, Fourteenth Iowa,—who was slightly wounded in the knee and unable to stand on the platform,—with orders to relieve the guard and to shoot the first man who attempted to touch the liquor without proper authority. This ended the affair, though some were pretty drunk before the battle ended.

"The enemy was now making his third desperate charge, and only veteran soldiers can appreciate what that means. If this could be repulsed, the worst part of the battle would be over. We sprang upon the banquette to see where the men could best

be posted to meet the terrible on-coming masses of the enemy. We could count three long lines, each four ranks deep, coming from two directions, while our artillery and musketry mowed down their ranks. In a moment their front line went down in the ditch. I shouted to my men:

"'Turn your fire into the ditch! The enemy is in the ditch!'

"Then I jumped off and ran to notify General Ewing. I had only made two or three steps when an artilleryman called to me in a hoarse voice:

"'Get out the hand grenades!'

"'Where?' I asked.

"'In the magazine yonder.'

"I ran past ten or fifteen colored men,—non-combatants,—and told them to follow me. We ran into the magazine, and I cautioned them to be careful in handling the grenades, as they were easily exploded. Then we rushed back to the banquette and passed them to the men in front, with orders to throw them into the ditch. Pandemonium instantly broke loose. Above the roar of the battle it was a perfect saturnalia of the damned. Men were blown above the parapet and fell back dead; the ditches were cleared as if by magic. It struck terror to the enemy's lines, and they fell back in disorder; but our fire never slackened until they were out of range. It was now sundown, and night closed the contest. Everyone engaged was tired, hot, and wet

with perspiration, as if they had been fighting fire. So far we had won the victory.

"My attention was called to one of our men, who lay wounded outside the works. Before I could get through the sally-port I had to clear the passageway of forty or fifty men who had forced the guard back to the further end of the gangway. I had placed the guard at the head of the stairs in anticipation of just such a contingency. I found the guard almost smothered, and asked him why he allowed those skulkers in there. He replied that they had crowded him back by force and that he could not bayonet all of them. At length we opened the door and carried our brave comrade inside the fort, where we placed him in care of a surgeon. He had lain out there during all that dreadful contest and was glad, indeed, to see us come to his aid."

Sergeant-Major John H. Delano, Forty-seventh Missouri Infantry Volunteers,—who was later commissioned Second Lieutenant of Co. E, of the same regiment,—had a narrow escape from capture or death when the enemy's assault came, for he was caught outside the works.

"About eleven o'clock," says Sergeant-Major Delano, "everything seemed to be quiet and we were joking about the enemy not coming, while, in fact,

he was then getting into position to assault us. I said to Lieutenant-Colonel Maupin that I would go over to the stables and get my horse.

" 'Well, take my horse over and have him fed,' said he. 'I don't believe they are coming, anyway.'

"I rode to the stables, a distance of about ten blocks or one-third of a mile. There I got out my little gray mare and was tightening the cinch when, —biz, zip, bang!—the balls began flying over my head and the Confederates were making their charge on Fort Davidson! The first thought that popped into my head was that I didn't belong there; I must get into the fort. I bounced into my saddle and started west, full lope.

"We had two companies in the rifle-pits, and they as well as the artillery and infantry in the fort were firing at the charging enemy. I went due west to the church, then turned south toward the fort along the front of the north rifle-pit to the drawbridge at the fort's entrance. The enemy covered the plain east of our works, so I was in the cross-fire between them and the rifle-pit. As I reached the fort and turned on the drawbridge to cross, a man at the gate pulled down on me with his gun. Jim Shields, of Captain Hunter's company, who was standing by him, saw and recognized me.

"Don't shoot our men!' shouted Jim, hitting the gun and knocking it up; and I rode by in safety.

"As the draw was broken the bridge could not

be raised, and our boys were barricading the gate as I passed. At the time I went into the fort the Confederates were not thirty feet away, and I was fairly among them but did not know it. I hitched my horse and went to work shooting, while three men loaded for me.

"The charge was soon over. The enemy had to fall back, leaving the ground covered with their men. They came up out of the creek bed and fell back into it again. From there sharpshooters were continually picking off our artillerymen. Judging by appearances, we supposed that there were only a few here and there along the bed of the creek who were doing this mischief; and Captain Mace, of Co. G, filed down the south rifle-pit with his company. About half-way down he and his men jumped out of the pit to charge. They had hardly started when there was a volley along the whole length of the creek bed, and Captain Mace and his followers came rushing back. Fortunately none were hurt.

"General Ewing placed Adjutant Murphy, who was an experienced gunner, in charge of the guns in the fort, and he kept the twenty-fours and thirty-twos talking at every chance. An old army officer, Captain Purcell, was placed in charge of a thirty-two pounder cannon; his gun being manned entirely by negroes who lived at Pilot Knob and who had never been in battle before. They soon got the hang of things and did well until their gun was dis-

mounted. This gun seemed to suffer the most; for Captain Purcell and three or four of the negroes were killed and one or two were wounded. The enemy had guns mounted on Shepherd's Mountain, but they were so high up that they could not be depressed to shoot into the fort. Our artillery dismounted one of the guns and the others did them no good. I do not recall a single shot falling into the fort during the afternoon; the damage was all done by their sharpshooters picking off our gunners. General Price's men had filled up pretty well with whiskey at Ironton, and during the night of the 27th, after their dead had lain upon the battlefield all the afternoon, the stench was fearful, smelling like an overcrowded grog-shop. Our shelter-tents had been left standing, and many of the enemy crawled into them and died there, and the hot afternoon sun that beat down on them partly accounted for the odor."

Sergt. James C. Steakley, Co. K, Third M. S. M. Cavalry, fell back into the fort when the charge came. His account of his experiences is detailed and spirited. He writes:

"After the first charge made by the enemy in Ironton that morning I went into the skirmish-line, where I remained all day on the south and west sides of Pilot Knob Mountain, under command of

Lieut. Pape, one of the best and bravest men that ever lived. It was a terrible thicket of undergrowth in which we were in line, and if we had possessed long range guns we could have picked off hundreds of the enemy. But as we were armed chiefly with pistols we could not do much except stay there until run out by the enemy. I was near the right of our skirmish-line and used a Colt's revolving rifle until the thing got choked, when I threw it away. By this time the enemy was close to us and a good eight-inch navy pistol acted very well. The surprising thing was that the Johnnies threw grape and canister for two solid hours before we were forced to leave,—not by the artillery fire but by the approach of their dismounted men. The grape went over and around us but never touched a man of us; sure, I should not ask anyone to dodge one of them for me, for I heard them coming, passing, and going.

"Just before our skirmish-line was compelled to give way,—not long before the enemy made his final assault on our fortifications,—poor Joseph L. Williams, of my company, was standing about ten feet from me in the skirmish-line. I heard a thump and, looking around, saw Comrade Williams put his hand to his right breast and, turning very pale, look at me. Of course I knew what had happened; but as he did not fall nor speak I said:

" 'What is the matter, Fate (La Fayette)?'

"'Jim, I am shot,' he replied, with a gasp.

"I saw that he would not fall, so I said:

"'Get back to the relief if you can.'

"Our relief was at the tramway track, on which iron ore was taken from the mines to the furnaces. Poor Williams turned about and looked at me, saying:

"'My belt hurts me.'

"I told him to take it off. He did so, and then continued:

"'I'll leave it and my gun here,' referring to his Wesson rifle.

"'All right, Fate,' I replied. 'I will bring them when I come.'

"'Yes, Jim,' said he, 'you bring them both when you come, if you get out alive.'

"'All right, Fate,' I answered, anxious to see him start to the rear for fear he would fall and possibly have to be left. Twenty or thirty minutes later we all went to the rear. I did not see any of our skirmishers come in after I reached the station of the relief on the tramway track. When I walked up, Comrade Williams was lying on his face, groaning terribly. At that time he was the only one of our squad of skirmishers who had been wounded that day. I said to our commander:

"'Lieutenant, why can't this man be taken to the hospital?'

"I knew that no officer loved his men better than

Lieutenant Pape. He had Williams placed on a horse and Samuel Rhodes and Sergt. M. V. B. Childers, of our company, walked beside him, holding him on the horse. They took him to the hospital near the fort, where he died. Comrade Rhodes also was wounded while on the way to the hospital.

"Soon after our skirmishers were forced back out of the timber we took our horses and formed a line across the main street of 'Knob Town,' where we remained standing and holding our horses until the enemy made his final assault, when we were forced to abandon our horses and run for our lives, as otherwise we would have been cut off from the fortifications. We ran with a will to the north rifle-pit, none of us being wounded except Sergt. H. Bidewell, of Co. K, who was hit in the knee and knocked down when about twenty feet from the rifle-pit. Being very near him as he fell, I grabbed him and rolled him into the pit like a pair of old-fashioned winding blades.

"As soon as I landed in the rifle-pit I seized an Austrian rifle which had been dropped by someone and begged some cartridges from an infantryman. Along the ditch toward Fort Davidson, men were crammed and piled under the little bridge across the ditch like hogs in their bed in the dead of winter, and, although there were guns lying in the ditch and on its bank, some of those cowards had no guns and

those who had were not using them any more than if the enemy were forty miles away. My own hands and face were nearly as black with wet and burnt powder as those of the brave negroes, who were fighting like heroes; so I shouted at the fellows under the bridge:

" 'Get out of here, you d—d cowards, and go to fighting! What are you doing here, anyhow?'

"They all got out but whether they went to fighting or not I don't know. After, as I supposed, scaring them almost to death, I passed on with my Austrian rifle toward the wall of the fort. Then I saw some of the enemy's cavalry passing in single file west of the works and going north toward the railroad. I fired at them, hitting one who was riding an almost snow-white horse and who could not have been less than seven hundred yards away. The enemy's cavalry then began to form a line about two hundred yards north of the rifle-pit. Some forty of us charged out of the pit and routed them, wounding one Johnnie whom we went to pick up. One of the men with us was a brave, generous little Frenchman named, I believe, Charles Crozat. He was a tailor in Ironton, whose residence and shop were on Main Street, near the Reid Hotel, in the house known afterward as the General Blair House. I don't know that he belonged to any military organization, but he did not have to to be a good soldier. Crozat and I ran to the wounded

Johnnie and stood off some of the others of our men who would possibly have harmed him further; after which, his thigh being broken, we carried him into the fort.

"There, looking over the south wall, I saw several thousand Rebs coming in full charge up the valley from Ironton. The fort was constructed of dirt and gunny sacks filled with dirt, built up like brick work, the walls being four or four and a half feet high and of about the same thickness. All around it was a ditch ten feet deep and twelve feet wide. Inside, in the center of the fort, was the magazine with the flag-pole on top of it and Old Glory floating at its peak as beautiful as ever except that the drizzling rain prevented it from swinging out as buoyantly as the heart would wish on such an occasion. Besides the twenty-four and thirty-two pounders, the two twelve-pounder brass howitzers and four two-pounder Woodruff guns, there were several large mortars in the fort, though I never heard of their being used. The men with small arms stood four to six deep around the inside of the walls, especially on the side next the enemy.

"In the heat of the action one of the twenty-four pounders, in the northeast corner of the fort near the drawbridge, was dismounted. It was in charge of Sergt. Enoch Virgin; and, I suppose, as he was shooting at a larger 'buck' than he had been used to prior to his enlistment, he got excited for fear

he might miss it and fired his gun before it was 'at his shoulder,' or, in other words, run into battery. The result was that it kicked over on the ground and lay there, dead as a door-nail. Enough men could not get around it to remount it, so from that time on only three of the thirty-two pounder guns were in action.

"While the enemy was charging the fort from the west, south, and east,—the greater number coming up the valley from the south,—those six heavy guns inside the fort, double charged every shot, the two brass guns of Battery H, and the men with small arms in the rifle-pits and fort, were all pouring death and destruction into the charging masses. So far as I could see, every man in the fort was all enthusiasm and fight, each vieing with the comrade next him to shoot the fastest and most accurately. One of the Confederate commanders was seen to fall from his horse about two hundred and fifty yards from the works. An officer of theirs, with his dying breath, dictated a despatch to General Price imploring him not to charge the fort again as it was murder. Yet, although the ground was already strewn with their dead and wounded, on, on, they came, never wavering, charging with decimated ranks right up to the ditch and drawbridges where their color bearer, with his flag unfurled, fell dead, his body riddled with bullets. Then it seemed that all at once all who were not killed or badly wounded

fled simultaneously, never stopping until they were out of danger.

"While the Johnnies were making that charge, I noted in my memory one thing that would appear strange to an inexperienced soldier. Although the enemy was charging in platoons apparently one hundred deep,—platoons which were being pierced by such an awful storm of hot iron and lead,—hardly a man could be seen to fall. The reason was this:

"When the enemy had come within about a quarter of a mile of our works, they reached a gradual ascent of perhaps fifteen degrees which extended the rest of the way to our works. As they came up the slope each platoon closed up the gaps from right and left that were made in the ranks, and consequently those who fell were immediately covered up and hidden from our view by the oncoming hosts. But when they turned and were retreating down the slope how different it was! We could see them falling everywhere and always face downward, their backs then being toward us. It is a fact that a man shot and falling with his face from the observer can always be seen more distinctly than if he falls with his face toward the observer.

"After the repulse the enemy's sharpshooters on Shepherd's Mountain, west of our works, kept up their fire until it was too dark to see, and our artillery and small arms were busy as long as any game was visible. I saw only three men killed inside the

fort; one by a cannon ball that passed through the lower part of his abdomen; another John Tesserau, Co. F, Fiftieth Missouri Infantry, I believe, shot through the heart a short time before night; and poor, brave Carroll Dennis, Co. K, Third M. S. M. Cavalry, who, after swabbing a thirty-two pounder gun all day, was killed at his gun at last with his swab and rammer in his hand. Cornelius O'Shea was knocked down by a passing ball or shell and thought to be killed. After a short time Sergeant Evans looked around, and seeing Cornelius winking his eyes, called out,

"'Are you hurt?'

"'Hurt? H—l fire!' answered Cornelius. 'I am killed,—killed outright!'

"After a moment he got up and went to his post at his gun. He is living today (1904), so he can answer for himself. There was, however, one man sitting in the fort after the firing ceased, who had been hit in the forehead about the edge of his hair, the ball cutting a furrow up toward the crown, through which the brains could be seen pulsating and oozing out. I do not know to what command he belonged, nor do I know whether he died, though I suppose he did."

Though the troops occupying the north rifle-pit were not in a position to view the assaults as clearly as those stationed in the south rifle-pit and in the

fort itself, their fire, partially enfilading Fagan's charging lines, undoubtedly did great execution and aided materially in repulsing the attacks. Dr. Sam B. Rowe, Quartermaster-Sergeant of the Forty-seventh Missouri Volunteer Infantry,—and later lieutenant and quartermaster of the same regiment,—speaks as follows of the incidents in the north rifle-pit in which he participated:

"It was the first time I had been under fire in a pitched battle and the usual panoramic review of my past life was hurriedly gone through. It was about all a man's life was worth to raise his head above the breastworks long enough to aim and fire, for at the foot of Shepherd's Mountain,—in a ravine and behind some stumps of large trees which had been felled,—some sharpshooters had taken their places and their fire was so deadly that they kept one gun, on the angle of the fort nearest them, silenced for some time by picking off the gunners. The grand charge, led by the Confederate Generals Fagan and Cabell, was made on the south side of the fort, opposite to where I was; therefore I did not participate in their repulse. But during that charge I saw an act of bravery on the part of a sergeant which was truly admirable. Four horses attached to a caisson of the light artillery became stampeded and ran from the shelter of the fort out into the open where the bullets were flying thick.

We saw that the horses would be killed or captured but this sergeant leaped out of the rifle-pit, coolly ran and caught the lead team by the bits, and led them all back in safety behind the fort.

"During the progress of the battle one particular Confederate sharpshooter found a position behind the stump of a tree, which forked about three feet from the ground, immediately in front of that part of the northern rifle-pit where I was stationed. It was near the angle of the fort where so many gunners had been killed around their pieces. A storming party had driven most of the sharpshooters away, but this man remained, practicing his marksmanship chiefly on the gunners. Lieutenant Fessler, of the artillery, called to us in the rifle-pit to keep shooting at the stump. We did so. He then loaded the gun with a solid shot and aimed and fired it at the stump, striking it near the ground. The sharpshooter ran in a straight line from us up the hill, and three of us, who had been watching for this, fired at him simultaneously. He fell forward on a small pile of brush and did not rise. A month later, when our regiment had returned to Pilot Knob from Rolla, I walked over that part of the field and found where we had seen the sharpshooter fall an unburied Confederate soldier, his body badly decomposed. Behind the stump from which he had fired so often were lying nearly a hatful of empty shells of about thirty-eight calibre.

"I saw one gun, which had been trained on a Confederate battery on top of Shepherd's Mountain, dismounted from the recoil on account of the elevation at which it was aimed. The small end of that gun, with my blanket spread over it, served me as a pillow for a few hours that night,—hours during which I slept soundly. No other incidents of the battle particularly impress my memory, except seeing Lieutenant Murphy, our adjutant, on the parapet of the fort, cheering the men during the enemy's assault on the other side."

Another soldier, Peter Shrum, of the Forty-seventh Missouri, who was in the north rifle-pit, says:

"About one or two o'clock, to the best of my recollection, the Confederate cavalry came swarming up the valley as if they were going to sweep everything before them. They charged right up to the fort and shouted like all possessed for us to surrender. But did we surrender? I think not! Our men opened fire on them with the large siege guns and the small arms, just mowing them down and sending them back faster than they came. From where I was all day,—in the north rifle-pit,—I could see them as they were coming up the valley and retreating down it; but when they were close to the fort the latter hid them from our view. I had had

no supper the night before and had been standing on post all night so by noon I was beginning to feel pretty hungry. A gentleman by the name of Ball, who kept a store near the depot, brought us a quantity of bacon and crackers and divided it among us. Twice during the day he came along carrying an armload of plug tobacco with which he walked along beside the rifle-pit, tossing it to us and saying:

"'Divide it out, boys. I had rather you would have it than the Rebels.'

"During the day I saw Adjutant Murphy walking around on top of the fort, cheering his men and shouting defiance at the enemy, and I said to the boys:

"'He reminds me of what the Indian said about General Washington: "Washington never was born to be killed by a bullet, for I have taken good aim and fired seventeen fair shots at him with my rifle and never touched him!"'

"The firing was kept up until late in the evening, though about sunset everything seemed quiet. Thaddeus C. Mansker, of our company, I, of the Forty-seventh Missouri, climbed out of the rifle-pit and up on top of the bank and instantly about a half-dozen shots were fired at him from the foot of Shepherd's Mountain. He ripped out a big oath and called the enemy some hard names. But he jumped down in the pit again very quick and fired back at them; then shouted out, 'I'll quit! I'll quit!'

"I do not recollect hearing any more firing that evening. About dark we were called inside the fort, where I saw a dead man lying on the crossing of the moat,—the first and only one of our men whom I saw that had been killed."

As has been made evident in some of the foregoing narratives, regularly enlisted volunteers and militia were not the only ones who participated in the gallant defense of Fort Davidson and in the fighting around it. Many citizens of the surrounding towns and country also took arms on the approach of Price and contributed to the stubborn resistance which he encountered. One of these was the Reverend D. A. Wilson, who, until December, 1863, had been Chaplain of the Eighth Regiment, M. S. M., but who, at the time of the battle, was pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Ironton. He proved himself a veritable "fighting parson," and his recollections of the struggle are interesting, not only because they embody the clear observations of a brave man in the midst of danger and turmoil, but because they disclose elements in the composition of the garrison of Fort Davidson which are unique. Mr. Wilson, on the evening of September 26th, bade good-by to his family at their home in Ironton, shouldered his shotgun, the only weapon he possessed, and rode to Fort Davidson in an ambulance, his sole companion being the body of a dead Union

soldier, William H. Rector, Co. I, Third M. S. M. Cavalry, who had been killed near the Ironton courthouse. Mr. Wilson writes:

"Early on the morning of the 27th firing was renewed, our men falling back toward the Knob. Soon my house was directly between the hostile lines and, of course, much exposed. The house being frame and presenting but slight resistance to even musketry, my wife surrounded a bed with mattresses and under it she and the children took refuge. Curiosity, however, was stronger than fear and now and then they would rush to the windows to see how the battle was progressing. Before eight o'clock the enemy planted a battery on the road to the Knob, where a stream crosses it, about three hundred yards from the fort. A few balls from the battery flew over our heads, doing no damage, yet as they passed I found myself greeting them with a respectful bow. One of our thirty-two pounders, having got the range at its third discharge, the enemy's battery was silenced and removed. It was taken round Shepherd's Mountain and planted on the north side, a little over the crest, in line with the rifle-pit which extended somewhat west of south from the fort. The intention, no doubt, was to rake the rifle-pit; but as the guns were so much higher their plunging fire did little damage.

"There was considerable skirmishing, both near

the Knob and on the mountain, between some small parties from the fort and the enemy. It was while this was going on that the Reverend Mr. Rowland, a Presbyterian minister in Wayne County, near Patterson, was wounded slightly in the foot and taken prisoner. After being marched before a Confederate colonel, the latter ordered him to take off his white shirt, saying that no man should wear a better shirt than he. Without shirt or coat, a gunny sack was the only covering the minister had for his body during the chilly night, while his lodging was the damp ground. Made prisoner Tuesday afternoon, he had nothing to eat until Wednesday night, and then only corn filched from the horses. Friday morning, at Potosi, when ordered to march he hailed an officer and told him how he had fared. Expressing surprise, the latter at once gave orders that he and others be taken to the remains of a beef which had been slaughtered, and allowed to help themselves. At the Osage River he broke down and, being unable to go further, a major of the Confederate force gave him a discharge, as if he had been one of their number. He found kind treatment in the home of a hospitable German, who entertained him for a week or more until he was able to travel and, withal, gave him an overcoat,—plain, indeed, but a great treasure to him in his nakedness at that season. It was nearly three

weeks before he got back to Ironton, making his home for a few days at my house.

"Dismissing this episode, I will resume my narrative of the fight. It was about mid-afternoon when the real battle began. Three brigades from different points,—east, south, and southwest,—advanced simultaneously on the fort. Only the one from the south almost reached it. The engagement was sharp, short, and decisive. At long range, heavy shot were employed, but as the enemy came nearer, grape and canister were substituted. The heavy artillery, with some field pieces hastily mounted, under the brave and skilful command of Colonel Murphy, together with the small arms, poured in a stream of lead and iron so deadly that the men, heedless of the urging of their officers, halted; whereupon a retreat was ordered and the heavy firing ceased. The south side of the fort was so fully occupied by our men that I had no opportunity to use my shot-gun with effect; and I did not, as I saw some do, fire into the air aiming at the upper sky. I chanced to meet General Ewing, and he said to me:

" 'Why are you not at the parapet?'

"The only body of the enemy then in view was a brigade of cavalry, some three hundred yards distant, making for the railroad north of town. Holding out my shotgun, I replied:

" 'Will this reach them?'—indicating the enemy.

"He had nothing more to say; but I went to the parapet.

"Several incidents which occurred during the heat of the engagement indelibly impressed themselves upon my mind. At the big gun on the east side one of the gunners was struck by a cannon ball from the battery on Shepherd's Mountain. The roof of his skull was blown clear off, yet he was not instantly killed. Some moments after, ere the soul departed, I saw the palpitating brain. On the north side, after the repulse, while the crew was loading a cannon, the cartridge exploded. Instantly one of the men at the gun's mouth was stripped naked as when he was born and the next instant his whole body was crimson. Poor fellow, how he did scream! In a little while his head was swollen to a monstrous size. Yet this man recovered.

"During the fight one of our soldiers, a young fellow, was shot in the ankle. It was a painful wound. When I saw him he was in the shelter of an earthwork and pleading for men to take him to the hospital, though to do so would expose them to a murderous fire. Yes, yes; it needs more than soldier clothes to make a soldier!

"In contrast with these incidents was another, occurring at almost the same time, showing how near akin are smiles and tears. One of my elders, Mr. Delano, in the hottest of the fight had taken

shelter under a caisson with some others. As General Ewing was passing by he saw them and said harshly:

" 'What are you doing here?'

"Quick as thought, Delano replied: 'We are supporting the artillery!'

"There was some desultory firing after the repulse. Some sharpshooters lying in the shelter of the banks of the stream, south and west of the fort, and some still further away in the open continued blazing away for some time. A citizen by the name of Mason, as I afterward learned,—who some years later became Judge of the County Court,—was taking deliberate aim with his squirrel rifle when a ball cut through the rather abundant flesh of his throat, and the blood spurted out in a stream apparently as large as the orifice made by the bullet. His chief concern seemed to be to save his white shirt, for he leaned over and still over until he was actually on all fours. At the rate the blood was flowing he must have bled to death in a minute. Seeing his critical case, I went to him and said:

" 'My man, you must hold up your head.'

"I raised him up and led him behind an earthwork. Laying him there with his head raised, I tied my red silk handkerchief round his neck. As the bleeding was stanched I saw no more of him until, going to the hospital about nine o'clock that night, the first man I recognized was he, wearing

my handkerchief and ministering to others worse wounded than himself.

"Some time after nightfall, I heard General Ewing say:

" 'There should be a party sent out to gather arms.'

"I at once proposed to several of my parishioners that we go out. I brought in two loads,—fourteen muskets in all. The morning had been rainy. After noon the sun came out and it was warm. In making the charge, the men had thrown off their coats and when night came they were chilled, lying on the damp ground. To lessen the cold the wounded men had crawled together in piles, like pigs. When on the battle ground I met the hospital steward and Captain Zwart, of the Provost Marshal's office at Ironton, who were busy taking wounded men,—friends or foes,—to the hospital. The large hotel at the Knob had been taken for that purpose. Its lower floor was already covered with wounded men, laid on the bare boards. Going from one to another, I found one man unable to speak. I soon discovered that he had been shot in the face, that the lower jaw had been broken, and the end of his tongue cut off, the ball having passed out through the left cheek. Finding his mouth filled with clotted blood, I took out a handful, when, in deep, guttural tones he cried:

" 'Water! Water!'

"When brought, it was greedily drunk. But while this gave relief, it again started the bleeding, requiring that his mouth be cleared a second time. Weeks afterward I met the man in Ironton. Greeting him, I said:

" 'Well, I suppose you have had enough of fighting?'

" 'No,' he replied. 'I'd fight 'em ag'in.'

"It was only then that I found he was a Union man from the country, like myself, a volunteer for the nonce."

In the midst of the assault on the south and east faces of the fort, a Confederate cavalry force charged into the town of Pilot Knob from the west, creating some confusion in the Union rear. Of this charge Colonel Fletcher speaks as follows:

"We had put our infantry into the trenches outside the fort, Maupin taking command of the force on the south side, and I taking the other side and supporting two field-pieces outside the fort. Just as the enemy's main assault was repulsed General Ewing,—fearing that we could not hold the trenches against a cavalry force led by Colonel Alonzo W. Slayback, which came around Shepherd's Mountain and dashed toward us from the west,—ordered us into the fort and through the sally-port and moat, so up over the parapets we clambered. When

we turned our artillery on the cavalry force of Slayback it swung around to the northward along the base of Cedar Mountain. Meanwhile the assaulting force had risen up again and made one more desperate dash at the fort, and though broken by our terrific musketry, still came on,—on up to within twenty yards of the moat, then fell away like the receding wave on an ocean's beach. Meanwhile the enemy had taken a battery up to Shepherd's Mountain and in two or three shots got the range of the fort, exploding a shell which in turn exploded a caisson, killing or badly wounding five of our men."

To this account, Col. David Murphy adds the following details:

"While preparations were being made for the last assault, Colonel Slayback had been ordered to pass around the Knob, capture the town, and make a demonstration in our rear so as to cut off the line of retreat. This movement was successful. The town was captured, and the Confederate cavalry passed on around the base of Cedar Mountain and threatened the force occupying the rifle-pit and the field artillery covering its terminus. It seems that this demonstration created a panic in the ranks of the artillery detachment; for it was soon observed that just opposite the sally-port of the fort an aban-

doned six-horse team, attached to a field-gun, was in mad flight and was dashing down in the direction of Ironton. If this flight had continued the piece would have been carried into the ranks of the enemy.

"In later years I received from the son of General Ewing an inquiry as to who were the men that saved the piece. I answered by referring him to Colonel Fletcher, then living at Washington, D. C., and at the same time I wrote to Colonel Fletcher, telling him that I had referred the writer to him for information. The following letter, giving an account of this episode in the battle, ought to dispose of all questions as to the facts in the case:

"'WASHINGTON, D. C., April 18, 1896.

"'MY DEAR COLONEL: Yours of the 16th inst. is at hand. Certainly I recollect, as though it occurred yesterday, that day at Pilot Knob, and the fact of the horses of one of the pieces of Montgomery's battery, stationed near the church at the end of our ditch, becoming frightened, breaking away and dashing down our line. I was out in the ditch at the time and General Ewing was up on the parapet of the fort ordering me and everybody on our side of the fort to catch them, when you appeared on the scene and arrested the flight of the horses and got on one of them and took the horses and the piece of artillery to the fort. It was a very daring act and few men could have accomplished it, even if they had been willing to take the risk. It was to me a very exciting incident and I once wrote of it, and my description of it was published in some newspaper about the latter part of 1864.

"'Yours truly,

"'THOS. C. FLETCHER.

"'COL. DAVID MURPHY,
St. Louis, Mo.'"

The fact appears to be that both guns and both caissons of Lieutenant Simonton's section of Montgomery's battery were stampeded north of the fort and, rushing down toward the enemy's lines, were stopped and brought back safely by various men, who all displayed great courage in so exposing themselves. The teams attached to one of the guns were evidently stopped by Colonel Murphy, while those attached to one of the caissons were halted by Sergt. William A. Bucher, Co. D, Fourteenth Iowa. Capt. William C. F. Montgomery, commanding Battery H, Second Missouri Light Artillery, accounts for another of the guns in his official report of the battle,[3] in which he says that when the enemy began the charge:

"Lieutenant Simonton opened fire on their lines advancing from the side of Shepherd's Mountain, scattering and breaking their lines successively, while the four guns inside did excellent firing with shell until the rebels charged within one hundred and fifty yards. We then used canister, double charge. The enemy's lines came within thirty paces of the fort. Lieutenant Simonton held his position, doing excellent service, until the enemy were within sixty yards of the fort. He was then ordered inside. Just as the lead team of the right piece

[3] "Official Records, War of the Rebellion," Series I, Vol. XLI, Part I, Page 459.

reached the gate the two lead horses were shot down, the driver was wounded and the piece blocked up the gap so that it was impossible to get the section inside. Lieutenant Simonton ordered all the men to take care of themselves. The men all came in except one, who was captured. The horses were beginning to stampede, when I ordered the men to shoot the horses with their revolvers. The animals were soon disabled so that they could not take any gun carriages away. These men then used their pistols and muskets until the battle was nearly over, when they cut the horses loose and brought in some of the guns and some of the horses. During the charge I lost, in killed, one sergeant, Isaiah B. West, and three privates, E. F. Hall, James M. Lee, and William F. Lee. We had three men accidentally burned and three wounded, but none of them seriously; all will soon recover. At sunset the firing ceased and the wounded were taken to the hospital and the dead properly cared for. During the engagement I lost forty horses killed and wounded."

Lieut. J. A. Rice, Co. L, Second M. S. M. Cavalry, who, with some men of his company, was cut off by the Confederates on Pilot Knob Mountain, later encountered Colonel Slayback's advance on the railroad north of Pilot Knob. Of their experiences Lieutenant Rice says:

"The enemy cut me off and swung around Major Wilson, driving me down into the valley by the furnace and near the stock-pen. I and three of my company, who were captured, remained prisoners but a short time. A crowd of the enemy's soldiers was around us when a mounted officer came and ordered them to follow him and charge the fort. The men who had us in charge ordered us not to move but to remain where we were until they returned for us. Of course I promised anything just then. They had gotten fifty yards away when we ran for the stock-pen and made our escape, getting to our horses northeast of the fort. Here I found Lieutenant Smith and about fifteen men of my company. While we were wondering what to do, about one hundred cavalry came charging toward us north of the hospital. We made for the culvert on the railroad and there checked them for a moment, but they soon started us on the run. Here I had one man and one horse slightly wounded.

"We soon caught up with about seventy-five soldiers and citizens accompanying thirteen large Government wagons, loaded with women and children. A more badly panic-stricken lot of people I have never seen. The enemy came up, fired on the crowd, and killed one teamster, William Madkins, Co. F, Forty-seventh Missouri Infantry. I finally succeeded in getting ahead of the fugitives with the assistance of Lieutenant Smith and a few soldiers.

I stopped the remainder of the soldiers and formed a line, and when the enemy reached us we gave them the best we had. This checked them. They followed us beyond Middlebrook, three miles from Pilot Knob, then gave up the chase.

"We continued up the railroad, arriving near Irondale about one hour after dark. Here I halted, undecided what to do. A citizen named Price volunteered to go into Irondale and find out if it would be safe for us to venture further. After being away for about an hour, he returned and informed me that a whole brigade of the enemy was passing through the town. I then concluded that we should make our way to De Soto, if possible. I had all the mules cut loose from the wagons, and the men, armed as well as possible, mounted them; and we started out through the woods and over the hills, avoiding all public roads. We marched until about two o'clock in the morning when, having become completely exhausted, we halted in a low place and everybody except myself was soon asleep. Before long I heard what seemed to be a large force of cavalry coming toward us. They passed by so near me that I could see their forms and hear their voices. After they were out of hearing, I called up my men and we started again, for we were within one hundred yards of a road.

"We marched all of that day with but little trouble. We arrived in De Soto that evening at

about four o'clock. When I reported to Gen. A. J. Smith, the latter caused us to be furnished with food for men and horses. We had then gone for three days and nights without tasting food."

NIGHT ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE

Quartermaster-Sergt. Sam B. Rowe, Forty-seventh Missouri; James W. Nations, Co. F, Fiftieth Missouri, and Col. Thomas C. Fletcher, Forty-seventh Missouri, vividly describe the scene as darkness fell over the battlefield and the ambulances and stretcher-bearers went forth on their sad duty of rescuing the wounded. Says Doctor Rowe:

"After darkness had set in, and the firing had ceased, and it seemed to be taken for granted that it would not be resumed that night, I walked out over the field south of the fort which the enemy had crossed in his charge. I had seen pictures and read descriptions of the carnage of a battlefield, none of which surpassed what I saw there. Ambulances with lanterns were driving hither and thither, taking up the wounded, and the men who accompanied the ambulances had to drag the dead away to avoid having the ambulances run over them. That was the sight I saw, extending from the edge of the ditch that surrounded the fort to a distance of three hundred yards in the direction of Ironton and over a space nearly a hundred yards wide. Since the war I have frequently talked

with Maj. William C. Kelley, and with Captain Peck, who were engaged in the battle on the Confederate side, and they admitted a loss of fifteen hundred killed and wounded in the battle."

Mr. Nations says:

"Night came on, all firing ceased and everything seemed as still as death. The contrast between the silence and the turmoil of the day just passed was so great as to be almost painful. We now had time for serious reflection. Dead men were at hand; almost at my feet was a large mass of coagulated blood, doubtless from a brave gunner. Everybody and everything, it seemed to me, exhibited an aspect of sadness and melancholy,—a reaction from the excitement of the day. The iron furnace was burning brightly, and although it was probably a quarter of a mile away, it 'gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.' Shortly after night I happened to notice a meeting between General Ewing and Colonel Fletcher.

"The General said:

" 'Have you any suggestions to make?'

" 'I believe not,' Colonel Fletcher replied; and they passed on.

"We then laid ourselves down and forgot everything while we slept and rested our weary limbs for a few hours."

After the repulse, says Captain Campbell, of the Fourteenth Iowa,

"General Ewing instructed me to separate my command from the other troops, as we had become mixed up during the fight, and told me to move them to the west side of the works and give them a chance to cool off. After we had changed our position and stacked arms the men were ordered to break ranks and rest. General Ewing soon after came to me and asked:

" 'Captain, what do you call this,—a big battle or not? I have been in three or four small skirmishes and in three or four big political fights. That has been the extent of my fighting. But you have been on several hard-fought battlefields.'

" 'General,' I replied, 'taking into account the small force on our side and the immense odds against us, this is the hottest battle I was ever in.'

"He expressed pleasure at my reply and explained that as he had been assigned as Post Commander at St. Louis, he had seen but little field service. This frank acknowledgment, coming from General Ewing himself to one of his subordinate officers, showed a generous and brave spirit in the man, and it raised him higher in my estimation as the gallant gentleman he proved himself to be.

"While I was in conversation with General Ewing, one of my corporals came and asked my permission

to fire off his musket so that he might wipe it out. I granted his request; and he then said:

" 'Shall I fire it toward the enemy?'

" 'No,' I replied, 'fire up in the air. The enemy might return the fire and bring on another engagement.'

"He did as I told him, and was called a coward by a lieutenant of militia, who further remarked:

" 'There are no rebels up in the sky, you d—n fool.'

"Sergeant Bucher, who commanded Co. D, Fourteenth Iowa, after Lieutenant Thompson was wounded, pulled out his revolver and demanded of the militia officer that he withdraw his remarks or be killed. I went over to them and asked what was the trouble. On being informed, I told the lieutenant that the corporal was obeying my orders, and that neither he nor anyone else could call my men cowards. General Ewing then came up and told the lieutenant that if he made any more such remarks he would be placed under arrest; then, turning to the men in the fort, his cap in his hand, he went on:

" 'I want it distinctly understood that this battalion of the Fourteenth Iowa saved this work.'

"Thereupon I called my men to attention and cried:

" 'Three cheers for General Ewing!'

"The cheers were given with a hearty good-will;

after which General Ewing ordered me to take charge of the works, post sentries, lower away the gate, assist the surgeons and their attendants in caring for the wounded, and pass them through the gate to the hospital located in the town, and to allow no one to pass in or out without my permission.

"We had forty or fifty wounded inside the fort. One of the surgeons, returning from the hospital for more wounded, told me he had talked with a Confederate officer, who had said to him:

" ' "You have punished us severely; we have lost fifteen hundred killed and wounded this afternoon. But we are making three hundred scaling ladders and will go over your works after daylight." '

"Private Reeder, of Co. D, asked my permission to pass outside the fort and look for trophies. I said to him:

" 'Do you intend molesting the dead or wounded? If you have any such idea as that in mind, I would not let you out on any account.'

"He gave me his word of honor not to abuse the privilege and I passed him out. In a short time he returned with a Confederate flag which he had picked up outside the works. The flag consisted of a blue field and seven cross stars, with three bars, red, white and red. It bore no name to designate its regiment. Reeder handed it to me, saying:

" 'Captain, I will present this to you.'

"I accepted it, after inquiring whether he did not

wish to retain it himself. Its loss plainly indicated that the Confederates had been roughly handled in the fight."

Colonel Fletcher relates:

"When the final desperate charge had been fully repulsed, the last ray of the setting sun had faded from the mountain top and the evening shadows were beginning to fall in the valley. The firing ceased; not a shot was heard; the silence was broken only by the groans of the wounded who lay everywhere on the field. The enemy was scattered in the gullies, ravines, and behind logs,—in every place of concealment,—waiting the coming of darkness to cover their retreat. Murphy was still full of fight and feeling glorious over success; so he mounted the redoubt and proceeded to address the audience in our front as it lay in concealment, daring and defying them to come on, and, in a voice so loud that it woke the echoes of the mountains, reflecting upon their courage and parentage. Out of admiration for his daring they refused to shoot him, as they easily could have done. Night came on, Surgeon Carpenter organized his corps of assistants, among whom was Dr. James R. McCormick, and we proceeded to care as best we could for the wounded; both our own and the Confederates who were left on the field near the fort. The dead were left where

they fell. The Confederate killed and wounded, as the count was subsequently given to me by persons who made it, numbered 1,468, and long after the battle a number of bodies that had not been included in the count, were found on the mountain sides. Our loss in killed and wounded up to that time had been: twenty-two killed and mortally wounded, forty wounded, and sixty-seven missing,—the latter having been made prisoners, for the greater part."

Colonel Murphy gives a touching incident which occurred after the fight ended.

"'Captain Jim,' as we called the leader of the colored contingent in the fort," says Col. Murphy, "was stretched upon his back near the sally-port. Observing this I spoke to him, urging him to prepare for a retreat as we had accomplished all that was to be done. He replied:

"'Major, I'm done for; there will be no retreat for me. I'm shot through my groin. But, Major, I die contented when I look up at the peak of that staff and see that glorious flag still floating, waving its answer to the cheers of victory. I am willing to die, knowing that I was one of its defenders.'

"I told him that he should not die,—that he should live to enjoy the fruits of our glorious victory; and without further delay I walked across the plain to the town of Pilot Knob, where was located

the hospital in charge of Dr. Seymour D. Carpenter, U. S. V. I told him of the disability of 'Captain Jim,' and I was furnished with a stretcher and a man to assist and direct his removal from the fort to the hospital. We lifted 'Jim' gently and carefully. I carried one end of the stretcher to the hospital, and there Dr. Carpenter promised me that he would use all his skill to save the life of the brave negro."

THE EVACUATION

Colonel Fletcher tells of the council of war at which it was decided by General Ewing and his principal officers to take the desperate hazard of attempting to cut a way through Price's encircling army rather than to surrender. He writes:

"We consulted together as to what we would do: Ewing, Maupin, Murphy, John W. Emerson and also Ewing's staff-officers, Capt. Charles S. Hills and Maj. H. H. Williams, of the Tenth Kansas Volunteers. The two latter officers were good soldiers and men of excellent judgment, and they stood deservedly high in the confidence of General Ewing. We knew that the severe loss we had inflicted on the enemy would be avenged if we remained till the next day; we knew that General Mower was somewhere in Price's rear but we did not know where or when he would reach us, if at all; we knew that A. J. Smith was almost within hearing of our artillery, and we felt that if we had one division of his veteran corps then and there to sally out upon the enemy in his demoralized condition, we could drive the latter back to Arkansas. But we also knew that General Rosecrans would not

send Smith to our assistance for fear of uncovering St. Louis. Here we were, completely surrounded with an overwhelming force, without hope of reenforcement or succor. It was plain that we could not stay there and very nearly as plain that we could not get away. Our only course was conceded to be that we must make the effort to escape and take the chances. All around us were the camp-fires of the enemy; our sole chance was to cut our way through his lines. This we resolved to do.

"While we were making our preparations for the desperate sally a woman came to us bearing a message from Col. Alonzo Slayback, a Confederate officer,—and a kind-hearted and noble man, as many of us learned to know him afterward,—advising us to make terms and surrender as we could not withstand the force that would be brought against us in the morning. He sent this message unofficially and as our friend; he had personal friends among us, Ewing being one of them. We thanked him through the same messenger and informed him that we had determined to fight it out.

"Our preparations being completed, I led my regiment out, having selected one hundred men who had seen most service, and putting Captain McMurtry, of Co. A, in command for the advance. At the furnace, only a few hundred yards from the fort, there was a pile of charcoal as large as the Lindell Hotel in St. Louis, said to have been worth

$80,000.00. It had become ignited by the explosion of shells during the fight and then had stood there,—a vast, white coal of fire, lighting up the whole valley. This annoyed us greatly. Quietly getting my infantry formed by companies, we moved about one o'clock in the morning through the sally-port into the moat and thence out by the entrenchment on the north side of the fort, forming our line in the shadow of the church. Tents and straw were placed on the drawbridge to deaden the sound of the artillery passing over it. The artillery followed the infantry, and the cavalry brought up the rear. Montgomery commanded his artillery and Capt. P. L. Powers, Co. H, Forty-seventh Missouri Infantry, commanded the rear-guard of mounted men.

"It was a solemn hour. A night attack is always fraught with dangers and horror exaggerated by the imagination because unseen; and to my mind the situation was more terrible because we did not know whether we would strike the enemy where his line was weakest or strongest. In low tones the commands were given and repeated along our line, and we went forward in column by twos, route step, arms at will, taking the Caledonia road. On we went, every ear intent to catch the word of 'forward into line' for a charge! Still we went on, unchallenged. On either side of the road the enemy lay about his camp-fires; pickets and sentries stood idly by the fires not twenty rods from our path, mistak-

ing us, no doubt, for a body of their own force moving into position. They gave no evidence whatever of seeing or hearing us.

"We had left in the magazine at the fort about twenty tons of powder and a large quantity of fixed ammunition. General Ewing detailed Sergt. Daniel Flood,[1] of the Third M. S. M. Cavalry, to apply a slow match to it. When we had gone about a mile outside the enemy's lines, suddenly the heavens were lighted up by a grand column of fire ascending hundreds of feet above the mountain tops and making the whole region to reverberate with a sound as though a mighty thunderbolt had riven Pilot Knob from its base to its peak. General Price himself told me after the war was over, as did also Col. William Lawson,—at whose house in Arcadia Price made his headquarters,—that he did not know until eight o'clock next morning that we had evacuated and blown up the fort. His men had spent a great part of the night in making scaling-ladders with which to scale the parapets of the fort the next morning, and when our magazine exploded they thought it had been an accident, and that those of us who had not been killed would at once surrender in the morning."

[1] See account, following, of the explosion of the magazine, written by Captain H. B. Milks, in which he states that the match was applied by Sergeant W. H. Moore, Co. H, Third M. S. M. Cavalry.

Peter Shrum, Co. I, Forty-seventh Missouri Volunteers, tells of his awakening in the small hours of the night to join the retreat. He says:

"From the way we had kept them off all day long I felt no fear but what we could hold the place in spite of them. But when we got in the fort it was dark; and it was some time before I found my company and while I was hunting for them I happened to come upon the officers consulting on what to do and whether to evacuate that night or wait until morning and surrender. When I heard them say there were only a few rounds of ammunition for the large guns I began to think it might be a doubtful case. When I found my company I lay down to take a little rest. Some time during the night,—I suppose, about one o'clock,—Captain Bradley woke us up and told us to get ready to move. The teams were harnessed up, the artillery wheels were muffled, the gates were opened and blankets were spread on the crossing, and the guns were driven out. Captain Bradley led his men out into the moat, then up the rifle-pit to its north end, then took the Caledonia road, and marched on without ever being halted by a picket or encountering any other obstacle. As we went up the valley we could see numerous camp-fires on each side of the road; but everything was quiet. When we had gone what I suppose to have been about three miles, we heard the

magazine blow up. It made a report that beat almost any other I had heard through the day."

Sergt.-Maj. Lewis W. Sutton, of the Fourteenth Iowa, says:

"Soon after the battle General Ewing called a council of his officers. Some of them thought it would be a useless sacrifice of life to renew the battle the next morning and were in favor of surrendering. But Captain Campbell refused to surrender and proposed to fight, if he had none to help him but the few men of his own regiment. When the General heard the sentiments of his officers as to the best policy to pursue and considered the fact that the ammunition was nearly gone, he was left with but one alternative; evacuation. But who could foretell the result? Perhaps the enemy was watching the movements in the fort and would be ready to meet us before all the command could reach open ground. When the council ended it was after midnight and no time was to be lost. Orders were given to prepare for a march. Dr. Carpenter and nurses were left to care for the wounded. The men were told to take what hardtack they could, while Captain Campbell saw that each man had a hundred rounds of ammunition. The artillerymen made ready their guns on muffled wheels and the arrangements were complete. General Ewing assigned to the Four-

teenth Iowa the first position in the column and the honor of leading the way. Captain Campbell gave strict orders to keep in ranks and well did his men understand the situation. The guide led the little army out on a by-road which the enemy had failed to picket. Their camp-fires were seen near by and the sentries in their camps, pacing their beats, but they knew not who were going by. If Captain Campbell had met the enemy he intended to charge and go through any force he might meet. He was looking for the enemy but they were not expecting him. About four o'clock on the morning of the 28th the magazine in the fort blew up with a great explosion, shaking the mountains for miles around and awakening the sleeping enemy in surprise.

"Just after daylight, the General stopped at a house beside the road and inquired of an old lady at the door whether she had seen any troops pass by during the last day or two. She answered:

" 'No.' Then she added, 'I guess you had a big battle yesterday. I could hear the shooting all day, but that big gun you shot off this morning was louder than all the rest.'

"The cavalry advance guard had orders to keep within sight of the column and if they should meet the enemy to fire and charge upon him with a yell in the hope of surprising and driving him."

Capt. H. B. Milks, Co. H, Third M. S. M. Cav-

alry, was in command of the detail left to explode the magazine. He says:

"About nine o'clock p. m., a council of war was convened. The question was: Should we surrender or evacuate? According to army regulations votes were deposited by rank or date of commission. Being the junior officer present, my name was first called. I voted 'evacuate,' and the result was 'evacuate,' by a majority of one. The ballot was secret. All the M. S. M. officers were elated. An order was then issued that absolute silence must prevail, and our movements be kept secret. At that time at a short distance from the fort the iron works and a large pile of charcoal were on fire, and the flames lit up the whole valley as bright as day. Every moment a charge was expected. About ten p. m. the General sent for me. He was alone in his tent, and he whispered in my ear, as nearly as I can remember his words:

" 'The command will evacuate at twelve o'clock. You will detail a lieutenant and twenty men to remain as guard till one o'clock. You will see that the magazine is blown up or destroyed, and you will report in person as soon after as possible.'

"The command moved out on time. Lieutenant Copp, Sergt. W. H. Moore, of my company, and I went down into the magazine, knocked open powder kegs, and made a pile of powder as large as a hay-

cock in the center of the magazine. The room was forty feet long, twelve feet high, and twelve feet wide. A section through the center was filled from bottom to top with kegs of powder and fixed ammunition. No fuse being at hand, a trail was laid from the pile of powder out over the drawbridge. It was then twenty minutes before one. I ordered my men to look around and see if any stray soldiers were still asleep in the fort. Five were found, and it took shaking and some kicking to arouse them. Over the magazine the earth was piled fifteen feet deep, and on it had been laid a dozen corpses robed only in the uniform of the United States. We wondered what could be done with these dead comrades. There was no time to bury them as we had only about five minutes left. Finally we placed them in a row close together on the east side of the magazine and about twelve feet from it. Someone said:

"'When the thing goes up they will be buried with the honors of war, and the rebs won't get their clothes.' [2]

"Sergeant W. H. Moore had taken charge of laying the trail, and he said to me after we had waited for a time:

[2] The caissons of Montgomery's battery, with one hundred rounds of ammunition in them, were also drawn close to the magazine, where they would probably be destroyed, and left there. The six guns of the battery, with limber chests full of ammunition, were taken with the retreating column.

" 'I will go down in the magazine again and see if the trail is all right down the steps.'

Lieutenant Hendricks, Lieutenant Copp and I, with twenty men, stood, mounted, outside the fort about seventy-five feet from the magazine, waiting for Moore to come and set off the trail. Our time was up and still all remained as silent as death. Not a loud word had been uttered; but at last I exclaimed, with some impatience:

" 'Hurry up, Moore! Come and set off the trail.'

"Then the fellow slowly emerged from the entrance to the magazine, motioning backwards over his shoulder with his thumb, and said,

" 'We don't need a trail. There's plenty of fire back here!'

"In an instant, a flame flashed from the entrance. Every man set spurs to his horse and we had only galloped about seventy-five yards when the explosion took place and the heavens were illumined with bursting shells. In the early dawn of the 28th I reported to General Ewing, meeting him in his saddle about one mile east of Caledonia. After a hearty handshake he said:

" 'You will act as chief of cavalry. It will not be practicable to try to make St. Louis as intended. We will attempt now to make Rolla. The artillery will remain in advance. Keep the command closed up and maintain a strong rear-guard."

Sergt. J. A. Shields, Co. M, Third M. S. M. Cavalry, acted as guide to the column on the retreat from Pilot Knob to Caledonia and beyond. Sergeant Shields says:

"Supposing that Gen. A. J. Smith was still at Mineral Point,—where he had been when the last telegraphic communication was held with him,—Mineral Point, of course, became our objective. The General detailed Capt. Hiram A. Rice with twenty men to take the advance. As they were unacquainted with the road from Pilot Knob to Mineral Point, the General called for a guide. No one present volunteered, so Captain Lonergan, who was then Provost Marshal at the Knob, hunted me up and told me that General Ewing wanted a guide to go with the advance guard on the Caledonia road. I told him that I would go, and at once reported to General Ewing and offered my services. It was very dark and raining a little. I took the lead and rode until daylight, with my revolver in my hand, ready to fire on hearing the word 'halt!' But fortunately,—I may say, providentially,—the enemy had failed to place a picket on the Caledonia road; and we went out unmolested. When about three miles out the magazine was blown up."

IN THE WAKE OF CONFLICT

Battle-torn Pilot Knob and the towns of the smiling and peaceful Arcadia Valley were now definitely abandoned to the invaders. We have read much of the men, both soldiers and citizens, who had battled so nobly in defense of the homes and hamlets of that region. But what had been the experiences of the non-combatants, the women and children, who inhabited those homes during the days when the waves of warfare surged about their thresholds, and what befell them after the contending armies had rolled on northward, leaving behind only the pitiful wreckage of battle? In the pages of history the anxieties and sufferings of such helpless victims of circumstances are usually completely lost sight of amid the more thrilling narratives of struggling armies. But fortunately we have preserved for us, in the case of the battle of Pilot Knob, a very touching and accurate account of conditions among the non-combatants of Ironton and Arcadia after the occupation of those villages by the Confederates. It is written by Mrs. C. J. Pitkin, a noble woman who passed through all those trying days, and it deserves a place in its entirety in this composite chronicle of the battle of Pilot Knob. Mrs. Pitkin writes:

"I had been teaching a small school in southeast Missouri during the summer of 1864. The term had expired, and I was enjoying the little time which remained before going to Illinois to visit my sister, Mrs. Cyrus Russell, and her family. Reports had come to us from time to time that the Confederates were about to make a raid upon Arcadia Valley, but we jeered at the idea of their visiting a place so well fortified as Pilot Knob. Time passed on until the Sabbath, September 25th. My sister, her husband, Cyrus Russell, and two children went to church as usual,—quite a distance,—leaving me in charge with the baby, a little girl of two summers.

"Very quiet and beautiful the day seemed and, becoming tired of the monotony, I began to look for the return of the carriage, when, like a clap of thunder, came the boom of cannon. Such a sound would have startled me at any time, but on this sacred day it was fearful. I ran to the gate with little Sarah, who looked into my face doubtfully, but I could see nothing, not even the pickets who were stationed but a few rods up the road. It was not long, however, before the family returned, and I ran to meet my sister, whose pale and anxious face told more plainly than words that danger was near. She hurriedly informed me that the enemy was within nine miles of us. Every citizen was ordered to the front, two miles distant. Julius Dicahagan, the orphan boy, put the horses in the stable.

while Mr. Russell, after giving us a hearty good-by, mounted his horse and, with a gun and a blanket-shawl, rode away.

"Then we began to realize our situation,—alone, without protection. But there was no time to lose. We must in some way secure our valuables. We hastily gathered watches, silver, and other articles of value, and putting them in a box, locked and placed it in an old Dutch oven down cellar where were already six boxes of delicious honey, taken up only a day or two before. After filling up the opening with pieces of stove-pipe, old rubbish, etc., we ascended the stairs and, gathering the children about us, sat down in silence to await our fate. What a time of suspense it was! Hour after hour passed, and still we were not disturbed. Near sundown Mr. Russell came home with the cheering information that it was all a farce. The fact was that our scouts, coming in from a reconnoissance, had fired upon the pickets to see if they knew their duty and would prove faithful. And so faithful were they that in a very short time everything was made ready for battle. We retired to rest in peace; but the shock we had received was sufficient to disturb our dreams.

"The day following we went about our accustomed duties and, it being Monday, we washed, as do all good housekeepers on that day. After dinner, our work over, we dressed for the afternoon

and, with light hearts, sat with our sewing in the cool sitting-room, giving now and then a glance of satisfaction at the well-washed linen on the line and laughing over our fright of the day before. The children had asked and obtained permission to go over to Uncle William's to play with their cousins. Mr. Russell was making sorghum molasses in the back yard.

"At two o'clock we heard a strange, clattering noise and, looking from the window, noticed a perfect cloud of dust arising above the hedge which hid the road from view. A strange feeling crept over me as I ran through the hall into the front room to look into the road. Here a sight which I can never forget met my eyes. The first thing I saw was the unmistakable Rebel flag, and this was followed by some four hundred cavalrymen. I instantly thought of Mr. Russell, who at this very moment was still ignorant of the peril he was in. My sister hastened to him, urging him to conceal himself as it was too late for him to reach the fort. He had but a moment in which to give her his pocketbook, containing fifty dollars in money. This she concealed in the bosom of her dress. Forgetting his watch, he went up-stairs and lay down upon the bed. He had not been in good health for some time. Of course, concealment was out of the question and this was all done on the instant.

"In the meantime the Confederates had been busy

letting down fences and striding here and there until the yard was full of them. My sister noticed the return of her children, who, pale with fright, said they had met the soldiers, who told them to go home for there was to be a battle there in a few moments. Just then two men entered the house with their pistols cocked and, with an oath, demanded where the Union man of the house was. My sister said she would not tell them,—they could search for themselves. By this time others had come in; they went down cellar, into the bedrooms, opening drawers, pulling beds to pieces and carrying out all they could shoulder of bedding, clothing, etc. One of the number came from the cellar with a pie in one hand and a huge piece of honey in the other, shouting to his comrades to help themselves, there was plenty left, and he reckoned this was headquarters.

"Of course they were not long in discovering my brother-in-law and, with a fiendish yell, they pushed him down the stairs, demanding his money, at the same time searching his pockets. Disappointed at the result, they jerked his watch from the guard and drove him out of his own door. My sister followed him to the door, her baby clinging to her, and saw one of them strike him on the head with the butt of a pistol. As she saw the blood flow down over his face she screamed:

" 'They have killed him! They have killed him! My God, they have killed my husband!'

"In her frenzy, she begged them to save her husband's hat, which one of them had appropriated, it being much better than his own. They had already taken every other vestige of clothing belonging to him, one entire suit besides shirts, boots, shoes, and everything. But even the hat was refused her.

"We noticed that they were in a great hurry, apparently retreating. One of them asked me how many men we had at the fort. I replied that I could not tell but had heard that we were to have a reenforcement of fifty thousand! With a whistle, they left and backed off toward the woods and we shouted for joy as the shells came screaming from our fort and our blue-coats made their appearance. On they came, in full chase, and in that moment we felt that we were safe. Well for us that we were ignorant of the smallness of our forces and the magnitude of those of the enemy, else we would indeed have sickened.

"We had time now to look about us; and what did we see? There was not a room nor a nook nor a corner which had not been visited; trunks were turned upside down; every bureau drawer was emptied of its contents; every article of food eaten or carried off; the orchard stripped of its fruits; the farm wagon and five horses taken; the carriage cut to pieces.

"'Well,' sighed my sister, 'we will go over to William's and see how they have fared.'

"We found that he, more fortunate than his brother, had escaped to the fort, with only a stray shot sent after him. His house and its surroundings were in much the same condition as our own. We found Ruth in a state of great anxiety, alone with her children and a colored girl. She urged us to remain; but sister said she must return home, consenting, however, that I should remain until Wash O'Connor,—an orphan boy living with them,—should come home from school. She could not have been gone fifteen minutes before we heard voices outside and, going to the door, we met one of our men, who said:

" 'You had better run; we are likely to have a skirmish right here.'

"The mother took her baby in her arms while I led the boy, followed by the colored girl, Betsy. My first impulse was to go right home; but on reaching the yard we found the road full of soldiers, our men in front and the enemy in the rear. We ran with all our might,—the bullets whizzing over our heads,—across the fields in the direction of the home of Mr. Russell's father, Cyrus Russell, Sr. Several times our strength gave out, and we stumbled and fell, but did not dare to look back. We soon got to our feet, and after crossing four lots, we reached the house, only to find it locked and the inmates gone. We then tried to get to the road in front but found it blockaded, so we had to cross

another lot before we came to the next house, Mr. Guild's, where we found an open doorway into which we rushed, panting for breath.

"Here we found representatives of six families. They were eager to learn our story, but we could hardly speak from fright and exhaustion, and were not able to express ourselves intelligently for some time. Night came on, and with it 'a darkness that might be felt.' Supper was prepared by Mrs. Guild; but there was little inclination to eat. Neither could we sleep. Without everything was dreadfully still, and it was a relief when at length the door opened and Major Wilson entered. He was a man of few words, and as he quietly wrote a dispatch to a brother officer, one of our number discovered a wound on his head which had apparently received no attention. Mrs. Guild offered to bathe his head; and after he had had a cup of tea he left as quietly as he had come. Again we were alone, to struggle through the night of suspense.

"It seemed a month before the first light of day appeared, showing us that our men had retreated to the fort under cover of the darkness, while as far as the eye could reach, we beheld Confederate cavalry. Oh, what a sight! The enemy everywhere! They came pouring in over the hills from all points,—a procession without end. According to instructions given us the night before, we descended to the cellar, each one bearing some article

which might be of service during the day; bread, water, chairs, bedding for the little ones, etc. The firing had already commenced, and we could hear the tramp of horses mingled with the voices of the enemy as they continued to pass. To look into one another's faces only increased our anxiety; for despair was written upon every countenance. Toward noon one or two of us ventured up the stairway to look out and, as the firing had become less frequent, the rest followed.

"Right in front of the house a motley crowd was feasting upon a load of provisions left there the night before by our men. Surely these Southerners were hungry, and so wolfish did they appear with their grabbing that for the first time we were made to smile at the ridiculous figures they cut. We could see others pillaging from Dr. Griffith's house and from Mother Russell's, which had both been deserted. Mother Russell, who was with us, said she was going to make an effort to get home. I wanted to go to my sister and Ruth said we would go together. Just then a soldier, whose face was so honest and frank that we felt we could trust him, stopped before the window. I judged he was not eighteen years of age but he seemed to be one in authority, for his word among his comrades was law. I told him we wished to return to our homes and asked him if he would guard us. He hesitated for a moment, then consented.

"He shouldered his gun, and we followed him through the crowd, not daring to look either to the right hand or to the left. With some difficulty we reached the home of Mother Russell, whose house was full of stragglers from garret to cellar. One had cut a square yard from the Brussel's carpet in the parlor. At the foot of the stairs we met a man carrying a ham, followed by a second with a quantity of dried beef and other articles. I knew that my sister had not a particle of food in her house. I mentioned this to her mother-in-law, who filled a two-quart bucket with flour, which I took and started on. I asked our guard how many men they had. He laughed as he replied:

" 'These are only a drop in the bucket; only ten thousand here!'

"At that moment we came in sight of my sister's house and my heart gave a joyful bound as I saw her with the children in the front yard. In the joy of meeting we for a moment forgot our sad condition. She tried to tell me how she had passed the night; how the guard had deceived her, letting the men run like rats all over the house, appropriating everything that was left, and alarming her by false and cruel reports made up for the occasion, telling her that her house was going to be burned and she had better leave. She has told me since that the thought of her husband's peril and her anxiety for the dear, helpless ones, who were looking to her

for protection, gave her courage to stay and trust the Great Being who, she felt, would not desert her.

"Another night was drawing near. We were not hungry, but the children needed food. There was neither milk nor salt to be had. My sister boiled some of the flour in water, like minute pudding, and cooking a portion, bade them eat. After several attempts to do so, they ran to the door, spitting it out, while the little daughter said:

" 'Mamma, I suppose folks can eat that if they are hungry enough, but I can't.'

"We were worn out with fatigue and anxiety but everything was in such utter confusion we could not sleep, even if our minds had been at rest. I think it was near three o'clock in the morning when we heard an explosion which I know not how to describe. Everything shook and trembled as if from an earthquake. We did not know the meaning of it then but learned by daylight that our men at the fort had set a slow match to the magazine and had quietly left.

"The next morning we breakfasted upon one potato apiece and cold water. And here I am reminded of a soldier riding up to our door in great haste and asking politely for a cup of coffee. Of course we could not accommodate him, and I simply mention it because he was civil and did not, like the others, demand whatever was wanted.

"There was hurry and bustle now in every quar-

ter, for the Confederate army had received orders to march. Here came a man with a quantity of beef for us to cook for him to take along. Another, in an official and businesslike way, offered to pay my sister two hundred dollars or more in Confederate notes for seven head of cattle his men had killed. She took it rather haughtily telling him it amounted to nothing in value but years hence would serve as a curiosity and as a relic of the war for her children.

"Presently three men entered together, and with delight we looked upon the living face of my sister's husband. He was under guard and could only say a few words. They were going to take him with the other prisoners to their general, several miles distant, where he might get a release or be conscripted; he knew not which. But he said:

" 'Look on the bright side. I may come back in a few days. Let us be thankful it is no worse. It is better than I had dared to hope. The house is left, and you and the children are spared. Keep up good courage. Good-by.'

"To know that he was living was everything to my poor sister in this hour of trial; although she could not but feel that in his present poor health it was not much better for him to be dragged along with the opposing army. Still she seemed more cheerful for the rest of the day.

"The roads were again thronged with the cavalry, for word had flown like lightning to pursue our

men, and the Confederates were in full chase. They continued to pass until towards night. When darkness came, aside from their pickets there was only now and then a straggler. We were now under Confederate rule; and very desolate we felt as night descended again and we knelt to ask protection of our Heavenly Father. Every breath had been a prayer all through those dark days but there had been no place for retirement up to this time since the first day of the raid. How eagerly we turned to God's word for comfort: 'He shall cover thee with His feathers and under His wings shalt thou trust. His truth shall be thy shield and buckler; thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night nor for the arrow that flieth by day. A thousand shall fall at thy side and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee. For He shall give His angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways.' So precious were these words to us that it seemed as if we read them for the first time.

"The night was very dark and quiet; we did not dare to undress but tried to rest as best we could. At or near midnight we were startled by a gentle rap at the back door. Sister inquired:

" 'Who is there?'

"The answer came almost in a whisper,

" 'Theodore.'

"She knew then that it was her husband's brother, Theodore P. Russell. She quietly opened the door;

but so altered was he in appearance that we should not have recognized him but for his voice. He tried to look like a Rebel and succeeded. He said he had run home for a moment to learn the welfare of his family. It was not safe for him to be seen; so he had come over in the darkness to divide with us the beef which the enemy had left in their haste. Time was precious and, as it was not in his power to help us further, he left to conceal himself in some secure place. We felt thankful to see one of our own number again, and as the morning dawned we were more hopeful. Some time in the forenoon we had a visit from our pastor, Rev. D. A. Wilson, who said many comforting things, assuring us that God would take care of us. After offering a short prayer for our safety he left, and we were again alone.

"My sister tried hard to be cheerful; but as the days passed and no tidings came her anxiety for the absent one increased. She grew restless and impatient, and I was relieved at last to see her weep, for she had not shed a tear from the beginning until now. At last she said she must see someone and would go and talk with his mother. I was afraid to stay alone, but she promised to return in an hour and started off. I watched her as long as she was in sight and then wondered how I could wait for her return. It seemed a long time until I heard voices in the yard, and she soon came in with her husband's

mother. She said she could learn nothing encouraging and, disheartened, she started again with Mother Russell for the latter's home. About halfway she turned and, looking back, saw three men, one of whom looked so familiar she waited for them to come up, when she heard her husband's voice speaking to her. I will not try to describe our joy and satisfaction at having him with us again. All misfortunes were forgotten in this moment of supreme happiness.

"In his account of his release Mr. Russell said that as the prisoners one after another were brought before General Cabell, the latter inquired:

" 'Are you a Union man?'

"My brother answered:

" 'Yes, I am a Union man; always have been and always expect to be.'

"Those who were vigorous were put right into the ranks, but Mr. Russell was too ill to be of service, consequently he was released. He brought with him a sample of his fare, namely: an ear of corn and a piece of dough baked on a stick, which he said he could eat with the rest of the prisoners. It was very discouraging for him to look around his farm and view the desolation wrought in a few days. He had to borrow clothing until money was sent him by a friend and by a distant brother with which to buy new. He was obliged to begin at the foot of the ladder again, for he had no horses, no wagon,

and no harness. I often laugh as I recall the style in which I left the valley;—once so beautiful and now again lovely,—for my future home in Illinois. Our carriage was a poor, rickety cart, drawn by a still more rickety skeleton of a horse, left behind by the enemy, with pieces of rope for harness."

Rev. D. A. Wilson on his return home after the battle had experiences less distressing but not less interesting than those of Mrs. Pitkin. He says:

"Having lost sleep Monday night, about twelve o'clock I went upstairs in the hotel in quest of rest. Soon after Mr. Delano came to me and informed me that our troops were about to evacuate the fort and that we could go with them if we chose. Without hesitation I said,

" 'My family is in Ironton and I want to know how they are faring. I will stay.'

"Tom, a big colored man who worked for Mr. Delano and had been brought to the hospital, overheard the conversation. During the battle a thirty-two pounder which Tom was helping to serve had been dismounted by a shot and as it fell it brushed along one of his legs and bruised it badly. Coming to me now, he said:

" 'Mr. Wilson, what shall I do?'

"I replied:

" 'Tom, you have been in the fort, taking part in the fight; if they find you here it will likely go hard

with you. If you are able to go with our troops you had better go.'

"He thought so, too, and his bruised leg mended fast. Down-stairs I went with him to put him on the trail when, just as I had stepped two or three paces from the front door of the hotel, the magazine at the fort exploded and the débris began falling about us like hail. To escape I ran for shelter some fifty or sixty feet across the street when three steps would have put me safe in the hotel. The report was so sudden and unexpected that for the first and only time in the three days I lost my full presence of mind.

"The next morning Pilot Knob was occupied by the enemy. A guard was stationed at each store to prevent looting by the private soldiers and petty officers, the commissioned officers being given the first choice. In an hour or so a man in a plaid woolen shirt, riding a big horse, stopped in the street near the hotel-hospital. It was Colonel Maclean, Price's adjutant-general. Wishing to go home, my thought was to get a pass from him to Ironton. Introducing myself, I told him my home was in Ironton and that I wished to return there. In soldier fashion he replied:

" 'Well, go. We have come to set you free.'

"Not relishing that kind of talk, I left him without ceremony. I soon met Judge Vail, one of my members.

" 'Judge, I am going home,' I remarked to him.

" 'Very well,' said he, 'I'll go with you.'

"So we started, meeting on the way hundreds, if not thousands of Confederate soldiers, but not one of them said 'pass.'

"At home, it was delightful to find all safe and well. In the house were two Confederate colonels and a captain who had been there since Tuesday noon. Colonel Childs and Captain Calhoun for some reason were not on duty. Colonel Buster was sick. The latter was a man who at the battle of Pea Ridge had been thrust through the body with a bayonet in the hands of a German soldier. Clasping the soldier in his arms, he held him fast until one of his own men came up and killed the assailant. About noon on Tuesday these officers had stopped at my house, close to the road, and before dismounting asked Mrs. Wilson if she could give them dinner. She replied that she had but little provision in the house and begged to be excused. They then asked her where they could be accommodated. She replied that she supposed others were like herself. One of them, remarking that his comrade was sick and needed food, and observing that they appeared to be respectable and respectful men,—though not likely to take denial,—she concluded with the promptitude of woman that it would be better to serve willingly than on compulsion. So she replied,

" 'I will do the best I can for you.' And thereupon they dismounted.

"Colonel Buster, finding her with only the children, inquired for her husband. She told him that he was at the fort. The Colonel said that there was no need for his leaving home, as General Price's orders were strict that no non-combatant should be molested. To this my wife replied:

" 'My husband is not of that kind. He took his gun with him.'

"The Colonel had inferred from observing my library that I was a clergyman, and no doubt set me down as a 'fighting parson.' After dinner they were about to leave when Colonel Buster was seized with a violent attack of vomiting and was unable to proceed, so he and his companions remained until Thursday morning. They were gentlemen and proved quite a protection to us. I had a quantity of hay and oats which the Confederate cavalry had begun to use freely. When this was reported Colonel Buster ordered it stopped; and it stopped. Another effort to protect us was not so successful. Despite the battle, my wife had baked light bread and had wrapped it in a blanket. As the enemy's soldiers were falling back after the battle, they stopped at the house for a drink of water and, spying the bread, eagerly desired some. Mrs. Wilson was cutting off liberal slices and handing it to them from an open window when one of the soldiers

caught the blanket and ran away with it and all that was on it or in it. My wife cried:

" 'Oh, you have taken my bread!'

"Her exclamation brought Colonel Buster from the main house, but it was too late. The soldier was gone and could not be identified.

"As a reward for the kind treatment they had received, Colonel Buster had given my son, then a lad eleven years old, a five-dollar bill on a Boston bank, presumably good, but I was unwilling that he should keep it. The conduct of these officers was so gentlemanly that all fear of ill-treatment had vanished. During Tuesday evening my niece, a girl about thirteen years of age, bantering Captain Calhoun, who was a rabid 'fire-eater,' said to him:

" 'Captain, wouldn't you like to see the old flag?'

"He answered evasively; but Lizzie, unwilling to be thus thwarted, went to her room and soon returned with a small silk United States flag and, waving it, sang:

" 'Oh, long may the star-spangled banner still wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!' "

"Colonel Buster had great fear of being made a prisoner and taken to a Northern prison, and, although far from being in a condition to travel, he, with the others, left with the army Thursday afternoon. Wednesday and Thursday forenoon were busily employed by the army in helping themselves to the provisions and clothing in the stores of the

three villages of the valley. There was a general shedding of butternut and gray jeans for store clothes and for days after the army had left, unprincipled men could be seen going south with mule-loads of dry goods which the soldiers had not taken. The whole valley, indeed, had been pretty well cleaned out. Some worn-out horses were left, but very few good animals remained. A mule killed in the road at my gate lay there for days before I could get a team to drag it away. Coffee, tea, sugar, in fact all groceries, were scarce in the valley until communication by rail with St. Louis was reëstablished. For several days we were at the mercy of guerrillas but they did us little harm. None the less, it was a joyful sight when a company or two of Union soldiers from Cape Girardeau came in.

"Many wounded Confederates were taken to the Arcadia Seminary. But as doing so closed the school, I interceded, by request, with the commander at Pilot Knob, and they were taken to the courthouse, to the disgust of some of the radicals. Here they remained until there was room for them in the large hospital connected with the Ironton Hotel. It was months before those who recovered were removed. While they were there I visited them repeatedly and occasionally preached to them. The raid was a trying time to the people of the valley, but as 'Providence tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,' so it braces men for such emergencies."

FROM CALEDONIA TO LEASBURG

General Ewing, in his official report, writes:—[1]

"At sunrise I started Captain Hills, Tenth Kansas, acting aide-de-camp, with ten men to Mineral Point to acquaint the command there of my approach and request it to march and join me. On starting, they, with our advance, fell upon about twenty-five Rebels in the town of Caledonia and routed them, killing one. We then learned that our forces had fallen back from Mineral Point and that Shelby had taken Potosi the evening before. I therefore at once left the Potosi road and took that through Webster (now Palmer) toward Rolla.

I afterward learned that after his repulse Tuesday Price ordered Shelby's division down from Potosi to Pilot Knob to take part in a second attack, and that the squad we routed at Caledonia was Shelby's advance.

He waited several hours with his division to give us battle two miles north of Caledonia, thus giving us a good start on the Webster road before pursuing. Marmaduke's division left Pilot Knob at

[1] "Official Records," Series I, Vol. XLI, Part I, Pages 449–450.

eight that morning to overtake us and joined Shelby in the pursuit. At sundown we reached Webster, thirty-one miles from Pilot Knob, and rested until midnight. From information received there I determined to go to Harrison, Leasburg, on the southwest branch of the Pacific Railroad, because part of Colonel Warmouth's militia regiment was there, but especially because the road to Rolla was one on which we could be easily surrounded by a superior cavalry force, while that to Harrison led nearly all the way along a sharp spur of the Ozark range, separating the waters of the Huzza and the Courtois, and through the gorge of the Huzza, walled in with untraversable cliffs. To Rolla was fifty-five miles, to Harrison, thirty-five. I here sent Cap-Captain Hills, with ten men, in advance to Franklin with instructions to telegraph thence to the major-general commanding at St. Louis and to Gen. McNeil at Rolla of our movements and to arrange means for securing our safe and speedy withdrawal from Harrison to Rolla or St. Louis.

"The night was intensely dark and stormy and we groped our way with great effort and little progress. We had just reached the ridge, at eight Thursday morning, when the enemy charged on our rear guard and drove it upon the column. I placed the detachment of the Fourteenth Iowa Infantry,—Co. H, Forty-seventh Missouri, Co's. C, D, and K,

Third Missouri State Militia Cavalry,—and Lieutenant Smiley's section of artillery, in the rear, all under command of Major Williams, Tenth Kansas, acting aide-de-camp, and, with occasional halts to rake the woods with grape and canister, we made a good and successful march. The enemy was almost constantly engaged with our rear guard, but was unable to break through or flank it until we came within four miles of Harrison. There the road debouches on a high sweep of gently rolling woodland, and from that point out we fought hard for every step we gained. The refugees,—men, women, and children, white and black,—who clung to the command, nearly sacrificed it by their panics. I had to throw out the available fighting force, infantry and cavalry, as advance and rear guard and flankers, leaving in the body of the column the affrighted non-combatants, and two sections of artillery not often brought into action on the retreat. Repeated and stubborn efforts were made to bring us to a stand; and could they have forced a halt of an hour they would have enveloped and taken us, but our halts, though frequent, were brief, and were only to unlimber the artillery, stagger the pursuers with a few rounds, and move on. We reached Harrison just after dark, having made the march of sixty-six miles in thirty-nine hours. We found Warmoth's militia gone. This station is

thirty-five miles from Rolla, fifty-five from Franklin and eighty-two from St. Louis." [2]

Thus, in general outline, General Ewing covers the main events of that heroic and exhausting retreat from Pilot Knob to Leasburg. But the details of it must be left to others, who, in different portions of the sorely pressed Union column, suffered its privations and perils. Capt. William J. Campbell, of the Fourteenth Iowa, tells circumstantially of the capture of the prisoner at Caledonia who first apprised the retreating column of the approach of Shelby's division along the Mineral Point road. Captain Campbell says:

"At sunrise we were entering the little town of Caledonia. As we saw approaching us from the north a company of Confederate cavalry, our advance guard opened fire and dispersed them, killing one, wounding one, and killing the horse of a third man, whom we took prisoner. This brought us to a halt. General Ewing began questioning the prisoner as to where he belonged. The man was stubborn and made no answer although numerous questions were asked him. Seeing that this was

[2] The railroad station called Harrison by General Ewing was more generally known as Leasburg during the Civil War, though the names were used interchangeably. Today it is called Leasburg only.

occupying valuable time, and realizing that the cavalry we had encountered constituted the advance guard of the enemy in all probability, I stepped up quickly and asked:

"'General, can't you make this man talk?'

"'No,' he replied, 'he will not answer me.'

"'Well,' said I, 'I will make him talk or I will hang him higher than Haman.' Then, turning to my command, I cried:

"'Two of you men bring me a rope.'

"Two men ran over to a house and secured a rope. When they drew near to us again, the prisoner raised his head as he sat on the ground and signified a disposition to talk. I said:

"'Will you answer me?'

"'Yes, sir,' he replied.

"'Where do you belong?' I continued.

"'To Marmaduke's and Shelby's command.'

"'How far were you in front of the main column?'

"'We were instructed to ride from a mile to a mile and a half; we were about a mile in advance.'

"'How large a force have you?'

"'Three thousand cavalry.'

"'Why are you coming in this direction?'

"He replied that they had received a messenger during the night advising them that the fort was not captured and ordering them to return. I turned to General Ewing and said:

"'You know the result. If you want to fight, there is the road;' pointing north, 'if not, we must take some other road, and that quickly.'

"I was getting restless over this delay and vacillation before a deadly foe, outnumbering us more than twenty to one. General Ewing stepped across the road and asked a citizen the road to Rolla. The man replied,

"'It is two hundred yards ahead. Turn to the left.'

"The General returned, mounted his horse, and gave the command:

"'Forward, march!'

"As our column filed to the left, going west. I remarked that we now had the enemy on our right and rear. Soon we had them in our rear only, and then we had turned one danger point. This village of Caledonia was said to be fifteen miles from Fort Davidson."

Sergt.-Maj. Lewis W. Sutton, Fourteenth Iowa, has a vivid recollection of the trying march from Caledonia through Webster and beyond. He says:

"General Ewing had the start of the enemy and the shorter way, but they were cavalry and could travel faster. Just before sundown the General marched into Webster and made his first halt after traveling about thirty miles. Many of the Missouri infantry, not being hardened to such severe marches,

had dropped out of ranks, exhausted, and thus the command was reduced to about six hundred men. We had a cup of coffee and a hardtack for refreshment and then caught a little rest; but at one o'clock, on the morning of the 29th, we were ordered to fall in again.

"General Ewing now assigned the Fourteenth Iowa to the rear, that being the important position. As we started there was sharp lightning and rain and the thunder was very heavy and seemed low and close, as if to awaken the tired sleepy soldiers and hurry them on their way. The night was so intensely dark that the men could not see one another and the trees beside the road formed almost an arch of black foliage overhead. A little creek (the Courtois), swollen by the rain until it was nearly two feet deep and from fifteen to twenty feet wide, had to be waded six or eight times. The road could only be found by the aid of a lantern, carried in front; and a few candles, which had been procured at Webster, were cut in short pieces, lighted, and placed by the side of the road. When the candles were gone, a bugle was sounded in front, but the night was too dark for the column to follow such a leader; and finally a halt was ordered to wait for daylight. As soon as it was light enough to see, the march was resumed, and by ten o'clock we were ten or twelve miles from Webster. Just then the rear guard came galloping in, crying:

"'The Rebels are coming!' The news created temporary confusion, but when quiet was restored a few shots from the Fourteenth Iowa checked the enemy's advance.

The men at once forgot that they had marched forty miles and were tired. They started off like fresh troops and covered some five more miles when the enemy came up again. They were in larger numbers this time and were harder to check. Following this, we had covered about two miles when (at Huzza Creek) all the infantry and the artillery were required to repel the enemy's assault. The retreat had become exciting and there seemed good reason to fear for the final outcome. Yet, with untiring zeal, the weary men pressed forward a few miles further and crossed the Meramec River. Here, within three miles of Leasburg and the railroad, the enemy again struck us in force. On the right of the road lay a little field from which the artillery had good range of the river and the hills beyond. The enemy, in spite of the fire of the guns, crossed the river; but before a sufficient number had crossed to make a charge, General Ewing quickly moved the militia from the line of battle into the road. Captain Campbell marched his troops across the field in line of battle, and when the woods were reached he filed into the road, while the enemy's bullets whistled through the trees. Here Lieut. John C. Braden, of Co. C, Fourteenth

Iowa, and our color sergeant and his guard, were wounded. When within a mile of Leasburg the Fourteenth Iowa was formed in line of battle in rear of the command and marched thus to the station, with the Confederates close behind."

Orderly Sergt. H. C. Wilkinson, Co. H, Forty-seventh Missouri Infantry, remembers an episode of the retreat which lent a tinge of romance to even such a grim struggle for life and safety. He relates:

"Some time in the forenoon, after we had passed Caledonia, we found one of the M. S. M. cavalrymen, belonging, I think, to the Third M. S. M. He was a fine looking young man and seemed to be stopping at the home of his father-in-law, where he had just been married. He hastily made preparations to go with us, and his bride insisted upon going, too! She rode her husband's horse, while he walked by her side. I remember having seen the young couple several times during our weary march and believe,—I am not sure,—that the lady made the trip to Rolla. Once I saw the young bride leaning forward in the saddle, seemingly almost exhausted, and I thought that she would have done better to stay with her father." [3]

[3] Thomas Fortune, Co. E, Fiftieth Missouri Volunteer Infantry, states that the young man was Aleck Adams, of Co. M, Third M. S. M. Cavalry. His wife made the trip to Rolla with General Ewing's column, in company with her husband,

Peter Shrum, Co. I, Forty-seventh Missouri Infantry, recalls other incidents of the march: Mr. Shrum says:

"At Webster we looked around to find something to eat, but failed to find anything. Down under a steep hill on the northwest side of the village was a large spring and a frame spring-house. As I was going down the hill toward it I met Sam McGehee, and he told me to hurry to the spring-house as there was a lot of the best cream there that he had ever tasted. I went on the double-quick but I was too late,—never got a drop. While at the spring I heard a couple of shots fired back on the hill in a field. I went over and found that our men had shot two fat yearlings and were skinning them. I cut a good-sized piece from one of them and roasted it,—this constituting my supper.

"Co. I lay down early and tried to get a little rest, but we were awakened sometime in the night with orders to get ready to march. I had no idea what time it was, and I think I have never seen a darker night. It was thundering and lightning, and after a while a rain began to fall, which lasted for some time. Owing to the darkness and rain and to our lack of a guide we were long in getting started. Presently someone came along inquiring for a guide who knew the road, promising anyone who could lead us would be given a horse to ride. Whether a

guide was found I do not know, but eventually we began marching and such traveling I never saw before. I could not even see that the road lay right down Hazel Creek, which is a very crooked stream. Presently we came to the point where the Hazel connects with the Courtois; and we had to wade everything we came to, from water shoe-top deep to water three and a half feet deep. The prisoner our men had captured at Caledonia had been turned over to the custody of the colored men, and once in a while we could hear someone call out,

"'Where is that prisoner?'

"'Right hyah, 'long wid me,' a negro would reply.

"Owing to the darkness and rain and the flooded condition of the creeks which we had to wade so often, the column was at last halted to wait for daylight. Wet and cold though I was I slept a little; and I think a great many others did the same. When at last it began to grow light we started again, and it appeared to me that we turned back over the way we had come. I was confused about the directions until late in the morning. We crossed the creek a few more times and then ascended a long ridge; and at about nine or ten o'clock in the morning we halted and sat down to rest. Here some of the officers suggested that we shoot the loads out of our guns and load them afresh, but others declared that it was not worth while. After a time we started on again, and I think we had not

gone more than a half mile when the enemy charged our rear guard. As I remember, Co. I was in the rear of the infantry. The enemy skirmished a little with our cavalry; and meantime the infantry formed in line. But before long the enemy fell back and we took the road again and hurried on until we reached a large farm in the valley of Huzza Creek. We had gone some distance, keeping the farm on our right and a high bluff on our left,—when the rear guard and the Confederates began skirmishing again. Near the farmhouse a large ravine came down to the road from the left, and here our whole infantry force formed in battle array ready for the enemy. Our gunners brought their cannon into position in the road and let the Confederates crowd in between the farm and the bluff. Then they sent shot after shot right down the road; and the enemy fell back in a hurry. Again we took up the line of march and were not again molested until we were within a mile or two of Leasburg, when the Confederates came up once more. They dashed in on our cavalry; and Co. I, being in the rear of the infantry, the cavalry rode through it, and Joseph Wood, Henry Slinkard, and I were cut off. By the time we caught up with the company it was formed in line of battle in a small field, with the enemy outside in the surrounding woods. The remainder of our infantry had also formed further up in the same field and a lively exchange of shots

took place until the enemy fell back. Then we went into Leasburg on the double-quick."

Capt. H. B. Milks, Third M. S. M. Cavalry, was perhaps the first man called upon to offer resistance to the pursuing enemy, though his encounter with the Confederate advance was accidental. Says Captain Milks:

"At daylight (on the morning of the 29th) we had gone only eight miles. About 9 a. m. the command was halted on a timber-covered ridge for breakfast. While yet in the saddle I received orders to send a non-commissioned officer with ten men back as far as Webster in search of the General's hand-grip, which had probably fallen off the caisson. Corp. William H. Cameron and ten men were detailed and they started back at a gallop. In less than ten minutes a volley was heard in the rear, and the detail returned with accelerated speed. The corporal stated that they had encountered the enemy approaching in large numbers. All ranks were broken, and confusion reigned supreme. I galloped to headquarters, perhaps two hundred yards away, and reported the situation to the General in person. He said:

" 'Captain, find out immediately who or what is following us.'

"The bugler, being by my side, was ordered to

give the bugle-call 'to horse.' The bugler and I then galloped two or three hundred yards to the rear toward the enemy, and halted in a ravine or slight depression in the generally level surroundings. The bugler kept repeating calls. The enemy was now firing; and after waiting for a short time, during which I saw no other horsemen approaching nor any officer present, I rode to the front of the line which had hastily formed and commanded,

" 'Attention! Count off by whole numbers.'

"The count showed sixty-one present.

" 'Boys,' I went on; 'we are to charge with revolvers in hand. There will be no command given after we start. When the enemy is reached, empty both revolvers and return at will to this ground. Attention! Draw pistols! Gallop, march!'

"The line was in open order, and I never saw men in drilling exercises keep better alignment until the enemy was reached. The latter were dismounted cavalry, and the confusion which followed our sudden attack was beyond adequate description. Each participant had enough on his hands to attend to. However, the fierce struggle was soon over, and the boys galloped back to the starting place, formed line, and counted off again. Sixty were present. The missing man reported next day, stating that his wounded horse threw him off and he 'played possum,'—or pretended to be dead,—until he found a chance to crawl away.

"As none of our forces were now in sight I instructed these brave fellows to break ranks and report to their respective commanders.[4] I then rode rapidly forward for perhaps two miles to a point where two roads crossed at right angles. Here I picked up all horsemen who came straggling along and formed them in line as rear-guard. After sending word forward to the General, I held forty or fifty men for a half-hour or more, when we were assailed by sharpshooters and lost one horse killed. There being no commissioned officers present, I placed a non commissioned officer in command with orders to fall back slowly and, in case a strong force approached, to send word ahead at once. Then I rode forward rapidly for several miles before overtaking the fleeing column. Finally I reached an elevation where the artillery was standing in position, while General Ewing was directing the reorganization of the straggling forces. The General said to me:

" 'Go forward to the head of the column and restore order if possible, or we are lost. If the enemy appears in a half-hour, the artillery will open upon them. As soon as you hear the report of the guns halt the head of the column.'

[4] Captain Milks at this time was recruiting for a new M. S. M. regiment but had no command of his own, save as it was assigned to him temporarily or, as in this case, assumed on the spur of the moment.

"The ball opened before I had gone far, and refugees, citizens, and soldiers began running like frightened wolves. I rode until my horse,—a good one,—was almost exhausted, shouting to every officer I passed as I pointed to an elevation ahead:

"'Fall into line!'

"The artillery came thundering along and halted at the designated place. Officers ordered their men to fall into line as fast as they came straggling up, and the men obeyed with alacrity, seemingly more from exhaustion than sense of duty. But the mob feature had vanished; and I saw no more drawn sabers forcing men into ranks. Each command vied with the others in acts of valor; and I especially remembered the men of a detachment of an Iowa regiment, who proved themselves all heroes."

Sergt. J. C. Steakley, Co. K, Third M. S. M. Cavalry,—who was with Captain Milks in the headlong charge of the rear-guard, mentioned above, and in the many other adventures of the march,—describes them in circumstantial detail, disclosing many incidents of the retreat, thrilling, pathetic, or amusing. He says:

"At Webster, which we reached near night, we stopped, killed some poor old cows, broiled and ate some of the meat, and lay down to take a nap. At midnight we started on the march again. The rain was drizzling down; and dark,—ugh! Drifts of

wood were set on fire to light the way. One piece of artillery became lost in the Courtois, beside which we were traveling. At last we halted on account of the darkness, and we, of the rear guard, sat down by the road and held our horses until it became light enough to see, when the command went on again. We had got some distance along the 'Six Mile Ridge' when a call was made for ten volunteers to go back and look for some papers, said to have been lost in the darkness during the march of the night before. Troy W. Shell, William Johns, and the writer, of Co. K, with perhaps another man of the same company, volunteered, and we started back in company with five men and a corporal of Co. H. The corporal was in command. We had not gone far when we saw three or four mounted men ahead of us, who at once turned their horses and ran. Being used to this sort of thing, we put spurs to our horses and pursued at full speed.

"The Co. K. boys were armed with long Austrian rifles, in addition to their sabers, and two heavy eight-inch pistols and two horse pistols each. I still had the Austrian rifle which I had picked up in the rifle-pit at Fort Davidson. Before we started on this search for the missing papers, judging that we might find business requiring quick work, we had hidden our long guns in the leaves of a tree, intending to get them when we came back. There, I suppose, they still are, for when we came

back we had no time to stop or even to think of them. When we had reached the south end of the ridge in pursuit of the fleeing horsemen and,—being unable to check our horses,—had gone on about two hundred yards down the slope, all at once we found ourselves within squirrel shot of a line of mounted Confederates formed across the road. It seemed to me that I could see their mouths watering and almost hear them say, 'Come into our arms, my honeys!'

"As we at last brought our horses to a stop, a man on the left of the enemy's line made a move toward us, when the corporal commanding our squad called out to him to halt, demanding:

" 'Where do you belong?'

"The man, who was a citizen and, as we learned, a Union man and a prisoner, looked dumfounded. It seemed to me that I could begin to feel hot bullets penetrating my skin and the Johnnies pulling my boots off. Indicating the enemy's lines, I exclaimed:

" 'Corporal, look yonder!'

"But he only demanded again of the citizen, 'What command do you belong to?' while all the time I kept repeating to him: 'Corporal, corporal! Look yonder!'

"The citizen prisoner sat still, it seemed to me, for two minutes; then at last he said, pointing back to the line across the road:

" 'I am a prisoner, however, there are the Rebels.'

"And thereupon he clamped his feet under the little gray mare he was riding and went like an arrow in the direction of our main command. He escaped and, reaching our column, reported the ten of us captured. But we were not captured. To the contrary we whirled our horses around and went up the hill and away fully as fast as we had gone down, and,—although it seemed that every man of the enemy fired at us,—we reached the rear guard without a scratch; and also without our long guns.

"Very soon the enemy's skirmishers came up on the rear guard and began firing. This excited and confused the raw troops of the infantry very much, for they were almost worn out from four days and nights of fighting and marching, with scarcely anything to eat; more so than the artillery and the few mounted men. So I suggested to Captain Milks and Lieutenant Pape, commanders of the rear-guard, that we charge the enemy's skirmishers and check the pursuit, giving our weary infantry a chance to get ahead a few miles further. Captain Milks, a New Yorker, frank and brusque, replied:

" 'Well, Sergeant, if you think we had better charge them, I guess we will do it.'

" 'It seems to me the best plan,' I answered. 'But if we charge them, let me take one man and ride back to the level of the ridge to see how many there are of them and exactly where they are.'

"'All right, Jimmy,' said Milks and Pape; 'but be careful or you will be killed.'

"I took William Johns with me, and we went ahead to a point where, sitting on our horses behind two large trees, we could see the enemy's skirmishers. There were twenty-five or thirty of them strung across the road about three hundred yards back on the ridge, and they stood from six to ten paces apart, concealing themselves as much as possible behind trees. Several shots were fired at us as we returned to report what we had seen. We found that our little squad had formed, facing toward the enemy. Then said I to Milks and Pape:

"'We had better go slowly at first; but when we reach the level we should come into full charge, and lie as low as we can on our horses' necks. They have long guns, and will fire as soon as they see us; and then will be our time with our pistols, before they can reload.'

"We charged exactly as I had suggested, going entirely through and beyond the enemy's line; and if one of them escaped death I did not see him get away. After we had run through the skirmish-line, I was sitting on my horse in the head of a deep hollow, looking for something to shoot at, when I heard a sound down in the hollow somewhat behind me. Turning, I saw a man, whom I took to be a Confederate officer and the commander of the skirmish-line, shooting at Lieutenant Pape with a very

small pistol. I turned in my saddle and pulled down on him with my pistol, and as he squatted down behind a clump of dogwood bushes I fired at his head. At the same instant a shot fired from their main column, that was coming up about one hundred and fifty yards behind their skirmish line, cut the jugular vein under my horse's right ear and broke his neck. He went down like a beef, and I sprang out of the saddle just in time to avoid having him roll over on my saber and left leg; for, as he began struggling he threw himself toward me on the slope of the little hollow. I straightened up and, looking around, saw that I was the only living soul there. Now came a moment when thousands of thoughts passed through my mind in utter confusion, for to run out on foot seemed impossible, while to stay there meant that I would surely be captured and murdered. But, taking the only chance, I started to run out. I had on a regular cavalry overcoat, which I would have thrown away but for the fact that my saber-belt, holding two pistols, was buckled around on the outside of it while I also had a quantity of fixed ammunition stowed in the bosom of it. So I caught up my saber with my left hand and, with an eight-inch Remington revolver in my right hand, I pulled out before my poor horse, whose hot blood was splashed all over me, had stopped struggling.

"I had to run about forty yards before I got out of the hollow and up on the level where the enemy's

main column could see me. As soon as they did they began firing at me but did not touch me; the thick black oak timber probably saved me. I expected a squad to run up on me; but nothing of the kind happened because, as I learned subsequently, they thought our whole command was crouched behind the hill, from which we had charged, and was about to attack them,—which was exactly what we wanted them to think. When I came near the point where our charge had started, I saw Comrade John W. Pritchet getting away as fast as he could on a claybank mare, which had been wounded by a shot between the hoof and joint of one hind leg, though, fortunately, no bone had been broken. Being almost exhausted, I cried to him:

"'Oh, Johnnie!'

"I did not speak very loud, partly because I could not and partly because I did not know how close the enemy was behind me. Pritchet looked back and, thinking me a Confederate, began spurring his wounded mare. Again I cried, and this time louder,

"'Oh, Johnnie! Stop, or they will get me!'

"He now recognized me and stopped. When I caught up with him I asked him to ride up beside a log, and he did so; but I was so nearly exhausted that I could mount neither the log nor the horse. I told Comrade Pritchet that I would have to get my breath a little before I could climb to the log and thence to his wounded animal. After about two

minutes, which seemed two hours, I succeeded in doing it; and the crippled mare carried us both out safely. The rest of our squad had thought us killed or taken prisoners, as they had seen my horse go down.

"Our loss in accomplishing our purpose of checking the enemy's pursuit had been: Levi Lincoln, taken prisoner (he subsequently escaped), after having his large sorrel horse killed in the road as we were in full charge; Jesse Hahn badly crushed by his horse when it fell in the charge; my own horse killed, and John W. Pritchet's horse wounded and abandoned. I do not know that Levi Lincoln belonged to any military organization; but he was a good soldier. His horse which was killed belonged to his brother, Henry R. Lincoln, a member of my own company,—K. Henry was too sick to ride at the time, so Levi volunteered to go in the rear guard with us.

"Our skirmish with the enemy had given our weary infantry a chance to get ahead so far that the main column had passed the ridge and was marching along beside a narrow farm on a small creek when the Confederates caught up again and began firing. They formed on a hillside near a blacksmith shop, and our artillery whirled around and went into action on a ridge northwest of them, which was thickly covered with pin oaks. Here the enemy seemed to intend attacking us in full force

but their idea had changed so much by the time the artillery had sent a dozen rounds of shot, shell, grape, and canister, into their ranks that their firing almost ceased and our boys went ahead again, having lost one artilleryman and one infantryman of Co. H, Forty-seventh Missouri, killed. In this skirmish the mounted men, except those who were acting as flankers, were formed with the infantry as supports for the artillery; the little squad to which I had the honor to belong being stationed on the left, between the artillery and the farm above referred to.

"The enemy did not trouble us further until we came within about one mile of Leasburg, when they caught up with us again and made a great effort to stampede us. I was now riding the horse which had fallen on and hurt Jesse Hahn during our first charge, on the Six Mile Ridge. Battery H wheeled about, unlimbered and formed facing toward the east, with the left-hand gun near the road. I was in line near this gun, and the other mounted men and infantry formed not far away, about one hundred and fifty men of the Fourteenth Iowa being on the right of the battery. The enemy was pouring into the valley south of us, from a quarter to a half mile away, though I have since learned that one command, that of Col. William Jeffers, the Eighth Missouri (Confederate) Cavalry, was not over two hundred yards from us, behind a high point just

west of our right wing. A member of Colonel Jeffers' command, who is now a neighbor of mine, tells me that the regiment had been sent there to charge us from the west, but that Colonel Jeffers, on peeping over at us from the top of the ridge, exclaimed:

"'I'll be d—d if we'll charge them! They are all there in a nest.'

"It was a fine open ridge on which Battery H was formed,—a ridge overgrown with sage-grass and some small, scattering black-jack and black oak timber; and how beautiful to a soldier's eyes it was to watch the play of those six guns, as under the commands of the artillery officers they belched their fire into the heavy timber where the enemy was trying to form and charge us. But some of the newly organized companies of infantry were very much excited with the fear of being taken and killed; and the chances seemed so much against us that even some of the mounted men, who had seen three years of service and who, I thought, would never flinch, became frightened and ran away, never stopping until they reached St. Louis. Here I saw Lieutenant-Colonel Maupin, of the Forty-seventh Missouri Infantry, who was doing his utmost to rally and form his men, seize a second lieutenant whom I had known since childhood and who was making good time toward the rear, whirl him about and shove him into his place.

" 'Get in line, there!' he commanded angrily.

"A moment afterward a big six-foot negro came along, clearing about fifteen feet at a jump, his musket in his hands, his eyes bulging out, his mouth open and blowing like a porpoise. As he passed Colonel Maupin, the latter caught him by the arm and jerked him around face to the enemy, exclaiming:

" 'Get in line, now, and go to fighting!'

" 'I will, massa!' answered the negro, and, bang! went his gun into the air at an angle of forty-five degrees. He was certainly the worst scared and palest *black* negro I ever saw.

"In the midst of all this confusion and alarm I heard the command,

" 'Fall in here, Fourteenth Iowa. D—n them, we can whip them ourselves!'

"How encouraging it was to see that veteran captain, with his sword in his right hand and his hat in his left, forming his men steadily under the muzzles of the right wing of Battery H, and to hear him call out,

" 'Right dress! Front! Forward, march! Double-quick, march!'

"Then forward they went, like Spartans of old; and when about one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards in front of the battery they halted, dressed, and we could distinctly hear the officer call out:

"'Load! In nine times, load! Ready! Aim! Fire! Load! In nine times, load!'

"So simultaneous was their fire, that it sounded like the report of one gun, though as loud as a cannon. After about two hundred shots had been fired by Battery H, and probably twenty volleys by that brave little band of the Fourteenth Iowa, everything quieted down in the valley in front of us as if the enemy had seated themselves to take their after dinner smoke; and the guns limbered up and we went into column and jogged on into Leasburg without further trouble."

Private John A. Wynn, Co. A, Third M. S. M. Cavalry, who had a hard experience on the retreat, as his horse had been captured, says:

"At the crossing of the Courtois River my feet had become so swollen that it took two of the boys to pull my boots off. After they were off it was worse than ever, as the rocks cut my feet to pieces until I could hardly walk. When we came to the long ridge, Captain Johns, of my company, got off his horse and let me ride about two miles; but when I dismounted again I was so lame that I soon fell behind with the Fourteenth Iowa, who were in the rear to protect the artillery as we came down the hill to the Huzza Creek. Here we were furiously attacked in the rear, and were ordered to hold the

enemy until the main column and the artillery could cross the creek. Shelby's advance guard, coming in on a cross-road, struck between our rear guard and the column, but Captain Powers held them back until a crossing was effected. When I crossed the water was so deep that I bowed my head and drank water without stopping, while the bullets were striking the water like large drops of rain."

Dr. Sam B. Rowe, Quartermaster Sergeant of the Forty-seventh Missouri Infantry, gives some entertaining incidents of the retreat. He says:

"I often think how ludicrous were some incidents of that day's march. None of the officers of our regiment were regularly mounted, though on the road two or three poor excuses for horses were picked up. One of these was a colt about three years old which fell to Col. (afterward Governor) Tom Fletcher for a mount. The Colonel was a tall man, with correspondingly long legs, and when he appeared on this insignificant steed, with only a blanket under him and no saddle, while rope reins were attached to the bridle, he was a comical sight with his feet almost touching the ground as he rode. However he remarked that it would rest his feet for a while. Later in the day, seeing me limping along outside the ranks and sympathizing with me, he very kindly tendered me the use of his Bucephalous, which I rode nearly to Webster.

"Here some of the men shot down the first cattle they found in the vicinity and, hungry and tired, we ate a little of the beef that we cooked on our ramrods held in the blaze of our camp-fires. We then lay down in ranks with our muskets in hand and slept until about midnight, when we resumed the march. We marched in double file through the cold rain, and the night was so very dark that the men walked arm in arm to avoid falling, holding their guns reversed with the locks under their armpits to keep the priming dry. After marching about five miles we again halted, in the valley of the Courtois, and slept in ranks until daylight. At the time the rank and file of us did not realize the importance of that five mile march from Webster through the rain and darkness, yet to it we, no doubt, owed our escape from capture. When we had arrived at Webster the previous evening, weary and footsore, a number of people were there from the cross-roads, villages, and farms of the surrounding country, among them two women whose homes were back somewhere near Caledonia. After we had settled down, as we supposed, for the night, we were surprised to see these two women pass out, mounted, through our lines; and we were of the opinion that they would give the enemy information of our position at Webster,—a place poorly situated for defense. We learned later that this was what General Ewing wanted them to do, and that he had inten-

tionally permitted them to pass out of our lines. Soon after they had gone we were ordered to resume our march [5] and at daybreak next morning the forces of Shelby and Marmaduke surrounded Webster and closed in from all sides, only to find that the bird had flown. By the time they had recovered from their surprise we were probably ten miles on the way to Leasburg."

Capt. W. V. Lucas, Co. B, Fourteenth Iowa Infantry, tells of the gallant conduct of the detachment of his veteran regiment, without whose steadying influence at critical moments General Ewing's column would almost certainly have been overwhelmed before it reached its destination.

"At eventide," writes Captain Lucas, "we reached the little town of Webster, nestled under the hills. A halt was made and the men made coffee and ate ravenously a supply of hardtack and bacon,—the first food we had had in about thirty hours. When we were on our road again, to add to our hardships rain began to fall, and it continued to fall all night in torrents. It was inky dark and the road crossed the crooked little river every half-mile or so. We blundered along over stumps and stones and against trees, plunging into the stream, which was rapidly

[5] The camp-fires were left lighted to deceive the enemy into the belief that the Union troops were still resting around them.

rising from the heavy downpour, and the waters of which were often so deep as to strike the shorter men about their armpits. We caught one another's hands so that if a man fell or was swept off his feet, he would not be lost. Still there was no complaining, for we knew that every mile gained through the night brought us that much nearer to safety. As morning dawned we came upon higher ground and left the river, while the physical character of the country became such that Shelby and Marmaduke were not able to flank our retreating column.

"About nine o'clock, on the morning of the 29th, the enemy's advance struck our rear fiercely. General Ewing had placed the veteran battalion of the Fourteenth Iowa as rear guard to support two field-pieces, as our battalion was the only veteran (infantry) organization in the command. As Marmaduke's cavalry rushed upon us, we turned about face and delivered a carefully aimed volley into them, stopping them. A second volley was fired as quickly as possible, and then we turned and hastened back past the two guns which, meanwhile, had unlimbered. As soon as we had cleared the front of the battery, both guns fired shell into the midst of the enemy, then limbered up and passed us at the gallop, we following as rapidly as our wearied condition would permit. We made perhaps two or three miles before we were overtaken again, and then we repeated our former tactics: checking the

enemy until the gallant Murphy could get his battery into position, we passed the guns on a run; the shells were driven into our pursuers, the guns limbered up again and went by us on the gallop, and we followed as rapidly as we could.

"These seesaw tactics were kept up until an hour or so before sunset, when we emerged into a level country, dotted only here and there with patches of oak timber and brush, a mile or two from Leasburg. At this point Shelby's fresh men relieved those of Marmaduke, who were tired out in spite of the fact that they had been mounted every rod of the distance they had pursued us. With his well-known impetuosity, Shelby immediately hurled a charge upon us. But, worn out, hungry, and jaded though we were, the hope of safety was still nerving our men to deeds of valor, and they were not discouraged nor whipped. Captain Campbell deployed his battalion into line of battle, my company being in the center. Thus we faced the advancing hosts and, with the indispensable aid of the two guns, we held Shelby's eager men at bay as we back-stepped for a mile or more. Just at dark and within a mile of Leasburg, Shelby, with a seeming determination to succeed, made his last attempt to ride us down; and for the first time since the beginning of the rear guard fight he threw us into disorder. Our color bearer,—E. H. Tyler, of Co. B,—was severely wounded, and the flag fell to the ground; but it was

seized by some one and carried back to our reformed line. At this time, also, Lieut. James Braden, Co. C, fell mortally wounded, while several others were hurt. Darkness put an end to the struggle. Shelby drew off, and we soon reached the little town of Leasburg, which stood by the railroad on the brink of a cut as much as ten or fifteen feet deep."

Lieut. W. C. Shattuck, Co. I, Third M. S. M. Cavalry, was sent by General Ewing into Leasburg ahead of the column to find out whether the enemy had yet occupied the place. He says:

"About three o'clock on the afternoon of the 29th, after one of the enemy's heaviest charges had just been repulsed, I was ordered away from the column to ride in advance of the command to Leasburg to find out whether the Confederates had occupied that place. My orders were to return and report if the enemy was in Leasburg; if not, I was to remain in the town until the command reached there. I rode to Leasburg, found no enemy in sight, and was waiting impatiently for the head of our column to appear, when Lieutenant Blain, of Co. D, Third M. S. M., rode in with eight men,—having been sent forward upon an errand similar to my own.

"In a short time officers and men began to straggle into Leasburg, many of them hatless and without arms. They reported that Ewing was defeated

and that the artillery was in the hands of the enemy. Lieutenant Blain, who was now in command, declared that it would not do to stay there. Presently a party of the enemy charged into the place but did not see us. Our men and horses were both in an exhausted condition and, believing that all was lost, we decided to try to reach Hermann,—the nearest post that we believed we could find safely. We rode into Hermann on Friday evening, September 30th, and were ordered to report at once on the Osage, which Price's entire army was then approaching on its march to Jefferson City."

THE DEFENSE OF LEASBURG

Capt. W. V. Lucas, of the Fourteenth Iowa, participated in or personally witnessed many of the important events which occurred at Leasburg after the arrival there of General Ewing's column. He describes them graphically. Captain Lucas says:

"We entered Leasburg after dark, and began fortifying it as best we could. Soon the sound of an approaching train was heard, and in a few minutes a freight pulled into the cut and stopped. We were foolish enough for a time to believe that the train would carry us out of danger. Many mounted the cars in this faith but, like all our hopes of relief or escape thus far, it was dashed to the ground; for the enemy promptly tore up the track on both sides of the town, leaving the cars standing in the cut. The train was bound from St. Louis to Rolla and was loaded with ammunition, hardtack, bacon, picks, shovels and several barrels of whiskey,—just the articles of all others that we needed, excepting the whiskey. With the tools we made earthworks, which served splendidly for our protection; and as we dug and piled up the dirt, we ate hardtack and bacon, now and then

snatching short naps of sleep. The whiskey was poured out along the track by the ends of the ties. As the stuff rippled along, a German began filling his canteen with it and called out to an Irishman who was busily digging away on the rifle-pits:

" 'Chimmie, vy don't you come und fill your canteen mit dot gude stufe?'

"Jimmy looked at him and then replied:

" 'Bedad, it's mesilf who's too busy to be a-foolin' about the whiskey, and, be jabbers, it's mesilf would rather live an' lick Price than to have a whole bar'l, so I would.'

" 'Go 'long mit you,' answered the German. 'I gets me some schnapps, den I dig, too.'

"By morning we were in good condition to withstand an assault. Two field pieces were mounted so as to rake the open space, while the men were placed in safe positions, with piles of cartridges by their sides. With the coming of daylight we did not cease our labor of strengthening the works, for all day Friday we expected that an attack would be made for the purpose of storming the fortified railroad cut. The tension was wearing on the men, already nearly exhausted, but they remained as determined as ever not to be captured. Except for the movements of a few parties taking observations our forces remained quiet. The whole force of the enemy was camped south of the town, the country

between our position and theirs being an open one with some farm buildings; and General Ewing was very solicitous lest a night attack should be made on us. About three-fourths of a mile south of the town, directly between it and the enemy's camp, were two large barns with many hay-stacks near them. The General believed that if these could be set on fire, the illumination would be sufficient to forbid any prudent officer from sending troops across the lighted field. He called for a volunteer to steal out and fire one of the barns, and Captain Campbell asked me if I could secure a discreet and daring man who would undertake the work. Corp. Earl J. Lamson, of my company, hearing of the General's desire, came to me and announced his willingness to attempt the task. I warned him of the great danger he would incur, but he assured me that he had considered the dangers and was willing to incur them, fully believing that he could accomplish the enterprise and thus render a service to his country and his comrades. So, after giving me directions about some things which he wished done for his wife and child,—who were inmates of my home in Iowa,—in case he should not return, he stripped off all his clothes except his shirt, pantaloons, and stockings, and vaulting over the rifle-pits, disappeared in the darkness.

"The men inside the works were cautioned impressively not to fire at anything in front until

ordered. How anxiously we awaited results! Lamson's success in igniting the barn meant everything to the beleaguered command, even though he should fall in the effort. The minutes went by until a half-hour had been recorded. From the front not a word, nor a gun, nor a sound of marching troops was heard, which encouraged us to hope that he would succeed. General Ewing and his officers were gathered on a lookout inside the works, watching for evidence of Lamson's success. After what seemed an age someone descried a dim light in the upper part of what we were certain was one of the barns. While we were shaking hands over the brave boy's accomplishment of his purpose, the tiny light developed into a big blaze and soon became a conflagration. About this time a great commotion was heard in the direction of the enemy's camp, and many musket shots rang out. While I stood breathless, wondering what kind of a message I could send to Lamson's wife, through the mellow light which had begun to fall around us came bounding the intrepid corporal, landing inside the works. As soon as he had regained his breath, he exclaimed:

"'By golly, it was a close shave! But the barn is on fire, and they didn't get me, either.'

"The burning buildings and hay lighted up the whole country around until morning. If the enemy had contemplated making a night attack, Ewing's tactics and Lamson's bravery thwarted the plan; for

it would have been a costly victory for them after coming across the well-lighted field to face those deadly muskets in the hands of desperate men. As it was, no demonstration was made, and, as we afterward learned, Marmaduke and Shelby decided after a council that the cost of assaulting the works would be too great, considering the prize to be gained; so they concluded to move off and join Price,—who was then somewhere near Jefferson City,—and leave us masters of the field.

"Within our works was a building from the roof of which a lookout was kept. Saturday all remained quiet in our front, but about noon the lookout called,

" 'Troops approaching from the north!'

"At once the conviction flashed upon us that the enemy had moved from the south to the north of town and was about to attack us on our weak side; for all our preparations had been made to meet a foe from the south, the north being covered by thick underbrush. But in a few moments the lookout electrified us by exclaiming:

" 'They carry the stars and stripes!'

"Up to that moment I had never realized fully what the presence of the flag of my country meant. The tired, worn, powder-begrimed, and dirt-stained men in the little fort cheered, clasped one another in their arms, shook hands, cried, leaped about and generally acted like crazy men. In the midst of

their rejoicing, I began to sing, 'Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again.' The refrain was caught up, and the welkin rang as we sang 'with the spirit and the understanding.' It was a joyful time, never to be forgotten by the participants. Forty eventful years have come and gone since that day and yet, when I recall that band of unconquered men singing one of our country's soul-inspiring war songs, I say to myself that neither Parepa Rosa nor Louise Kellogg nor Frank Lumbard, nor any other star ever put the feeling into a song which we did on that occasion. It was the song of victory. Before we had finished it, Col. John L. Beveridge, at the head of the Seventeenth Illinois Cavalry, rode into our works, from Rolla.

"Beveridge at once struck out to find the enemy in our front, and soon reported that he was gone, this being our first information of the fact. The next day, Sunday, we started for Rolla, footsore and tired, but stimulated now by a substantial hope that we would escape capture or more fighting. At St. James, some ten miles from Rolla, we were taken on board the cars and soon landed in the latter town, a haven of rest and safety."

Quartermaster-Sergt. Sam B. Rowe, of the Forty-seventh Missouri Infantry, had some rather exciting experiences at Leasburg, in company with a number of others. He writes:

"Leasburg, or Harrison Station, consisted of a two-story frame hotel of probably ten rooms, situated near the railroad track, with a platform extending to the track from which passengers and freight were loaded and unloaded. As I remember, there was no separate depot building, the railroad business being transacted in the hotel. Besides the hotel there were probably a dozen little residences scattered over a square of about ten acres, while on the south side of the railroad, about one hundred feet from the hotel, was a long frame building, open at one side and one end,—apparently an old cattle-shed. South of the hotel some two hundred yards was an unfinished, two-story, double, log stable with no roof. Doorways into the lower story had been sawed through the logs, but entrance to the upper story could only be gained by climbing over the top. Surrounding this building on all sides was post oak brush about as high as a man's head, though south of the brush a large open field extended for nearly a half-mile. These details are mentioned in order to make clear an episode in my own experience which will be referred to later. The hotel was at the west end of a shallow railroad cut probably no more than five or six feet deep at its deepest point.[1] On the north side of the railroad was a rick of cord-wood extending for a hundred yards or more along

[1] See the narrative, preceding, of Captain Lucas, who states that the railroad cut was "as much as ten or fifteen feet deep."

the track. The railroad cut and the cordwood proved very useful to us as temporary breastworks, for the enemy made a furious charge on us just as we entered the village.

"While the infantry and artillery were being disposed behind these breastworks, Capt. P. F. Lonergan, who was acting chief-of-staff to General Ewing, called for volunteers to occupy the log stable, heretofore described, and to hold it as long as possible. About two hundred men from the different companies of the Forty-seventh responded excepting the first lieutenant of Co. A, who declined to assume command of any except his own men. As it was urgently necessary that the movement be made at once, a non-commissioned officer was called for to take command. Thereupon I volunteered, the first lieutenant and all the soldiers cheerfully agreeing to serve under me. I formed the battalion in line without regard to company organization, except that the lieutenant and his men were at the left. We advanced in double file, passing close by the old cattleshed and just then the enemy, concealed in the brush near the log stable, fired a volley at us. The balls, rattling through the walls of the shed close to our heads, caused a little confusion; and some of the men broke ranks and ran into the shed at the open end. I went in, and after I had reminded them that they were no safer behind inch boards than in the open, they came out and took

their places in line, and we advanced double-quick to the log stable.

"About half the troops went inside the ground floor of the stable while the rest, including myself, climbed over the top into the second story, the floor of which consisted of logs laid across from side to side. After we had all got in we were packed about as close as sardines in a box. There was no chinking between the logs of the walls, which afforded us little protection, though the men could fire through the cracks. The enemy was all around us in the bushes, and darkness was setting in. So closely were we crowded together that it was difficult to place the butts of our guns on the floor to reload them after we had fired; and many of the men held their guns above their heads and reloaded them so.

"After we had been there about twenty minutes Captain Mace, of Co. G, joined us and took command. He saw the danger of our position and at once ordered a retreat, which was made without regard to order; and we were soon behind the cordwood ricks again, having suffered no loss, so far as I know.

"At about this time a freight train, laden with boxes of overcoats, blankets, and hardtack, destined for the troops at Rolla and Springfield, ran up to the station from St. Louis. General Ewing ordered it to proceed no further; and the boxes were rolled out and placed in line on the south side of the rail-

road track, furnishing us additional breastworks and a ready commissionary so far as hardtack would supply us. We had eaten nothing since the previous evening except a few turnips taken from patches beside the road by some of our boys, who would break ranks for the purpose of getting them.

"It was now night and very dark and the firing ceased on both sides. About midnight an order,—which we all supposed came from General Ewing,—was passed in a stage whisper among the troops, that we should all quietly board the freight train standing on the track, and it would try to carry us to St. Louis. Everything was done silently. The artillery was stowed in a box-car, or cars, and the men climbed aboard, filling the cars and climbing on top of them. By close packing, room was found on the train for our whole command except the cavalry,—including the artillery horses. In trying to get the horses into a car some noise was made which attracted the attention of some officer who was in the hotel with General Ewing. He came out to ascertain the cause and, discovering what was going on, he went back and reported to General Ewing. The latter came out on the platform and said:

" 'Boys, for God's sake get back to your places behind the defenses, or we are all likely to be massacred!'

"As silently as we had climbed aboard, we clambered out again. We hastened back behind our breastworks just as a rousing volley was fired at us by the enemy, who were closely investing our lines. The artillery was disembarked next morning. We learned later that the rumored instructions to board the train had probably originated in an order issued to several officers to try and get through to St. Louis with information of our situation; for by this time the wires were cut on both sides of us, and bridges were burning between Leasburg and St. Louis.

Next morning, September 30th, across the large field south of us we saw General Shelby and General Marmaduke and their staffs ride out into the open to inspect our defenses and decide upon a line of action. What their decision was we did not know then, but since the war in conversation with Maj. William C. Kelly and Captain Peck, who were present, I have learned that Shelby and Marmaduke decided after considerable discussion that they would probably lose more men in attempting to storm our position than an uncertain success would justify, and that, as we would probably not be an active factor in further resisting the raid, they would leave a small force to make a show of keeping up the siege, while they themselves with their main body would go on and join Price's column, then at or near Pacific. At all events, we

were besieged by we knew not how many men until Saturday, October 1st, when we were relieved by a regiment from Rolla; and before daylight on Sunday morning we took up the line of march for Rolla. In the afternoon we were met at St. James by a construction train which took us all,—excepting the cavalry and artillery, which followed us by the wagon road,—to Rolla."

Azariah Martin, Co. H, Forty-seventh Missouri Infantry, was placed on picket duty immediately after the Union forces occupied Leasburg. He says:

"As we reached Leasburg I was cut off from the left with some forty to sixty other men to act as skirmishers and hold the enemy off while the rest of our forces built defenses along the railroad in Leasburg. My position was well back in a bend of the thick bushes; a colored soldier was my nearest neighbor in the line. About second relief the new guard came along and marched straight ahead passing me and my negro comrade. He at once began to shout:

" 'Co'p'l de g'ahd! Heah's a pos' yo' missed!'

"I then raised my voice and cried:

" 'Corporal of the guard! I guess somebody had better relieve this nigger!'

"In the next instant the very ground seemed to

blaze around me,—some of the shots not over fifteen feet from me and the flashes of the guns darting past me as I stood there. And with the enemy's shots came this blessing:

" 'D—n you, we'll relieve you and the nigger, too!'

"And then they came. I started for our breastworks, but had only made a jump or two when I saw the flashes from the guns of our men pouring over the breastworks at the enemy's charging line. Caught between two fires I acted upon my first thought and, falling at full length flat on the ground, lay still there. The Confederates ran right over me in their mad charge through the thick darkness, but I soon felt them going back faster than they had come ahead. I waited until everything was quiet again, then 'snaked' my way into our works, unhurt; though while I had been lying there flat on the ground one bullet had struck the sole or heel of one of my shoes, knocking my foot violently around and up, yet it did not injure me."

Says John W. Wynn, Co. A, Third M. S. M. Cavalry, who witnessed General Ewing's reception of a summons to surrender on the morning of Sept. 30th:

"About nine o'clock a. m. a flag of truce came to our camp guards, about one hundred and fifty yards

south of our main line. It was halted, a detail met it, and the enemy's message was conveyed to General Ewing. I heard him say after reading it that he didn't see anything to surrender to; and then, turning around, he continued to a lieutenant of the veteran Fourteenth Iowa,

" 'Put up your old flag! We are ordered to surrender at ten a. m. or we will be opened on. We'll not surrender behind these breastworks when they didn't take us along the road!'

"Up went the flag, and everything was made ready; and in about an hour the Confederates began making as much of a show as possible without endangering themselves too much. A few shots from our artillery warned them that we were on the alert.

" 'Hold that artillery,' ordered General Ewing, 'until they get closer!'

"The Confederates threw out a heavy skirmish line and kept up a heavy fire all that day, but stopped it at night. Quite a heavy rain fell while we lay watching through the hours of darkness. At daybreak we received orders to step outside of our works, shoot the old loads from our guns, and put in new loads. While we were doing this we heard a roaring sound, and, on looking toward the southwest, we saw a dark line approaching.

" 'Every man to his place!' shouted General Ewing and all the other officers.

"We sprang over the works, and loaded at once. Very soon the line halted within three hundred yards of us and we saw officers coming toward us on the gallop bearing a white flag. They proved to be from the Seventeenth Illinois Cavalry, which had been sent to reënforce us and which later probed the Confederate camps, two miles south of us, capturing about twenty-five stragglers."

Peter Shrum, Co. I, Forty-seventh Missouri Infantry, remembers many incidents of the anxious days at Leasburg and also recalls distinctly the scarcity and uncertainty of provisions throughout the siege and the retreat preceding it. He says:

"Thursday evening, September 29th, we got behind a long pile of cordwood beside the railroad track at Leasburg. The wood was piled up three tiers deep, and we set to work and pulled out one tier and built it up again behind us. We had been promised that if we got to Leasburg, we should get on a train and go to Rolla. But the train did not reach Leasburg until dark; and then the locomotive was uncoupled and ran a short distance down the track when it was seen that Cuba was on fire. A short run in the opposite direction showed that Bourbon, the next station east, was also burning. Then we went to work in good earnest, piling up cordwood and railroad ties for protection. Tired

as we were, we were kept busy all night, and every now and then the Johnnies would fire into that woodpile. We could see the flash of their guns, and we made them understand that we were not asleep, exchanging many shots with them through the night. Some time next day the Confederates advanced to the brush south of our position and fired many shots; but I never heard of more than one casualty. This was, I think, one of the citizens who had made the retreat with us. He went out into the brush, and was returning to the works when he was shot by one of our own men, who mistook him for one of the enemy.

"A little over one hundred yards from the front of the works where I was stationed was a large oak tree. Immediately around it grew low brush, though the rest of the ground between our front and the tree was fairly open. One Confederate at last crawled up through the low brush and stationed himself behind that tree, from which he fired fifteen or twenty shots, making the bark and splinters fly from our cordwood breastworks. Finally in loading his gun he stepped a little too far back, exposing about two-thirds of his body. David Adams, who was at my right side, exclaimed, 'Doggone you!' and raising himself, took steady aim at the sharpshooter and fired. The latter leaped about three feet in the air, caught his gun barrel in both hands and, making a little circle, started toward the rear.

The last we saw of him his head was getting pretty close to the ground.

"Occasional firing was kept up until dark. Some time in the evening, perhaps about nine o'clock, the enemy sent what I termed 'a sort of Goliath' with a challenge to General Ewing to send out a single officer to meet the visitor. General Ewing asked him who he was and what he wanted; but he answered only that he wished to meet a single officer. General Ewing told him he was afraid there was some trick about it, and the Confederate turned and rode away, shouting his challenge back to us until he was out of hearing.

"I recall no further firing that night, though, tired as we were, we were kept on the alert. Next morning there was no enemy in sight; but as we could not tell what they might be doing, our officers set us to piling up more railroad ties and tearing down some old buildings the logs of which we used for breastworks, throwing up dirt to cover them with. We kept this up until one or two o'clock, when we were told to quit work as our friends were coming. As the weather had been misty or rainy all the time we had been there, we were also told to build fires and dry our blankets, as we might leave at any time. A regiment of Union cavalry soon came in which scouted the enemy's camps and picked up a few stragglers. Some time during the night, after burning a quantity of clothing and

other supplies which were on the train, we evacuated Leasburg and marched to St. James, whence we were taken to Rolla by rail.

"It may be of some interest to know what we had been living on during the several hard days of the campaign. As I have stated before, while we were in the north rifle-pit at Fort Davidson, Mr. Ball gave us some bacon and crackers. That night in the fort I received a little more raw bacon and some hardtack. The next evening at Webster I cut a piece of meat from a yearling calf, which some of our men were skinning, roasted it, and ate it, without bread. The following morning at the point where we left the creek to climb the ridge, a comrade went over a fence into a field and pulled some turnips,—good ones for that season,—of which he gave me two. During our first night at Leasburg, Captain Bradley procured some food of one kind and another for his men from a family living there. I do not remember having anything more to eat during the next day and night, but on the morning of October 1st a steer was killed and skinned, and everyone was told to help himself as long as it lasted. Some of us found a patch of late peachblow potatoes near by, and I broiled a piece of meat and roasted some of the potatoes for my breakfast. Later, when we were set to work building breastworks, old 'Uncle Billy' Cravat, of Co. I, was detailed as cook, with a couple of helpers, to

get dinner for us. He got flour somewhere and made some dough, which he rolled out with a long black bottle into some of the best dumplings I ever tasted. They went with two camp-kettles full of beef which 'Uncle Billy' had also cooked. I have no recollection of eating again until, while on the march to Rolla, about noon we stopped at a large farm-house where were a number of hives of bees, and an officer brought me some honey on a piece of a bee-stand, together with a slice of light bread. That was the last food we had until we reached Rolla, where we went into camp and drew rations."

Sergt. H. C. Wilkinson, of Co. H, Forty-seventh Missouri Volunteer Infantry, whose recollection of the details of the campaign is very accurate, and whose descriptions are correspondingly interesting, says:

"For some time on the morning of September 30th, our surgeon stood with a white flag, beyond the right of our line, at the railroad crossing near a house flying our field hospital flag. He was seeking permission of the enemy to return to our last battlefield on the road south of Leasburg to attend to the three dead men we had left there, as well as any of our wounded whom we might have overlooked in the retreat. At last he started in a light wagon with a driver, but was halted at the enemy's

advanced line, where he was told to go back to our works as they would bury our dead themselves.

"Soon after this we were aroused to intense interest by the appearance of a mounted Confederate officer approaching us by the road over which we had retreated the night before, followed by another officer on foot, and a private bearing a white flag. Immediately we heard General Ewing's voice ring out:

"'Halt that flag!'

"A moment later an officer and one of our privates carrying a white flag, both dismounted, accompanied by Lieutenant Cummings, of Co. I, on horseback, passed out of the gateway beside the hotel and advanced to meet the other party. After some delay the flags approached within about ten yards of each other. Then came another period of waiting, and finally our officer and one of the Confederate officers advanced and met each other midway between the flags. Salutations passed between them, but no handshaking. They held a brief conversation, then bowed stiffly to each other, turned right about face, and each without looking back, returned to his own command. I never knew what was the purpose of the parley, other than that we were asked to surrender. The enemy was given to understand that it was a bad day to surrender on, but was requested to respect our hospital.[2]

[2] In the official reports relating to operations about Leas-

"Just as each white flag disappeared from sight the firing began again,—a language that we understood like a book. The thicket of post oak runners and other bushes in our front began to smoke in spots, and we at once replied. Co. H was in a good position in a log house, but the cracks between the logs were not filled and were rather wide in places. However, during the night and morning we had taken the fence rails from around a potato patch in our front and set them up on end as a further protection. We could not see the Confederates, but we would aim low and watch for the smoke of their guns before firing, as we had done at Pilot Knob. As things warmed up General Ewing came in to

burg no mention whatever is made of this flag of truce and parley, though it has been thoroughly verified by more than a dozen officers and men of General Ewing's command. After years of inquiry the fact has finally been developed that the Confederate officer who brought in the flag was Captain William M. Price, aide-de-camp to General Marmaduke. Captain Price's own statement, made in 1905, was to the effect that the flag was merely a ruse to enable him to get near enough to the Union works to examine their character and strength. He was halted, however, and met by a Union flag of truce at a distance of about one hundred and twenty yards from the works and here his demand for Ewing's surrender was met by a defiant refusal. Thereupon he returned to Marmaduke's headquarters and reported that the Union earthworks had a most formidable appearance. This General Shelby mentions in his official report as having been the cause of the Confederates raising the siege and joining Price on his march to Jefferson City.

see us. He came to the corner where I stood and, pointing down the shallow ravine that ran obliquely to our right, said:

" 'You may expect a heavy column to advance up that ravine presently; then pour it into them, boys!'

"He passed on around our lines, encouraging the men as he went, and we felt we could put up a pretty good fight. As the enemy opened on us, our two guns, taken from the train and remounted, began replying; but General Ewing at once ordered them silenced unless a line should be seen advancing. The several barrels of whiskey brought down on the train the night before had been unheaded and the liquor poured out on the ground, but some of the boys lay down and drank out of the horse tracks, and at least one poor fellow got too much. He was behind the breastworks at the right-hand corner of our log-house fort, and in spite of the cautions of his comrades he insisted on exposing himself and soon a bullet struck him in the forehead and he fell off the breastwork into the railroad cut to rise no more. This was our only casualty, so far as I know, during that skirmish.

"About noon the enemy ceased firing, and so did we. We ate dinner and then, some time during the afternoon, several men of Co. F came over into the potato patch in our front to dress a pig, which had been killed there during the attack the night before. When they came up a large elderly man, bareheaded

(a citizen refugee), was bending over the pig, skinning it. Just at this moment a squad of men from Co. H and other companies rode into the field, their horses loaded with corn fodder, and shouted:

"'Yonder they come!'

"The poor old man left the pig and began running toward the gateway, looking first at us and then at the boys with the fodder; and while he was running one of our men, who had been asleep behind the breastwork, suddenly awoke, rose up, and fired at the old man. The latter fell, shot through the body, and never while I live will I forget his pitiful cries. He was led away to our field hospital, where I think he died not many hours afterward. The man who shot him said he was asleep until his gun went off and awoke him.

"Toward evening, Adjutant Murphy, standing on or near the hotel platform, raised his voice, so that it could be heard by every one in the works, and shouted:

"'Attention!'

"All eyes and ears were turned in his direction, and we saw Mrs. Lea and one or two other ladies, their faces wreathed in smiles, step up beside Adjutant Murphy, who announced:

"'The ladies are going to hoist their flag over our works.'

"Then the ladies stepped to the tall flag-staff by the hotel and adjusted to the rope about as pretty

a flag as one could wish to look upon. As they began to haul it up, shout after shout burst from every throat and when it reached the peak we realized that we again had a Post Flag, to replace the one which had gone up with the magazine at Pilot Knob.

"Except for the flag raising and the shooting of the old man, nothing happened during the afternoon; and we had grown so used to the crack of muskets and the roar of our artillery that we felt rather dull in the silence. But at dusk the monotony was relieved for a little. Along the south road we saw a party of horsemen approaching, though in the dim light we could not make out their exact numbers through the brush. They halted within eighty or one hundred yards of our works and hailed us. Adjutant Murphy went out in front to answer them.

" 'We are General Marmaduke's men,' they called. 'Who are you?'

" 'Ah, all right, boys,' answered Adjutant Murphy. 'We're glad to see you. Come right along.'

"But they repeated,

" 'We are General Marmaduke's men. Who are *you?*'

" 'Well, that's all right,' returned Murphy. 'We are all right. Come right along in here.' Then he added, 'I'm afraid you are playing a Yankee trick!'

" 'Yankee trick!' they answered. 'It's you that are trying to play a Yankee trick on us!'

" 'Now, see here,' exclaimed the Adjutant; 'you are acting the "bareface," I'm thinking.'

" 'No, we ain't,' said they. 'We are acting the fair thing; it's you that are acting the "bareface." We are General Marmaduke's men. Who are you?'

"Thereupon they vanished from our view. Evidently it was a scouting party, probably bearing dispatches, which was just about to step into 'the wrong pew.' We heard no more of them.

"Friday night we had pickets and chain-guard out, but the night passed quietly, with no firing. Saturday morning, October 1st, dawned fair and pleasant. Not an enemy was in sight; in fact, the last we had seen of them had been the scouting party which had blundered up to our lines the evening before. Our breakfast consisted of beef and hard-tack, while Co. F ate and were jolly over the pig killed in the potato patch, which they had cooked in a cast-iron wash kettle borrowed from one of the kind-hearted families of Leasburg. As broad daylight came a lookout with a pair of field-glasses took his place on the roof of the Lea Hotel. Some time during the morning when Captain Milks, I believe, was taking his turn as lookout, we were startled and roused to arms by hearing his clear voice ring out:

" 'There is a line over there north, General!' he called.

"Every man caught his gun, ready to open fire in an instant, when the Captain continued,

"'There are some cavalrymen coming to us.'

"Every eye turned in the direction indicated by Captain Milks; and there, sure enough, came two blue-coated cavalrymen! Hats in hand, motioning towards us, they came; and Adjutant Murphy ran over to see who they were and what was wanted. I can see him yet as he turned towards us a moment later, standing on the parapet north of the railroad, and shouted the joyful news:

"'Colonel Beveridge with six hundred men of the Seventeenth Illinois Cavalry,—reënforcements! Three cheers!'

"Ah, if men ever shook the earth by cheering, we shook Leasburg then! In an instant we were wild with joy. As our voices died down for a moment for want of breath we heard the cavalry replying, and it was grand,—almost sublime,—to hear the wave of cheers begin at the head of their line of six hundred men and roll along as they stood in the road north of us, hidden from our view by the bushes. Then in a moment here they came at a gallop, shouting:

"'Got any hardtack, boys? Got any hardtack?'

"'Yes!' we shouted back; 'lots of it.'

"At once we began to make the lids of the hardtack boxes fly, and then snatched them up on our shoulders and formed a line outside of our works, with our backs to the cavalry. As they hastily rode past us they caught handfuls of hardtack from the

boxes and pushed on out over the enemy's abandoned fields. In the hardtack line I saw old Adjt. 'Dave' Murphy with a box on his shoulder, his eyes sparkling with pleasure as his box grew light, for he knew he was helping to feed the hungry boys, who had ridden all night with nothing to eat in order to reach us. We knew at that time exactly how hungry men feel; for, putting together all we had eaten between Monday noon, September 26th, and Friday morning, September 30th, would not have made a soldier's square meal.

"The cavalry regiment spent most of the day scouring the country south and southeast of us but found only a few stragglers. Then they returned toward Rolla. That night we posted mounted pickets on all of the approaches to Leasburg and a chain-guard about our position, and we slept soundly until two or three o'clock next morning, when we were aroused and started on our way to Rolla. As we crossed to the north side of the railroad, close by our field hospital, I noticed three freshly made mounds where some of our poor boys had been laid. Poor boys, we must leave you to hold the fort until called off duty by the Great Captain, when He comes to relieve the sleeping soldier. Farewell, comrades, farewell!

"I fell in with Co. A, as I had loaned my horse, 'Spotty Rump,' to one of the pickets, and it was late in the morning before I was able to get him again.

About noon we came upon a regiment of cavalry under Col. John S. Phelps. Later in the day,—at Crawford's Prairie, near St. James,—we came upon a larger force, and at St. James the infantry boys went on board a construction train and were soon in Rolla. We of the cavalry did not reach there until nearly dark, camping among the Forty-eighth Missouri Volunteer Infantry. But when we finally did arrive, we certainly got some good 'Linkum' coffee! And thus ended our retreat from Pilot Knob to Rolla."

SUMMARY

The campaign of six days' duration, which began at Pilot Knob and ended at Leasburg, was remarkable in many ways, but chiefly so because of the important advantages accruing from it to the Union cause in the West. As has already been pointed out in an earlier part of this narrative, General Price made his initial error in departing from his direct line of march upon St. Louis for the purpose of capturing the small garrison at Pilot Knob, which, left to itself, would have been powerless to retard his advance upon the city or to prevent him from capturing it. But, once in contact with Ewing's little force of one thousand men, Price lost not only the two days consumed in driving the Union advanced line from the Arcadia Valley and in assaulting Fort Davidson, but four days more in following and fruitlessly endeavoring to capture Ewing's retreating column. During these last four days Price thus neutralized two of his three divisions, and Fagan, advancing alone toward St. Louis, was, of course, too weak to attack the Union line of defense along the Meramec. General Ewing's gallant defense of Pilot Knob, undertaken under orders from General Rosecrans, saved two priceless days to the

defenders of the city, and these would have been saved had he even surrendered on the morning of September 28th, as he would have been amply justified in doing in view of the exhaustion of his men and the vast numerical superiority of the Confederates. But when, acting upon his own initiative and without orders, he took the heroic resolve to retreat and, if possible, save his little command from capture, thus inducing the Confederates to detach two-thirds of their army in pursuit, his action gave to General Rosecrans the additional time necessary for putting St. Louis in a thorough state of defense and for placing the city entirely beyond danger of invasion. If, therefore, the defense of Pilot Knob can justly be compared to the defense of Thermopylæ or of the Alamo, the retreat to Leasburg may surely be likened in valor and skill to the retreat of the ten thousand Greeks from Cunaxa, or of the fugitive army of the Marshal Belleisle from Prague.

The speed of the march from Pilot Knob to Leasburg was in itself a remarkable achievement, as may be readily appreciated if it is compared with a few of the famous forced marches of history. It will be remembered that General Ewing covered the sixty-six miles between the two points in thirty-nine hours, an average of a little more than one and two-thirds miles an hour, or forty and one-half miles a day. This was accomplished over a rough country road, abounding in unbridged streams, by a mixed

force of infantry, cavalry and artillery which was, moreover, called upon to fight a half-dozen more or less severe rear-guard skirmishes during the retreat. The Spartans are credited with having marched at the rate of fifty miles a day for three days in going from Sparta to the field of Marathon, with 2,000 infantry; the Macedonians, in 330 B. C., marched to Artacoana with 6,000 men of all arms in two days at the rate of thirty-seven and one-half miles a day; Julius Cæsar, in 54 B. C., going over winter roads with 8,000 men of all arms, marched from Samarobriva to the relief of Q. Cicero at the rate of twenty-two miles a day for five days; Marshal Turenne, in 1657, made, probably, the most rapid march of the seventeenth century when he went from the Scheldt-Sambre region to Lys in three days, at the rate of twenty-five miles a day; even "Stonewall" Jackson, with about 13,000 men of his famous "foot cavalry," made only twenty-four miles a day for two and one-half days on his retreat from Harper's Ferry after the battle of Winchester, in 1862, which was a fair example of his rapidity of marching.

Truly, after such great achievements, General Rosecrans was justified in issuing the following congratulatory order, expressive of the gratitude of the army and of the people of Missouri to the officers and men who had so nobly acquitted themselves of their trust:

"Headquarters Dept. of the Missouri,
"St. Louis, Mo., October 6, 1864.

"General Orders,
"No. 189.

"With pride and pleasure the commanding general notices the gallant conduct of Brig.-Gen. Thomas Ewing, jr., and his command, in the defense of Pilot Knob, and in the subsequent retreat to Rolla. With scarcely 1,000 effective men they repulsed the attacks of Price's invading army, and successfully retreated with their battery a distance of 100 miles, in the face of a pursuing and assailing cavalry force of five times their number. Such conduct deserves imitation; particularly when contrasted with the cowardly conduct of the troops at the Osage bridge. The general commanding presents his hearty thanks and congratulations to Col. Thomas C. Fletcher, Forty-seventh Missouri Volunteers; Maj. James Wilson, Third Cavalry, Missouri State Militia; Capt. Robert L. Lindsay, Fiftieth Missouri Volunteers; Capt. William J. Campbell, Company K, Fourteenth Iowa Volunteers; Capt. W. C. F. Montgomery, Second Missouri Artillery; Capt. A. P. Wright, Second Cavalry, Missouri State Militia; Lieut. John Fessler, First Infantry, Missouri State Militia, and the officers and men under their command. They have deserved well of their country. The general commanding desires also publicly to recognize the courage and efficiency

of Lieut. Col. Amos W. Maupin, Forty-seventh Missouri Volunteers; Maj. H. H. Williams, Tenth Kansas Volunteers; Capt. Charles S. Hills, Tenth Kansas Volunteers; Capt. H. B. Milks, Third Cavalry Missouri State Militia; Capt. P. F. Lonergan, First Infantry Missouri State Militia; and First Lieut. David Murphy, adjutant Forty-seventh Missouri Volunteers. Under such commanders Federal troops should always march to victory.

"By command of Major-General Rosecrans:

"FRANK ENO,

"Assistant Adjutant-General."

General Ewing in his official report made a statement regarding the losses sustained by his own command and by the enemy at Pilot Knob which showed such an astounding disproportion that in some quarters incredulity was aroused, the Leavenworth (Kansas) Bulletin, in particular, questioning the General's official statement, which was as follows:[1]

"Our loss at Pilot Knob was about 200 killed, wounded, and missing; and in the several engagements on the retreat to Rolla about 150. Of the missing the most were cut off in detachments and escaped capture, so that our actual loss was about 150 killed and wounded and 50 captured and pa-

1 "Official Records," Series I, Vol. XLI, Part I, Page 451.

roled. Among our severely wounded were Lieut. Smith Thompson, Fourteenth Iowa; Lieut. John Fessler, First Infantry, Missouri State Militia; and Lieut. John Braden, Fourteenth Iowa Infantry, since dead. Maj. James Wilson, Third Cavalry, Missouri State Militia. after being wounded, was captured on Pilot Knob, and subsequently, with six of his gallant men, was brutally murdered by order of a Rebel field officer of the day. The Rebel loss at Pilot Knob, killed and wounded, exceeded fifteen hundred, as is shown by the enclosed letter of T. W. Johnson, surgeon in charge of our hospital there, and also by corroborative testimony gathered since our reoccupation of the post. In the Rebel hospital at Ironton, on the 12th instant, we found Colonel Thomas, chief of General Fagan's staff, 3 majors, 7 captains, 12 lieutenants, and 204 enlisted men, representing seventeen regiments and four batteries, all dangerously and nearly all mortally wounded. The rest of the Rebel wounded, who were not able to follow the army, were sent South by General Price, under escort of Colonel Rains' regiment. As to the loss of the enemy in the pursuit and at Harrison I have no knowledge."

The letter from T. W. Johnson, above referred to, does not appear in the body of the "Official Records," but it was doubtless the one a copy of which was found, together with several other let-

ters on the same subject, among General Ewing's private papers after his death. It runs thus:

"HEADQUARTERS ST. LOUIS DISTRICT,
Medical Director's Office,
St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 14, 1864.

"LIEUTENANT:

"The undersigned, having been left in charge of the sick and wounded of General Ewing's command which were left at Pilot Knob after the late battle, has the honor to make the following statement, for the information of the General commanding.

"A few days after the battle, and while the Rebel burying parties were in active operation, a Rebel non-commissioned officer in charge of the work showed a list of those already buried. On that were the names of three hundred and thirty-five as already buried, since which time many more of their killed were brought from Shepherd's Mountain and Pilot Knob. Also, in their hospital they were dying at the rate of from five to eight a day.

"The Rebel officers admitted their loss in killed to have been four hundred, and enlisted men of their commands set it even higher.

"I left Ironton on October 10th, and was through the Rebel hospitals the evening before, saw and examined every wounded man. About two hundred and fifty were still left and every case I saw was a severe if not a dangerous one. Every man who could be moved had been taken South. So many have gone that citizens from below have told me, the Rebels were moving all their wounded South; and they did in reality move every man whose life the move would not endanger. The two hundred and fifty remaining at Ironton is simply the minority of the severe and dangerous cases, while the greater number which could bear transportation have gone South.

"They admit their loss in killed to have been four hundred. In every battle the ratio of those killed to those wounded is

from one to three to one to five. On our side the ratio is one to three. Apply the same ratio to the rebel killed and wounded and we have four hundred killed to twelve hundred wounded, which from personal observation, I know to be near the truth.

"Very respectfully, your obdt. servant,
"T. W. JOHNSON,
"A. A. Surgeon, U. S. A.

"LIEUT. H. HANNAHS
"A. A. A. General
"District, St. Louis."

If further corroborative testimony is needed upon the accuracy of General Ewing's estimate of the Confederate loss, it may be found in the letters given below, all found among the General's private papers, and all written by men qualified by situation and observation to make authoritative statements.

"IRONTON, Mo., October 27, 1864.

"BRIG.-GEN. THOMAS EWING, JR.,
"St. Louis, Mo.

"GENERAL:

"Allow me the honor of writing you on a subject that the soldiers and loyal citizens of Southeast Missouri dwell upon with fond recollection, to wit, the heavy loss of life sustained by General Price, of the C. S. A., in his attack on the small but devoted command that defended Pilot Knob. I accompanied the expedition sent by Lieut. H. M. Hiller from Cape Girardeau, Mo., to bring off our sick and wounded left here (Pilot Knob) in hospital at the time you evacuated. We found some 350 or 400 Rebel wounded here that couldn't be moved, as the Rebels had moved all but those dangerously or mortally wounded, among the number being a great many officers.

"While talking to one, Adjutant Thompson, he wanted to

know of me what I thought their loss was. I told him from the wounded and number of pits that their dead were deposited in, that I estimated their loss at 1,000. His reply was that they lost 1,500 and these of the best men they had; that he was wounded in the last charge on the fort and had as good an opportunity of knowing the extent of their loss as any man engaged. He also spoke of the recklessness and bravery of our men, saying that the determination and courage displayed by them he had never seen equalled.

"I am, General,
"Your Obdt. Servant,
"MARQUIS D. SMITH, Capt.,
"Co. L, 3rd M. S. M. Cavalry."

"ST. LOUIS, Dec. 14, 1864.

"BRIG.-GEN. EWING,
Comdg. Dist., St. Louis.

"GENERAL:

"In reply to your inquiry as to the loss of the Rebels at the battle of Pilot Knob and my means of information, I would state that upon taking possession of that post two weeks after its capture I found over two hundred Rebel wounded in the hospital at Ironton, and I made every effort to ascertain the Rebel loss by inquiry of the Rebel wounded, their surgeons and nurses, and of citizens that were at the Knob and in its vicinity during the engagement, and remained there after the fight. I am of the opinion that three hundred killed and twelve hundred wounded and one thousand missing represent the Rebel loss. The missing are those that got sick of fighting, and the night after the battle left and returned to their homes in Arkansas and Missouri.

"Many citizens at the Knob and in that vicinity estimate the enemy's loss at a much higher figure, but, from all the information that I could collect, I think that my estimate is nearer correct and is, at least, a safe estimate.

"Very respectfully, your obdt. servant,
"H. H. WILLIAMS,
"Maj. 10th Reg. Kas. Vet. Vols.

"Pilot Knob, Mo., December 14, 1864.

"Brig.-Gen. Thomas Ewing, Jr.,

"Dear General:

"Since my assignment to the command of this post, I have, as a matter of historical interest, taken considerable pains to gather information from the various sources within my reach, concerning the memorable conflict of the 27th of September, 1864, in which it was my good fortune to serve under your gallant leadership in the defense of Fort Davidson, at this place.

"The results of that conflict in casualties to the Rebel army which besieged us have,—in consequence of the evacuation by your command of the fort after the hotly contested and brilliantly won day, and the subsequent occupation of the surrounding region by the enemy for several weeks,—remained shrouded in doubt.

"And while speaking of the evacuation, I recall to mind the consultation held between you and your officers concerning the feasibility of the attempt to evacuate, in which we were all opposed to the project; and as one of those who could see no reasonable ground to hope for success in the attempt, I make my acknowledgment of your superior judgment, in view of the remarkable success which attended your plan.

"I have carefully examined the vicinity of the battlefield for several miles around and have found many bodies of the Rebel dead yet unburied; and, in addition to this, I have had numerous returns made to me by parties of soldiers, hospital attendants, and citizens, who buried the dead of the battle while this place was nominally in possession of the Rebels. From these channels I gather that Sterling Price did not bury over one-third of the number of his troops who were killed on the field. His neglect to do so was owing in part to his systematic habit of disregarding the principles of humanity even in the treatment of his own men when disabled in service, and also in part to the fact that, as his large army completely encircled our little stronghold, our artillery had a wide range and strewed the mountain sides, the valleys, and

the forests within a radius of a mile and a half or two miles with Rebel dead, which it was impossible for him to collect and bury in the short time he remained here with his army. He simply contented himself with burying the greater portion of the bodies lying close to the fort. Even this work was not done perfectly, as several bodies were left lying within twenty or thirty feet of the fort when his army had marched on in its plundering and murdering career.

"I have also conversed freely, from time to time, with Colonel Thomas of the Rebel army, who lies in the Ironton hospital, a prisoner in our hands, recovering from a severe wound. He is the chief of staff of the Rebel Major-General Fagan, and was in the thickest of the battle, where he displayed great coolness and courage. It is seldom that I have found, during the present war, a Rebel officer at once so frank and so intelligent as Colonel Thomas. From him I have learned many facts concerning the battle, which are new to me, and will also be, I presume, to you. Besides, I have gleaned from the other wounded Rebel prisoners numerous interesting details. Colonel Thomas remarked to me that the battle of Pilot Knob was one of the severest engagements of the war, in which our loss was small and the loss of his own army terrible; and he speaks in unmeasured terms of the gallantry of yourself and the stout defense your command made of the fort.

"From all these means of information, General, I have been enabled to make the following estimate, in round numbers, of the Rebel loss in the defense of Fort Davidson, which, considering that our loss was less than a hundred in all,—killed, wounded and missing,—from the attack on the day preceding the battle to your safe arrival at Rolla, cannot fail to speak for you and those who fought and fell more expressively than any eulogiums which the flattering pen of the chronicler may be kindly disposed to indite. To these figures you can proudly point, and upon them your subaltern comrades may rely to do them whatever justice shall be denied them from any quarter.

Buried by citizens and soldiers since..... 450
Buried by the enemy on the 28th, about..... 200

Died of wounds, and fatal cases now in hospital.	175
Disabled by wounds, and surviving.....	300
Slightly wounded	400
	1,525

"I am, General,
"Yours very truly,
"A. W. MAUPIN,
"Lt.-Col. 47th Mo. Vols."

Various estimates were made of the losses of General Ewing's command, several of which have already been quoted during the course of this narrative. Owing to the cutting off of several small detachments from the main body at different times, some of which eventually escaped capture, it is exceedingly difficult to form an accurate estimate of the Union loss in missing, or to segregate the losses of this class which properly belong to the battle of Pilot Knob itself. However, as reported by General Ewing, his loss in men who were actually captured and paroled during the fighting at Pilot Knob and the subsequent retreat doubtless did not exceed fifty. As for the loss in killed and wounded in the battle of September 27th, 1864, the Secretaries of the Pilot Knob Memorial Association, at the annual meeting of that Association, held in old Fort Davidson on September 27th, 1906, reported a nominal list of killed and wounded which had been prepared after six years of painstaking research,—a research in which every existing source of information was utilized. This list,

which may be taken as absolutely accurate, shows a loss of fourteen killed on the field, one missing,—never accounted for and probably murdered, —fourteen mortally wounded, and forty-four wounded but not mortally; total casualties, seventy-three.

From the foregoing figures it may be seen that the army of General Price suffered a loss more than twenty times as great as it inflicted upon its opponents; that it was, in fact, decimated or worse, and that, proportionately, every ten men of General Ewing's command killed or put out of action fifteen Confederates in that single day's battle. Such a loss, fifty per cent. greater than the total number of the force which inflicted it, was surely enough to produce in General Price and his followers that sense of discouragement which, coupled with the sacrifice of precious time, proved fatal to all his plans for the conquest of Missouri.

Even if the nominal victory at Pilot Knob be conceded to the Confederates in view of the fact that they remained in possession of the battlefield, the truth still is that this barren triumph was achieved at fearful and unusual cost of blood. In the first battle of Bull Run, one of the most famous and momentous conflicts in American history, the Confederates paid for victory with a loss of only 1,965 men, killed and wounded. "Stonewall" Jackson, in his wonderful Valley Campaign of

1862, lost but two hundred and sixty-five killed, and 1,570 wounded on the six fields which he fought and won between May 8th and June 9th: McDowell, Front Royal, Winchester, Harrisonburg, Cross Keys, and Port Republic. Comparing the loss in killed and wounded at Pilot Knob with those of the victors in any other of the principal battles fought west of the Mississippi during the Civil War, the sanguinary character of this little known engagement becomes yet more striking. The victorious Federals lost 1,183 killed and wounded at Pea Ridge, 988 at Prairie Grove, 1,032 at Arkansas Post, 203 at Helena, and 800 at Pleasant Hill. The victorious Confederates lost at Wilson's Creek 1,065 and at Sabine Cross Roads 1,500, while even General Holmes' bloody repulse at Helena, Ark., July 4th, 1863, cost him only 818 killed and wounded.[2] It is evident, therefore, that the battle of Pilot Knob, long neglected by historians and now almost forgotten, save by a few, deserves to stand amid the crowding events of the American Civil War as one of the greatest as well as one of the most decisive conflicts of the terrible internecine struggle of a half century ago.

[2] The statistics given above are from "Regimental Losses in the American Civil War," by William F. Fox, Lt.-Col. U. S. V. (Albany, N. Y. Joseph McDonough, 1898.)